

MAY  
**CURRENT  
OPINION**

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER



THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO., 134 West 29 St. N.Y.



## How much should an automobile weigh?

Suppose that railroads should offer you as an inducement to trust your life in their hands, the argument that the weight of their rolling stock had been reduced to the lowest notch.

Suppose in the locomotive, they make the boiler wall so thin and so light, that it will barely withstand the normal pressure for a limited time.

Suppose they make the trucks, the wheels, and the axles barely strong enough to support the engine under the most favorable conditions.

Suppose they make the connecting rods barely strong enough to turn the wheels.

Then, going back to the cars, suppose they make the trucks, the wheels and the axles no stronger than just enough to carry them a few thousand miles.

Suppose they make the frame barely strong enough to support the body of the car.

Suppose they make the body barely strong enough to hold together.

Suppose they reduce the weight of every vital part to the lowest point.

Would you trust your life in the hands of a railroad which offered you such inducements?

Safety demands strength.

Strength demands material.

Material means weight.

If these be true, then:—

Absence of weight must mean absence of material.

Absence of material must mean absence of strength.

Absence of strength must mean absence of safety.

These things apply, whether you have in mind railroads or automobiles.

How much is your safety worth?

Cadillac materials are selected for their adaptability and fitness for the functions and duties which they must perform.

The designs of the various parts are adopted only after they have proven themselves to embody liberal factors of safety.

The Cadillac car will appeal to you because of its strength and its security, rather than upon the basis of lightness.

The Cadillac will appeal to you for its comfort as the luxurious Pullman appeals to you in contrast with the light weight flimsy coach.

The Cadillac will appeal to you for its smoothness and steadiness in running, as the majestic liner is

in contrast with the light weight barque in a choppy sea.

The Cadillac will appeal to you because of its sturdiness and its endurance, rather than upon the basis of fragility and impermanence.

Because of its strength, because of its enduring qualities, the Cadillac is an economical car to own and to operate, day-in-and-day-out and year-in-and-year-out.

The Cadillac is economical in fuel.

Hundreds of 1914 Cadillac users are averaging from 15 to 18 miles per gallon of gasoline in every-day service.

Special test runs have been made showing more than 22 miles per gallon, but this cannot be taken as a criterion for the average user.

In the recent test by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain, which won for the Cadillac the Dewar Trophy, the 1914 car averaged 17.17 miles per gallon for 1000 miles over give-and-take roads—in spite of frequent stops and starts in testing the electrical cranking device.

It consumed less than one gallon of lubricating oil in traveling the 1000 miles.

Hundreds of users are averaging more than 5000 miles on tires. Some users are reporting from 6000 to 8000 miles and even more.

We believe that in tires, fuel and oil, the 1914 Cadillac will average more mileage than any car which approaches its efficiency.

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How much should an automobile weigh?

It should weigh enough to enable it successfully to perform the duties required of it.

It should weigh enough to enable it successfully to perform those duties day-in-and-day-out and year-in-and-year-out, at a minimum outlay for operation and maintenance,—performance and satisfaction considered,—and with a minimum depreciation in value after years of service.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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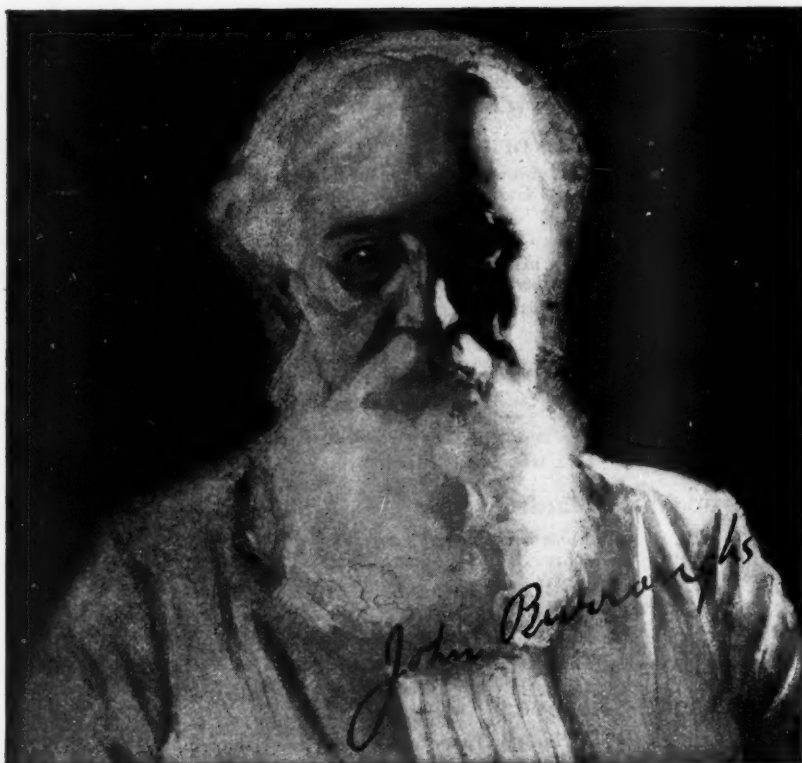
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## BOOK NEWS

The notices of books in this Department are designed not as critical reviews, but as brief descriptive notices for the information of book buyers. Any book reviewed in our columns will be forwarded on receipt of the publisher's price. Orders may be sent direct to the publishers or to the Current Literature Publishing Co.

### Panama.

*The Panama Canal*, by Frederic J. Has- kin (Doubleday, Page, \$1.35), is compiled with care and thoroly balanced. It has official sanction. Chairman Goethals has gone over and approved every detail of the book.

*Panama and the Canal*, by Willis J. Ab- bot (Dodd, Mead & Co.), takes the human side and tells how the canal builders lived, played and worked.

### Mexico.

*The Mexican People, Their Struggle for Freedom*, by Gutierrez de Lara and Edge- comb Pinchon (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is dedicated to the task of showing that the one great issue at stake in Mexico is the land question. De Lara accompanied John Kenneth Turner in a tour through "barba- rous Mexico" several years ago, and helped to gather material used in sensational ar- ticles published in *The American Magazine*.

*Mexico, The Wonderland of the South*, by W. E. Carson (Macmillan, \$2.50), in its revised edition reveals not only the Mexico of to-day but of yesterday.

### Prince Von Bülow on the German Nation.

*Imperial Germany*, by Prince von Bülow (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.50), treats with re- markable frankness the great problems and topics of Germany to-day. Von Bülow's farseeing mind, piercing the veil of the future on current international problems, thinking of irreconcilable France and the Social Democratic movement in Germany, evidently tells him that now is the psycho- logical moment for straightforward talk. His book closes with Goethe's picture of the German nation as a "man who with high self-confidence is always at pains to achieve greater things"; and, as the ultimate con- clusion of wisdom, gives utterance to the truth that "he alone deserves liberty and life who must conquer them daily anew."

### A New Picture of France.

*French Civilization in the 19th Century*, by Prof. A. L. Guerard (Century, \$3.00), is the outcome of a series of lectures deliv- ered at Leland Stanford University. En- vironment, racial qualities from psychol- ogy, eugenic and other points of view, and, finally, traditions are dealt with. The French are described as twentieth-century pioneers in new forms of philosophies, in- dustries, and sciences, as well as in fashions and farces. France, says Professor Guer- ard, is intensely human—"stained and scarred" perhaps, but "fighting on undis- mayed for ideals which she cannot always define."

### Pierre Loti's Siam.

*Siam*, by Pierre Loti (Duffield, \$2.50), is in a sense anti-imperialistic, for the author does not believe in colonial conquests. In his own charming fashion he gives us



glimpses of travel and adventure, blue skies, open seas, and wondrous hours of enchantment.

### A Socialist View of the Progressive Movement.

*Progressivism and After*, by William English Walling (Macmillan), while written from a frankly Socialist point of view, was not intended primarily for Socialists, but for all who are interested in the trend of government. Mr. Walling's analyses of President Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt are done with real insight.

### Useful for Immigrants.

*How to Obtain Citizenship*, by N. C. Fowler, Jr. (Sully & Kleinteich, \$1.00), is translated into four languages, French, German, Italian and Yiddish. It gives plain, simple, concise and full directions to be followed by the alien and foreigner who would become a United States citizen.

### Alfred Russel Wallace's Last Book.

*The Revolt of Democracy*, by Alfred Russel Wallace (Longmans, Green & Co.), contains a short life of the author and some hitherto unpublished letters. The work is white-hot with the zeal of the social reformer who, not content with uprooting long-standing evils, suggests ways and means to erect a new temple of loveliness, of prosperity and health.

### The Problem of the Unemployed.

*The Carpenter and the Rich Man*, by Bouck White (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.25), deals with the problem of the hungry and the unemployed, and may be read as a commentary on the I. W. W. agitation. It is rather amusing to be told that Mr. White insisted upon wearing a flannel shirt while dining with a Fifth Avenue hostess to meet an English earl, on the ground that Jesus refused to be a social climber.

### Hell from Several Points of View.

*Is There a Hell?* (Funk & Wagnalls, 60 cents) presents a compilation of theories from different points of view—the Certainty, the Defense, the Jewish Idea, the Roman Catholic Standpoint and "the Hell that is Man-Made."

### Workmanship as an Instinct.

*The Theory of Workmanship*, by Thorstein Veblen (Macmillan, \$1.50), begins with the days of savagery and the belief in luck or spirits, and brings us up to the present day when man works for quick results. Professor Veblen holds that workmanship is a human instinct of great and perhaps primary importance in the advance of civilization. He discusses the subject from political, social, religious as well as economic standpoints.

### A Posthumous Story by Frank Norris.

*Vandover and the Brute*, by Frank Norris (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.35), is another book with a remarkable history. It was written during the nineties, but being, possibly, too frank for that period, it was not published; and after Norris's death was stored in a warehouse in San Francisco. In the earthquake of 1906 it was lost, and became separated from its title page. Someone picked up the story, became interested, insisting that it must be by Nor-



Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., M.S., is one of the most inspiring writers on Practical Psychology now living. His work glows with a deep, splendid, heartening philosophy that ranks him with James, Bergson, Eucken and Royce as a twentieth-century leader of thought. Below is the merest fraction of the long list of studies in this great work.

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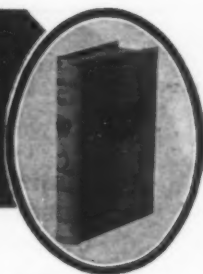
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**Greek Art and the Modern Dance.**

*The Dance, Its Place in Art and Life*, by the Kinneys (Stokes & Co., \$3.50), is a timely contribution to current literature. Through the Kinneys' great enthusiasm for mural decoration, in which beauty of line always suggests rhythm of movement, they began the study of the dance as a fine art. With their unusual opportunities they have produced an exquisite and thoroly comprehensive book, containing even photographs of Moslem dancing.

*The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal*, by Diana Watts (Stokes, \$5.00), is another useful book on dancing. Mrs. Watts, with her system of body training, used by the Greeks, believes she has found the secret of their physical supremacy and mental balance.

*Modern Dancing*, by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle (Harpers, \$1.25), is practical, authoritative and charmingly illustrated.

In his book *The Two Americas* (Stokes, \$2.50), General Rafael Reyes claims that the Chilian cueca will outrival the tango; while Anne Warwick remarks that in Spain the tango is only danced by professionals.

**Indorsed by William Lyon Phelps.**

*The Joy of Working*, by Howard Vincent O'Brien (Kennerley), is a first book which has the endorsement of Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University. There is an interesting story regarding its publication to the effect that the firm of Rand, McNally & Company, of Chicago, after accepting the manuscript withdrew from their contract, because a high official condemned the attitude taken by the author toward the labor question.

**Prisoners.**

*Beating Back*, by Al Jennings and Will Irwin (Appleton, \$1.50), is an account of the life of a hater of law and order, a leader of a desperate gang of train-robbers; and tells of his capture, imprisonment, pardon after five years, and his determination to "beat it back" and make good. He is now a candidate for the nomination of governor of Oklahoma. The book is an appeal for an equal opportunity for every man.

*Prisoners and Prisoners*, by Lady Constance Lytton (Doran, \$1.50), recounts the adventures of a titled suffraget who at first reveals and later conceals her rank and position.

*Within Prison Walls*, by Thomas Mott Osborne (Appleton, \$1.50), contains a faithful account of Mr. Osborne's experiences when studying conditions from the inside of the Auburn Prison for the New York State Prison Reform Committee, of which he is chairman. It is a human document, full of humor and pathos.

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# CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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## A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

### THE AMERICAN NAVY MOVES IN FORCE UPON MEXICAN PORTS

YES, the honeymoon-period of President Wilson's administration has indeed come to an end. If the bitter contest over canal tolls last month had not sufficiently indicated the fact, the reception given to the treaty with Colombia and the comment on "the Tampico incident" would have furnished ample proof. All three events, coming close together, have been made the occasion for a series of attacks upon the foreign policy of the administration, and especially upon the state department, not exceeded in bitterness during the Roosevelt or Cleveland régime. The burden of the hostile comment on each of these three events is the same, that the nation's interests are being sacrificed to the demands of other nations. The word "treason" is not too strong for some of the President's foes to use, and, tho the attack has not been widely sustained, it has had a certain cumulative effect due to the rapid succession of the events that lend occasion to it. Coming so near the time when the next congressional campaign must begin, it has shattered Democratic complacency in no small degree. Months ago it became evident that the opposition forces were picking out the state department as the point upon which to concentrate their assault. Mr. Bryan, at the head of the department, was personally a tempting target, and his absences on lecture tours, the political character of many of his selections for diplomatic posts, and his handling of the Mexican situation have all been used to advantage. What the result of the concentrated assault shall be depends chiefly, it seems now, upon the outcome of "the Tampico incident."

#### The Facts About the Tampico Incident.

THE Tampico incident is likely to become historic. Yet, on the face of it, it does not loom up very large. On April 9th, at Tampico, Mexico, Paymaster Cobb, of the U. S. S. gunboat Dolphin, with seven men in uniform, but unarmed, went ashore, in a whaleboat

flying the American flag, to get a supply of gasoline. They were arrested while loading the whaleboat, two of the men being taken out of the boat, by a squad of Mexican federal soldiers, and were marched as prisoners through the streets of Tampico. Rear-Admiral H. T. Mayo, in command of the American ships in the harbor, at once, on learning what had happened, sent a communication to General Zaragoza, in command of the Mexican soldiers. He had already, however, received from the General a verbal message of regret and an explanation that the arrest was made by an ignorant officer. The men had also, it seems, been released. The Rear-Admiral, in his communication, acknowledged receipt of the expressions of regret, but asserted that responsibility for a "hostile act" of that sort could not be avoided by the plea of ignorance. He added:

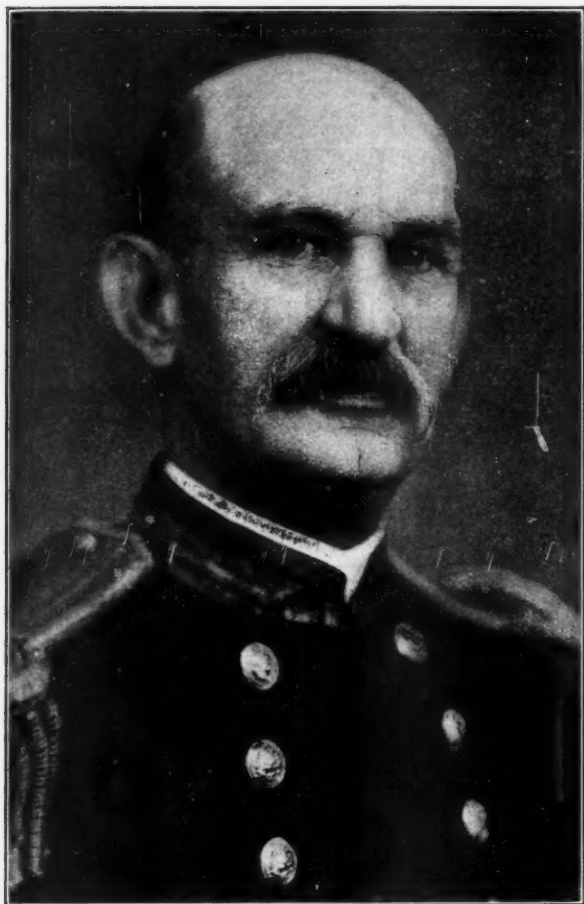
"In view of the publicity of this occurrence, I must require that you send by suitable members of your staff formal disavowal and apology for the act, together with your assurance that the officer responsible for it will receive severe punishment; also that you publicly hoist the United States flag in a prominent position on shore and salute it with twenty-one guns. The salute will be returned by this ship. Your answer to this communication should reach me and the called-for salute be fired within twenty-four hours from 6 P. M. of this date."

Later the Admiral extended the date for the salute twenty-four hours and later still, on instructions from Washington, withdrew the time limit, to await the result of diplomatic negotiations.

#### American Battleships Ordered to Mexican Ports.

ON THE refusal of Huerta to order a salute of twenty-one guns, orders were sent out from Washington to the Atlantic and Pacific fleets to steam at once to Mexican ports, at 11½ knots an hour. The demonstration was on an imposing scale, forty-one ships, many





THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE TAMPICO INCIDENT

The policy of watchful waiting came to an end when Rear-Admiral Henry Thomas Mayo took his fountain pen in hand April 9th and wrote a note to General Zaragoza demanding a salute to the Stars and Stripes.

of them first-class battleships, soon being under way. News came from Mexico City, first, that Huerta would order a salute of five guns; then that he would order a salute of twenty-one guns on condition that the salute was returned. As Admiral Mayo had already promised to return the salute this condition was granted. Then Huerta demanded that the two salutes be made simultaneously. Then he demanded that both parties sign a protocol prior to the salute. As his conditions were not granted, Huerta declined to order any salute at all. In a dispatch to the *N. Y. Times*, Huerta belittled the whole incident. "Mexico," he said, "has controversies with nobody, least of all with the great American nation. The Tampico incident has no special importance." But this incident, so an official statement from the White House pointed out, "must not be thought of alone." Immediately after the Tampico incident, an orderly from an American ship at Vera Cruz sent ashore in uniform for the mail, was arrested with the mail-bag on his back, and thrown into jail. He was subsequently released and a nominal punishment inflicted on the officer making the arrest. Also an official dispatch to the American embassy in Mexico City was seized by the Mexican censor, held nearly an hour, then delivered in response to a peremptory demand. "These repeated offences," so runs the official statement, "against the rights and dignity of the United States, offenses not duplicated with regard to the representatives of other governments, have necessarily made the impression that the government of the United States

has been singled out for manifestations of ill will and contempt."

#### Controversy Over the Tampico Salute.

SUCH were the incidents that led to the dispatch last month of our formidable fleets in both oceans to the Mexican ports. When news of the Tampico incident was first made known, nothing was said of a return salute. The expressions of public sentiment that came were enthusiastic in support of the action of the President. Even Mr. Hearst felt his bosom "thrilled" at last by an act of President Wilson's. Senator Borah, in an utterance that has been severely criticized, is reported to have said: "We have started on a march to the Panama Canal and we will not stop until we get there. Once our flag goes up in Mexico it will never come down. It means that before we are through, all the territory lying between Mexico and the Panama Canal will be under the American flag." When, however, the news came that the salute was to be returned, there came a quick change of tone and this was accentuated when Huerta began to haggle over details. "The fleet steams to Tampico," cried Mr. Hearst's paper in large black type. "For what? To salute Huerta and endorse his record." Senator Borah insisted that a return salute could not be construed as anything else than recognition of Huerta's government. "Before this incident closes," said Senator Lodge scornfully, "the United States will be expected to salute first."

#### Is the United States Bullying Mexico?

IN THE meantime other expressions of a different character began to be heard, both at home and abroad. The criticism of the President for not being vigorous enough in handling the Mexican situation has been severe during the past months. He was now to receive equally severe criticism for being more vigorous than the occasion demanded. Senator Mondell, in a speech in the Senate, as our warships started south, declared that the situation, if it were not so serious, would be "a delightful comedy." He said:

"The Government in the City of Mexico, following the rule that it has followed uniformly, even in the face of our continued opposition to it preserving an attitude of good nature and friendly consideration, offered an apology, offered to salute with guns, but drew the line at twenty-one guns. As the difference between five and twenty-one guns involves a matter so dear to our national honor, a matter of such vital importance to the dignity of a nation of 100,000,000 people, in the face of a miserable little fleet of worm-eaten gunboats, we invoke all the forces of our mighty fleet. Ay, as our German friends say, if it were not such an awful tragedy it would be to laugh."

The *N. Y. Evening Post*, a strong Wilson paper, saw in the order to our fleets a great danger needlessly incurred. The blowing up of the *Maine*, which led to the war with Spain, it said, was a large and imposing and terrible event. "Compared with it, the affair at Tampico looks like finding quarrel in a straw." From across the sea has come similar comment. The *Manchester Guardian*, a strong Liberal paper, says: "Intervention, which murder and robbery failed to bring about, is apparently to be the punishment for a merely symbolic slight on American dignity." Cunninghame Graham, a British writer, said that the release of our

bluejackets and an apology were all that the offence required, and added: "His [President Wilson's] naval demonstration, his massing of the whole Atlantic fleet, his landing of a party of 15,000 men, all to be directed against the wretched little port of Tampico, is the poorest, cheapest swagger imaginable." Comment in the German and French press was at least equally hostile. The *Vossische Zeitung*, for instance, remarked: "Hitherto the German synonym for a fiasco has been 'ein Nürnberger Schützenfest'; henceforth we shall speak of a Tampico salute."

#### Reasons Lying Under the Surface for Our Naval Demonstration.

WITH this tendency to criticize the administration for, on the one hand, having done far less in the past than events called for and, on the other hand, for doing far more now than the Tampico incident calls for, there is manifest a third line of comment that seeks to justify the present action and reconcile it with the President's past attitude by finding under the surface of things a more serious reason than is indicated in Admiral Mayo's demand for a salute. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, chief director of the World Peace Foundation, says: "I refuse to construe the present demonstration, so ridiculously disproportionate to the superficial or advertized occasion, as meant merely thus to enforce a flag salute." He assumes that the real reason lies in the general responsibility which our government has assumed for the protection of foreigners. He adds, referring evidently to the critical situation precipitated by the rebel attacks upon Tampico: "Any proper provision for a serious contingency in the dangerous days which seem impending is legitimate, pending adequate international organization to deal with such disorders, and will have the sanction of public opinion." The *N. Y. Times* takes a similar view. We are not making ready for war, it insists, but are attempting to avert one by bringing Huerta to his senses before his hostile disposition renders intervention inevitable.

#### Concerted Action of European Powers in Mexico Projected.

THE view taken by Mr. Mead, that our fleets are ordered to Mexico in response to the anxiety of foreigners, finds support in the comment that the European press has been making ever since Torreon was captured by Villa and Tampico was threatened by the Constitutionalists. Prior to the movement of our ships, a combined naval demonstration by the European powers was being seriously considered—a fact of the first importance, and one that seems to have eluded the eyes of American journalists. Europe, indeed, had determined to revive the "concert" for the exigency presented in Mexico. This is the upshot of much recent correspondence between the chancelleries, said the well-informed *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), just before the Tampico incident occurred. The Washington government, it was claimed, eager to avoid even an appearance of coercing

Senator Lea's bill against the publication of racing information will cut out a lot of dispatches from Mexico.—*Washington Post*.

If John Lind were to speak frankly he would probably admit that it takes an awful long time to stay eight months in Mexico.—*Indianapolis News*.

Just as we have learned how to pronounce Huerta the administration shows a disposition to recognize a difficult person named Portello y Rojas.—*Grand Rapids Press*.



"WATCHFUL WAITING!"  
"Gee Whiz! but I'm tired of this pose; can't you change it just a little, Mr. President?"  
—Kemble in Leslie's.

a Latin-American nation, at first consented in substance but not in form to a policy of more or less self-effacement. The details had even been concerted, if the *Paris Matin* be accurate. Should Villa capture the Gulf port and that event be followed by the establishment of a responsible authority in the north, whether under Carranza or another, a degree of belligerent recognition was to be accorded. That step, as the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* surmises, would facilitate the British determination not to suffer a Standard Oil monopoly to be set up in the theater of operations. "German interests, which are likewise concerned solely with fostering commercial relations, coincide in this instance with those of Great Britain." President Wilson is represented in the Berlin daily's columns as an unwitting puppet in the hands of the Rockefeller oil interests. That is why the fall of Tampico would bring the Mexican situation to its most perilous phase. Such was the situation even before "the Tampico incident" occurred and as the American fleets turned their prows southward. In this projected concert of European navies may lie the real explanation of President Wilson's order.

We understand that the Torreon battle would have been finished sooner if they hadn't broken the moving-picture machine.—*Washington Herald*.

"Huerta Takes Water," says a headline. Leader or a chaser?—*Washington Herald*.

The more we read of the murderous warfare at Torreon, the gladder we are that American soldiers were not there.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.

## THE FIRST BATTLE OVER CANAL TOLLS A VICTORY FOR THE PRESIDENT

IN THE big battle in the House last month over canal tolls, President Wilson won the most signal victory in his history. Champ Clark, the Democratic speaker, Underwood, the Democratic floor leader, John J. Fitzgerald, chief spokesman for Tammany Hall, all took the floor in opposition. Three-fourths of the Republican congressmen followed Mann in opposition, and all but two of the Progressives followed Murdock. Marshalled in array against the President were also his two predecessors, Taft and Roosevelt, his own party platform, and his own campaign speeches. In addition, he was asking Congress to reverse action taken by it two years ago by overwhelming majorities. All of what one speaker called "the first tier of leaders" were thus against him. Hundreds of Irish-American and

As the history of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty has emerged more and more clearly, Senator Lodge and ex-Secretary Olney have reversed their former attitude, now urging support of the President; at least one large chamber of commerce, that in Philadelphia, has, by a unanimous vote, reversed itself in like manner; out of twenty-three governors expressing their opinions in a symposium in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, only three refuse to endorse the President's stand; and a large majority of the delegates to the Baltimore convention have, in a referendum taken by Senator Gore, voted in favor of disregarding the free-tolls plank.

### Choate and White Tell About the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

ON THE seventh day of December, 1898, the first step was taken looking toward the construction of the Panama Canal. On that date, Secretary Hay addressed a note to Henry White, then *Chargé d'Affaires* of our British Embassy, asking him to see Lord Salisbury about a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, that grew out of this, was ratified February 21, 1902. During these intervening four years Mr. White was in touch with all the negotiations, crossing the ocean several times and having many conversations on the subject with the high officials of both countries, and interchanging many confidential letters on the subject with Secretary Hay. Final negotiations were for the most part conducted between our ambassador, Joseph H. Choate, and the British ambassador, Lord Pauncefote, then on furlough in London. White was present at most of these negotiations. Never once, so he says, in any of the conversations or in any of the confidential letters was there any allusion to the possibility of free tolls for our coastwise or any other vessels. "I never heard," he says in a letter to Senator McCumber, "the exemption of our coastwise shipping from the payment of tolls mentioned in any connection." From the day in which negotiations were opened down to the ratification of the treaty, he says further, "the words 'all nations' and 'equal terms' were understood to refer to the United States as well as to all other nations, by every one of those, whether American or British, who had anything to do with the negotiations." To this positive testimony, Mr. Choate adds equally positive statements. He says, also in a letter to Senator McCumber: "The phrase quoted, 'vessels of commerce and war of all nations,' certainly included our own vessels, and was so understood by our own State Department and by the Foreign Office of Great Britain. It was understood by the same parties that these words also included our own vessels engaged in the coastwise trade." Any other construction, Mr. Choate adds, "would have made the further negotiation of the treaty impossible and would have wrecked the purpose which both parties had in mind."

### Why Senator Lodge Comes Out In Support of the President.

IN THE debate in the House last month the advocates of free tolls cited Senator Lodge and ex-Secretary Olney as sustaining their construction of the treaty. Before the debate was closed both men had come out



WOODROW IN BLUNDERLAND  
(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

—Oppen in N. Y. American.

German-American organizations sent in vociferous protests. One eminent Irish-American, Bourke Cockran, declared in a speech in Boston that the President had "approached the domain of treason." In a series of inflammatory cartoons and editorials, the Hearst papers charged the President over and over again with betraying his country to Great Britain, using language so lurid that Senator Owen and others warned Hearst that it was likely to instigate another assassination. "Not since the days of Cleveland," says the *Charleston News and Courier*, "has there arisen an issue which has called forth such vituperative bitterness among Democrats." The result of it all was a victory for the President by a plurality of 86 votes. Only one-fifth of the Democrats (52 in all) followed Clark, Underwood and Fitzgerald. The fight is now on in the Senate.

### The "Overwhelming Sentiment" Against Free Canal Tolls.

OUT of the controversy have come contributions of special historical importance from Joseph Choate, our ambassador to Great Britain when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was made, Henry White, who was the secretary of the embassy at the same time, Senator Lodge, who was chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations, and ex-Secretary of State Olney.



in support of the President, tho without explicitly changing their opinions on the legal points involved in the interpretation of the treaty. Mr. Lodge confirms the understanding of Mr. White and Mr. Choate, and says that he knows that Secretary Hay's understanding was the same as theirs. Such an understanding, however, he holds, "does not bind legally." "But," he adds, "there is such a thing as honor in agreements and transactions between nations as there is in agreements between individuals." Because of this question of honor, because foreign opinion is united against us, and because he does not believe in discrediting the President upon a question of foreign policy, he gives his "unreserved support" to the bill to repeal the clause granting free tolls to our coastwise ships. He does so even tho he still believes that "a strict legal interpretation" of the terms of the treaty does not require repeal. But he is not willing to have our good faith impugned on such contested ground, when all our own negotiators dispute the interpretation he thinks legally warranted. He considers, moreover, that the question whether we shall give two or three millions to our coastwise ships is "a very small question," compared with the issues involved in our foreign relations. Both in the Old World and the New, he admits, we are regarded by other nations with distrust and in some cases with dislike. "Rightly or wrongly, they have come to believe that we are not to be trusted, that we make our international relations the sport of politics."

**"The Only Question Now, Whether  
We Are Going to Keep Our Word."**

FROM similar motives Mr. Olney believes that we should forego any claims for free tolls that a strict legal interpretation of the treaty may seem to warrant. "Here is a treaty," he writes, in a letter to Congressman Peters, "unquestionably obscure and susceptible of two opposite interpretations." The President declares that the repeal of free tolls "is absolutely essential to our good standing with the great powers of the world and to the proper conduct of our relations." What else is there to do, says Mr. Olney, "but follow the President's lead upon a matter upon which he is entitled to lead both by reason of superior acquaintance with the subject and because our frame of government requires him to lead"? Not to support him is to discredit him for the future in all his intercourse with foreign nations and to give them notice that he is a mere figurehead. Mr. Olney's letter, Mr. Lodge's speech and the statements by Mr. White and Mr. Choate, all appearing since the addresses made by Oscar Underwood, Speaker Clark and others in the House debate in favor of free tolls, have had a visible effect upon public sentiment. They furnish, the Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks, "an absolutely solid foundation for the repeal campaign." The Hearst papers insist that Mr. Lodge's argument really sustains free tolls, but they ignore the distinction which he draws between "a strict legal interpretation" and that which our honor as a nation compels us to place upon the treaty. "The only question now," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "is whether we are going to keep our word or are going to try to quibble and bully our way out of it."

Ex-Speaker Cannon says he "can't understand" why New York papers support the Administration on Canal Tolls. If he could, he might have held his job.—*Wall Street Journal*.

**Fiery Utterances By the Free-  
Tolls Advocates.**

THE effect of all this historical evidence, coming from our own witnesses, upon the advocates of free tolls has been to intensify their utterances, not to silence them. "Better a thousand times," cries the *Washington Post*, "that the Democratic party should be disrupted than that the United States should tarnish its honor and tamely surrender its right to control the Panama Canal." It meets the argument of treaty pledges with an argument derived from the party's "solemn pledge to the people." "Every economic advantage having been bartered away to conciliate foreign interests," says the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*, "the canal might as well be thrown in." "The repeal of the free tolls measure," exclaims Mr. Hearst in a signed article, "would be the greatest disaster to this country that has occurred in our lifetime, the greatest disaster which has occurred since the Civil War." And Champ Clark,



THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

—Kirby in N. Y. World.

in his speech in the House, said in impassioned tones: "I would rather see that canal blown up than to give the English any control over it. It has been the dream of men since Balboa first looked down upon the peaceful ocean to cut a canal across that Isthmus. But I would rather see it filled up with granite boulders cemented together than to yield one particle of control over it to any foreign nation beneath the sun." But the response from the country to these fiery utterances, so far as the press is an evidence, is slight. Aside from the papers on the Pacific Coast, the Hearst papers and several Progressive party papers, there is very little newspaper support left for the advocates of free tolls. "The rapid assaults upon the President," says the *Charleston News and Courier*, "are not being echoed from the country." That is distinctly according to our own observation.

How times do change. Senator Tillman used to keep other people in hot water, and now he spends most of his time drinking it.—*Washington Herald*.

Champ Clark is quoted as saying that "it doesn't take much sense to be a President." But, of course, he had other reasons for wanting the job.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Democracy May Lose Mr. Hearst," is the headline proclamation of the *Columbia Record*. Such boastfulness indicates a very intense quality of optimism.—*Houston Post*.

## THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FIRES A BROADSIDE AT JOHN BARLEYCORN

WHAT is described in Washington despatches as a "tremendous sensation" was created last month by an order consisting of barely thirty-nine words issued by Secretary Daniels. The sale of alcoholic liquors was banished more than a decade ago from the army canteens and from all army posts. Several years ago the sale of liquor was banished from the Capitol at Washington. Secretary Bryan has within a little more than a year discarded its use in diplomatic dinners, and President Wilson has discontinued its use in the White House. In the navy, however, John Barleycorn has maintained a slight hold up to the present time. Rations of grog have not been issued to the men in our navy since the Civil War, it is true, and spirituous liquors have been taboo for years in the officers' mess. But malt and vinous liquors are still allowed to the officers of the navy. On July 1 they also must go. This is the order that goes into effect on that date:

"The use or introduction for drinking purposes of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel, or within any navy yard or station is strictly prohibited, and commanding officers will be held directly responsible for the enforcement of this order."

The order applies not only to ships but to naval stations, and not only to the sale but to the "use or introduction" of alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes. Dismay is said to have taken possession of the hearts of the naval officers so completely that the merriment of all Washington has been excited.

### Why the Wine-Mess on Naval Vessels Must Go.

FOR this bomb that has been exploded thus cruelly in the wine-mess of every ship in our navy, four men seem to be jointly responsible. Secretary Daniels, who hails from the prohibition state of North Carolina, issued the order. President Wilson approved it. Rear-Admiral Braisted, surgeon-general of the navy, recommended it. Colonel L. M. Maus, chief surgeon of the Eastern Division of the U. S. Army, seems to have instigated it. Some months ago Colonel Maus wrote an article on "Alcohol and Racial Degeneracy," for the *Journal of the Military Service Institution*. This article, it seems, reached the eye of Secretary Daniels. He sent it to Rear-Admiral Braisted with a request for his views on the subject. On the admiral's favorable reply, the Secretary seems to have based his order. Colonel Maus, in his article, refers to alcoholic drink as "the most baffling obstacle to man's progress and higher evolution." He refers to the fact that Lord Kitchener allowed his men no spirits whatever in the Soudan campaign, that Lord Roberts was equally opposed to its use in South Africa, and that Sir Frederick Treves, who served at Ladysmith, said that "the drinking men fell out and dropped as regularly as if they were labeled with the big letter D on their backs." The Colonel refers to one of Lord Wolseley's experiments,

in which his troops were divided into three marching squads. The first had a daily ration of whisky, and at the start it marched gaily ahead. The second had a ration of beer, and it soon overtook and passed the whisky squad. The third squad marched on water. It maintained an even, steady gait, passed both the other squads and reached its destination long before the others. In the maneuvers of the Connecticut militia last summer, Colonel Maus notes similar results. The majority of the young men who fell out of the line in the hot weather were declared inefficient by the medical officers because of the drinking of beer.

### John Barleycorn Being Kicked Out of the Armies of the World.

COLONEL MAUS went on to indict even the moderate use of alcoholic beverages, which, he says, "lessens working capacity, marching endurance, accuracy and rapidity in rifle firing, ability to command troops and solve military problems, to navigate and maneuver war vessels," and many other things. In comment on Secretary Daniels' order, the Colonel declares that the United States is far behind Europe in the movement against liquor in the army. In Sweden and Norway sales in the army are prohibited. In Germany the Emperor has been pointing to the victories of the Japanese over intemperate Russian soldiers as evidence that the victories of the future will go to the troops that drink the least. In France many of the regiments have formed temperance societies which include in some cases from two-thirds to three-fourths of the regiment. In the main the views of Colonel Maus seem to be endorsed by Rear-Admiral Braisted. The prohibition of alcohol to the enlisted men in the navy has, he says, "rendered alcoholism among them almost a negligible quantity." Among the officers, however, he notes "numerous court-martials for drunkenness," and destructive effects from the wine-mess upon discipline and morale. The restrictions in the navy, as far as they go, are supported by public opinion and based on sound moral and physiological principles. "Why, then," asks the Admiral, "are they effective for a part of the personnel only instead of applying with equal force to the whole? It is difficult to find a satisfactory answer, especially in view of the youth of some of our officers, who may now be commissioned at 22 years of age, and the proposed reduction of the minimum to 20."

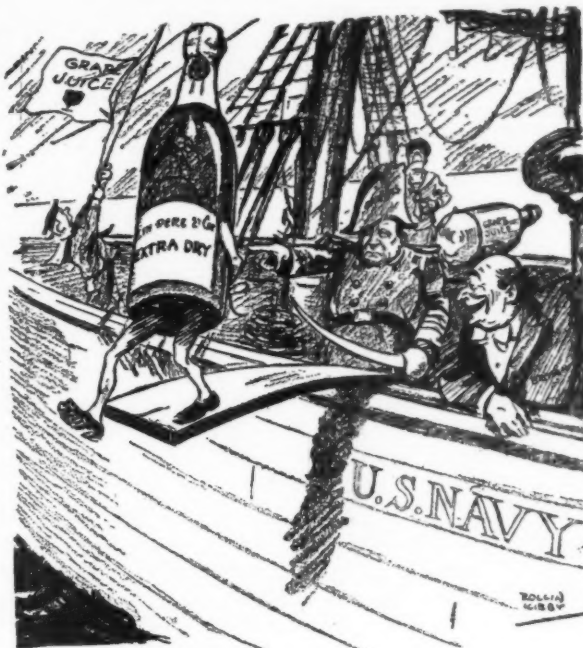
### Advocates of Personal Liberty Lift Up Their Voices.

AN "outrage on every Democratic tradition and principle of personal liberty," is the way in which the *N. Y. World* refers to Secretary Daniels' order. If he is to impose his "anti-alcoholic idiosyncrasies" on the officers of the navy, why may not the next Secretary abolish smoking, and a vegetarian Secretary put the ban on meat? "This use of military discipline," the *World* goes on to say, "as a cloak for sumptuary

despotism is so intolerable that Secretary Daniels should be allowed to lose no time in sobering up after his temperance debauch." The *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, another Pulitzer paper, talks in the same vein. It is strong for "self-control" instead of prohibition, and says that "the effect of Secretary Daniels' order is a public notice to all naval officers that they cannot be trusted with wine and beer," and are "not even fit to exercise the privilege of hospitality to guests who are accustomed to drink wine or beer." It makes the point that whereas the abolition of the grog rations was an act of Congress, this new order is "the despotic imposition of the will of one man wielding a brief authority." The *N. Y. Tribune* is another paper which criticizes the order, but does so with much less vehemence. The order, it thinks, "strikes a blow at all the social traditions of naval life," puts our officers to much embarrassment in their relations as hosts to foreign guests, and encourages the suspicion that they are not to be trusted to manifest a proper discretion in the use of drink.

**The Country Refuses to Grow Excited Over the Fall of the Navy's Wine-Mess.**

CONSIDERING how many newspaper protests have been made against the army canteen law since it was enacted thirteen years ago, this new order by the Secretary of the Navy is received with surprising calm. In Washington, according to the *N. Y. Evening Post's* correspondent, the feeling is more one of amusement than anything else, and there are predictions that Secretary Bryan will soon issue a similar order applying to all American embassies and legations, and that the Secretary of War will extend the order now applying to "traffic" in liquor at army posts to include "use or introduction." Of the present order the same Washington correspondent says: "Everybody here seems to approve except the navy officers, and the common belief seems to be that the order will have popular approval throughout the country." "The Daniels' order," asserts the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, is in line "with advancing thought on the subject in the United States" and "with a growing popular conviction which recognizes neither party nor geographical limitations." The *Baltimore Sun*



WALKING THE PLANK  
—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

the best possible condition for the performance of their duties." It is far more important, the *N. Y. Evening Post* thinks, that the officers should be sober than that the men should be. Twenty years hence "the wineless man-of-war will seem as much a matter of course as does the man-of-war without grog and the cat-o'-nine tails."

**Fear of the Politicians for the Prohibition Issue.**

FAR the most interesting thing about Secretary Daniels' order lies in the admissions it evokes of the rising tide of sentiment against all use of alcoholic beverages. The *N. Y. Times*, which has seldom lost an opportunity to speak scornfully about the canteen law, admits that Secretary Daniels "will have an overwhelming amount of public sentiment to support him." The *N. Y. Sun*, always caustic in its remarks about prohibition, defends the order as in accord with public sentiment, and remarks that the fight against the sale and use of alcohol "may be said not to have reached the height of intensity which many thoughtful foes of prohibition see coming and coming mighty near." The "dry map" of the United States, says the *Sun*, "shows an area and a population that entitle it to respect, including especially that of politicians." The *N. Y. Evening Post's* Washington correspondent puts the case stronger. "Every politician," he says, "fears the prohibition issue," and Congressmen "dread an alinement" on the proposed amendment to the federal Constitution now being urged by the anti-saloon forces. The naval order, he thinks, will help



GOOD NIGHT!  
—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*



them force the issue to a vote during the present session and thus inject it into the congressional campaign.

**What the Anti-Saloon Forces are Striving for in Washington.**

NOT satisfied with the Webb-Kenyon law, which, after being vetoed by President Taft, was passed over his veto by a vote of 244 to 95 in the House and 63 to 21 in the Senate, the anti-saloon forces are pressing for further federal legislation. The Webb-Kenyon law makes it unlawful for railroads and express companies to carry shipments of liquor into prohibition states. What is now sought is the passage of the Vaughan bill requiring that a liquor dealer in any state shall show that he is not legally disqualified from selling liquor before he shall receive a federal "permit"—that is, a federal tax receipt—from the internal revenue department. The same anti-saloon forces are daring their foes to bring up the canteen law again before Congress, threatening, if that is done, to fight for a statute compelling all incoming officers of the army and navy to sign a total abstinence pledge! The constitutional amendment already referred to would forbid the importation, exportation and interstate transportation of alcoholic beverages throughout the United States. There are now nine prohibition states in the Union, and ten more in which 90 per cent. of the area is "dry." More than 70 per cent. of the area of the United States, it is claimed, is under no-license, and more than 46



PROPERLY SHOCKED

—Richards in Philadelphia North American

millions of the population are living under no-license laws. More and more the liquor traffic is being driven from the rural districts and the towns and smaller cities, and is being concentrated in the great centers of population. Last month sixteen counties in Illinois, containing about 1,000 saloons and eleven of the larger cities of the state, were added to the thirty counties already dry, in the election in which women in Illinois voted for the first time.

That moose herd in Maine appears to have mistaken the water-wagon for a cattle car.—*Chattanooga Times*.

A standpat stone gathers nothing but moss.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Mr. Wilson says he can't realize yet that he is President. This may be his subtle way of announcing that it will take seven more years to give him the proper mental attitude toward the office.—*Toledo Blade*.

## THE THREATENED ECLIPSE OF JAPAN AS A GREAT POWER

IGNOMINIOUS as was the collapse of the ministry headed until recently by Admiral Yamamoto, the effort of last month to provide him with a successor as Prime Minister ended in a greater fiasco. The ramifications of the naval scandal at Tokyo, which a censored press notes with reserve, have brought Japan to grips with a situation involving an infuriated people on the one hand and a clan system of government on the other. The popular leaders insist upon party government with a ministry responsible to the deputies in the British manner. The surviving elder statesmen, the peers, the naval and military magnates, cling to their German ideal of a Premier relying upon the sovereign only and quite independent of parliament. This policy has resulted in the formation of an Okuma cabinet. The ashes of this conflict were fanned into the present blaze, says the well-informed *Paris Temps*, by the scandal involving the navy. The fury of the struggle is already too fierce to permit adequate assertion of Japanese claims in China and Manchuria, a fact, complains the *Berlin Vossische*, of which St. Petersburg takes unscrupulous advantage. Germany's press campaign against Russia threw its side light upon the Muscovite idea that Japan is for the time being out of world politics, so tense is the domestic situation in official Tokyo. The impression was ridiculed in London at first. It is now apparent there that an impending eclipse of Japan as a factor in the far East can scarcely be averted.

### Japanese Masses Get Beyond Control.

RAIDS by infuriated mobs upon newspaper offices at Tokyo, a wholesale smashing of windows, an invasion of the foreign office and a concerted movement against army headquarters have kept the police of the Japanese capital in motion. It may well seem, admits the *London Times*, that the people are getting out of hand now that the strong men of the Meiji age have departed. Nevertheless, says this commentator, talk of the activity of demagogues is ill-timed. The tendency exemplifying itself in popular risings can not be crushed. The deputies in the popular branch of the diet mean to ascertain what is going on behind the scenes of officialdom. They refuse to be put off with vague explanations of an indefinite purpose to probe the naval scandal to the bottom. They mean to be rid of the rival clans which have, as they think, usurped power too long. The Japanese people, as the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels says, have arrived.

### Secret Government Coming to an End in Japan.

AS THE parliamentary deadlock induced by the naval scandal brings its train of revelations from Tokyo, the secrets of "modern Japan" are sensationably betrayed. They incline the Paris papers to conjecture that the Mikado's empire is no such thing of might as it would have the world suppose. Japan is for once

forced to let the world see her weakness. That high authority upon the far East, Mr. Lancelot Lawton, says in the London *Academy* that Japan has for some years hidden the seriousness of her domestic plight. She has deemed it sound business policy to throw dust in the eyes of the world. Her starving millions of poor peasantry, her ruined finances, her crushing burden of taxation, the growth of a rebellious spirit with the decline of the ancient unsophisticated attitude to the throne and the progress of the conflict between the masses and the classes have never been realized by the world at large until now. Japan is in the agony of domestic revolution, only the completeness of the official conspiracy of silence obscuring the fact itself. The same spirit was manifest during the war with Russia, when Tokyo could not be brought to acknowledge a single reverse and on occasions went so far as to deny unpleasant incidents which foreigners knew had occurred. The familiar denials of the gravity of the crisis come from Tokyo at this hour; but the mass of evidence is overwhelming. There have been riots in the house of representatives and undignified retreats by ministerial personages from untenable positions. Inspired dailies have not dared to defend cabinet ministers lest mobs renew their raids.

#### Details of the Latest Japanese Scandal.

BERLIN is the scene of the first episode in the scandal that convulses Tokyo. An office employee in the Tokyo branch of a German electrical concern was accused of theft. He was arrested on that charge in Japan and extradited to Germany. Richter, the individual in question, was found guilty of purloining his employer's office records with a blackmailing purpose. Richter maintained that he did not steal the papers. Their importance was due to evidence they were alleged to afford of bribes given to exalted Japanese politicians. The court at Berlin, altho punishing Richter for his offense, was lenient because his employers had been guilty of "illegitimate manipulations." This was the first gun. Its reverberations now fill the political firmament of Tokyo with thunder. Captains there have been placed in cells. Two admirals are awaiting trial. A European journalist has been imprisoned upon allegations of complicity which he denies. The managing director of a great Japanese steamship company is under indictment. The honor of the Satsuma clan, the naval heroes of the land, is so compromised that some of its lights commit hara-kiri. The Yamamoto ministry fell. The Emperor summoned Prince Yamagata to the capital only to find that the power of the elder statesmen is practically gone.

#### Difficulties of Yoshihito on the Eve of His Coronation.

YOSHIHITO had completed arrangements for his coronation when political Japan was rent by the naval scandal. His first step was a suspension of the

sittings of the diet for some days, a display of sympathy with the reactionaries, as the Paris *Temps* believes. It was an act of interference between the Peers and the deputies, then disputing over the size of the annual naval appropriation. The London *Times*, always disposed to put the best face upon every Japanese crisis, does not believe these naval scandals would of themselves suffice to provoke the revolutionary mood through which the Japanese masses are passing. The best friends of Japan are bound to concede, it confesses, that for some years she has been straining her financial resources and the economic endurance of her people. "The real source of the present troubles is not the naval scandals but the excessive taxation and the high cost of living." The Japanese proletariat is asked to bear burdens, the weight of which it is no longer able to sustain. These admissions by the London *Times*, mouthpiece of official Japan in Europe, are believed to indicate a very grave situation. Reports in Paris dailies give an impression of contemporary Japan more somber than pictures of France on the eve of the great revolution.

#### Japanese Press on the Japanese Crisis.

NEVER did that irreconcilable organ of popular opinion, the Tokyo *Yorodzu*, assail the enemies of popular rights with more vigor and yet with more caution than its comment on the naval scandal reveals. It narrowly escaped official discipline for hurling epithets at exalted personages. Relapsing into abstractions, it affirms that the masses of the people in Japan have too long endured the oppression of bandits in high places. The world sees that the masses can assert their will, it tells us, and when they have done so the foreign enemies of the nation may well tremble. The *Hochi Shimbun*, popular among the masses, has word of terrible disclosures to come, hinting at the same time its purpose to defy the bureaucracy in its determination to stand boldly for the right of the Japanese people to control the government. The time has come to assert the will of the people in opposition to the will, the despotism, of the few. The solidly respectable *Kokumin Shimbun* is convinced that the government is investigating the scandal in good faith and that many brave officers have been misrepresented. The more or less inspired *Jiji Shimpō* regrets the scandal as a depressing factor in Japanese business circles. It fears the outside world has been given an exaggerated idea of the crisis. The *Asahi* deems the upheaval of the past two months a mere conspiracy among discredited political adventurers. It confirms a general impression among the better class of people in Japan that the naval scandal will not be converted into an instrument of reaction altho the government does not intend to yield to the clamor of demagogues in the lower house of the diet. A ministry will be formed, it predicts, from among the responsible elements in the national life with a policy of social reform at home.

"It doesn't take as much sense to be President," declares Champ Clark, "as it does to be Congressman." Now we know why some of Mr. Clark's friends are so enthusiastic for his Presidential boom.—N. Y. *Evening Sun*.

Moving-pictures have now been made of practically everything but the Republican party's progress toward reform. This subject still belongs to the field of sculpture.—George Fitch in *Collier's*.

Ambassador Page has been exonerated. We felt that the charge that he was funny could not be sustained.—Detroit *Free Press*.

Wilson says he cannot realize yet that he is President. Congress is having no such difficulty.—Chicago *Record-Herald*.

Bryan's llama is to be sent to Mrs. Pankhurst. To her that hath shall be given. Mrs. Pankhurst already has John Bull's goat.—Richmond *Times-Dispatch*.

## MR. ASQUITH PREPARES FOR THE SUPREME STRUGGLE OF HIS CAREER

WHEN the second reading of the Home Rule bill was carried in the Commons a few weeks ago, the *London Standard* announced that Prime Minister Asquith had decided upon an early dissolution of Parliament. This seems to mean a general election in the immediate future—perhaps this summer. The appeal to the country will be made on the issue of "the army or the people." Negotiations have begun between the Liberals and the labor elements to bring about effective cooperation at the polls. The purpose is to avoid those three-cornered contests which always tend to the loss of a seat to the Conservatives and Unionists. Mr. John Redmond, as leader of the Irish, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as leader of "labor," have consented to the dissolution plan, which involves, says our contemporary, "a whirlwind campaign." Having effected his coalition, Mr. Asquith, who had unexpectedly assumed the post of War Minister when the army officers hesitated to enter a civil war in Ulster, presented himself for reelection to his East Fife constituency. He was returned to the Commons without opposition. The events of the past month have made him, declare Liberal London dailies, invincible in British politics.

### The Rebellion of the British Army Officers.

A CRISIS in England which has no parallel within the memory of this or of many preceding generations, to use the words of the *London Times*, arose through the disaffection of the army officers who were loath to fight in Ulster. A month has not elapsed since General Sir Arthur Paget, commanding the forces in Ireland, sent for General H. de la Poer Gough, commanding the third cavalry brigade, and informed him that the government would utilize his

forces for "active measures" in Ulster. The commander-in-chief told his subordinate of manifestations of reluctance on the part of officers of the brigade to serve against the Ulster Protestants. He had heard that General Gough himself had strong feelings on the subject. General Gough announced a determination to resign then and there. He returned to Curragh, where his force was stationed, and held a meeting of his staff. All agreed to resign rather than obey orders to go to Ulster. Such was the beginning of the crisis as narrated in the *London Post*, organ of the bureaucratic element in the British government and spokesman for the army. There was to have been a "surprise attack," as the *London Telegraph* says, or at least a demonstration in force against the "resistance movement" in Ulster. It was foiled by General Gough.

### A Secretary of War Surrenders to Mutinous Army Officers in Ireland.

IMMEDIATELY after the return of General Gough to his regiments in Ireland, the House of Commons was amazed by news that the Asquith ministry had surrendered to the "mutineers." For two critical days it seemed, as the radical *London Chronicle* confessed,



ULSTER'S REPRESENTATION—PROTESTANT AND UNIONIST PREPONDERANCE

The figures of population are those of the 1911 Census. The electors are those who were on the register in 1913. In the present year the voters in constituencies represented by Unionists have increased by 1,536, and the voters in Nationalist constituencies by 353. The percentage of Roman Catholic electors for Londonderry and Down Counties includes the Boroughs of Derry and Newry respectively, as the summaries of the Census returns deal only with counties and county-boroughs. The nine counties and three boroughs—Belfast (4), Derry, and Newry—return 33 members, 16 Unionists, and 17 Home Rulers, of whom two (Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Hogg) are Radicals. There is a majority of Unionists in these thirty-three constituencies—as to population of 236,056; as to electors of 34,398.

—The Morning Post (London)



THE GIFT HORSE

MR. ASQUITH: "There you are, sir; warranted quiet to ride or drive. He's by 'Conversations' out of 'Parliament,' and I've called him 'The Limit.'"

MR. BONAR LAW: "Many thanks, but I don't seem to care much for his teeth."

—Partridge in *London Punch*

that the cabinet must fall. It transpired at last that the Secretary for War, Colonel Seely, had, through a misunderstanding, given "guarantees" to the discontented army officers in Ireland. Colonel Seely's blunder, as he freely acknowledged, in a speech to a crowded House, was that he had added to a cabinet memo-



random two paragraphs which seriously compromised the position of the Asquith ministry in relation to the crisis. These two paragraphs form the last declarations in a letter to General Gough signed by Colonel Seely, the latter under the impression that he was dealing with a purely departmental matter within his own sole competence. These were the additions made without the knowledge of Mr. Asquith:

"His Majesty's Government must retain their right to use all the forces of the Crown in Ireland or elsewhere to



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP . . ." —Punch (London)

maintain law and order, and to support the civil power in the ordinary execution of its duty.

"But they have no intention whatever of taking advantage of this right to crush political opposition to the policy or principles of the Home Rule bill."

#### Prime Minister Asquith Taken by Surprise.

UNAWARE of the addition of these two paragraphs, Prime Minister Asquith announced to the Commons that the rebellious army officer had been sent back to Curragh unconditionally. A few minutes later the Prime Minister received in his private room a typewritten copy of Colonel Seely's communication to General Gough. The head of the government was staggered by the additions that had been made to the cabinet draft; but it was then too late, says the *London Chronicle*, to repair the error. General Gough had already gone back to Ireland with a copy of the letter in his possession. He took care to read it to the members of his staff. In the morning every opposition daily heralded a victory for Ulster over the forces of the government. The revolting officers had succeeded in dictating terms. This sensation was followed by a circumstantial account of pressure brought to bear by King George himself upon Colonel Seely to commit



#### SIX YEARS AWAY

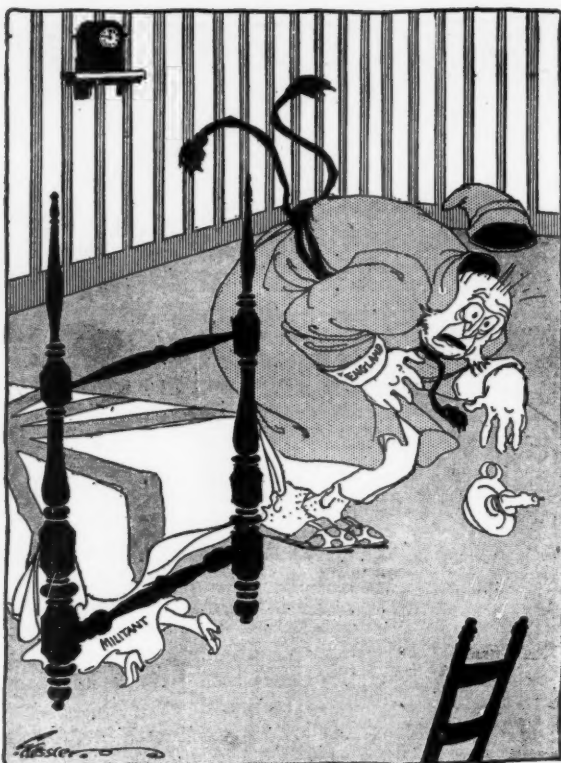
MR. BULL: What on earth are you doing in that ditch?  
ULSTER VOLUNTEERS: We're waiting for the enemy!  
MR. BULL: The enemy! I've seen nothing of him—where is he?  
ULSTER VOLUNTEERS: He's six years away—but he's there!  
MR. BULL: Well, then, hadn't you better go home and put away your guns?

—Westminster Gazette

the indiscretion that so nearly wrecked the Asquith ministry. The Prime Minister speedily explained everything to the Commons, with the exception of the part played by King George, which remains in obscurity. "So long as we are responsible for the government of this country," declared Mr. Asquith in the most sensational speech he ever made to the Commons, "we will not assent, whatever the consequences may be, to the claim of any body of men in the service of the crown, be they officers or men, to demand assurances of what they will or will not be required to do in certain circumstances which have not arisen. To have admitted any such claim would have been to place the government of the day at the mercy of a military group." These words wrought a dramatic change in the political situation; but they did not save Colonel Seely. He felt compelled to resign. Mr. Asquith assumed the duties of Secretary for War himself.

#### Collapse of the Army Revolt in England.

ONLY an old parliamentary hand could have retrieved the blunder which so nearly wrecked the Liberal ministry in Great Britain, as all the London dailies agree. The action of the army officers was, says the *Liberal London News*, "a claim which, if granted, would put the government at the mercy of the naval and military forces." General Gough conceived himself and his brother officers to have made such a claim and to have made it successfully. He declared that he had extracted from the government "a written assurance that the troops under my command will not be used to enforce the present Home Rule bill." The suspicion that King George had been instrumental in effecting the purpose of General Gough was based upon hurried visits to Buckingham Palace of Colonel Seely and Lord Roberts at the most dramatic moment in the episode. "The country has a right to be told, and demands to be told," insisted the *Liberal London News* in a second editorial, "the part played during these last days by the King." That remark was provoked by a speech from the labor leader, John Ward, sitting in the Commons as a Liberal, in which he said amid enthusiasm that the issue was whether parliament is to make laws "absolutely without interference either from King or army." To give the utterance of the ministerial organ, a paper very close to Mr. Asquith:



A WOMAN UNDER THE BED

—Kessler in N. Y. Sun

"There is not a Liberal member worth his salt who would consent to be a mask for military tyranny, and there is not a Liberal throughout the country who would not sacrifice his all to preserve the freedom which has been bought at such bitter cost. The devotion and the determination of the democracy know no limits in the defence of liberty. They ask nothing except light and leading, and they fear no power, be it monarch, oligarchy, or military junta. But this magnificent treasure of heroic spirit can be drawn upon only if the truth is made plain, and the English people are given to see clearly the issue. Reticence, suppression, the glozing over of stern realities they understand as little as they desire them. To absolute confidence they will respond with absolute devotion, and when a challenge is flung down they want nothing better than that it should be fought out to the end. If, therefore, the Government cannot reassure the nation to the nation's satisfaction, then let the Government summon the nation to its aid against the last and most sinister assault on free government."

#### Mr. Asquith's Efforts to Shield King George.

DISCREET as were the references of Mr. Asquith to the part played by King George in the army crisis over Ulster, he convinced nobody. The labor organs in London hint that the Prime Minister shielded his Majesty. Colonel Seely sacrificed himself by taking all the blame. He was summoned to Buckingham Palace while the cabinet was considering the reply to General Gough. The Secretary for War returned to Downing street after the cabinet had adjourned. He added the fatal paragraphs at once to the draft letter framed while he was in conference with the sovereign. The inference is obvious to the more radical London papers. It was put roundly in the House of Commons when a prominent Liberal cried above the din that England was confronted with the very question she had to answer in the days of the Stuarts. Returning



AN ATTEMPT AT RESTORATION

They may dress it up in military disguise, but it is really the old, ancient figure of the Lords' Veto.

—Westminster Gazette

to the charge, Mr. John Ward declared that if officers had a right to decide what orders they need obey, the private soldier would claim the same respect for his conscientious scruples when he was ordered to shoot down strikers. He read a declaration from the London *Herald*, a syndicalist organ, urging soldiers not to obey orders to act against their own class in case of labor disputes. This appeal could not be denounced as treason in view of the attempt of the opposition to seduce the allegiance of the army officers for class interests. Never in recent years, avers *The Westminster Gazette*, has there been a demonstration of such genuine feeling as followed these words from the labor leader. Here are its editorial comments:

"An army which can dictate to a government is a menace to liberty, and a menace, let us add, to public order. We saw yesterday that on the mere suspicion that the government had come to terms with General Gough, the Liberal and labor members of Parliament swept the debate out of the hands of the front benches and spoke their minds in a series of impressive impromptu speeches, the like of which have not been heard in the House of Commons in this generation. Let there be no mistake about it. What Mr. John Ward and Mr. Thomas said yesterday, the whole working-class will be thinking to-day. If limited obedience is to be the law for the officer, it must be the law for the private, and the law for the ordinary citizen. If Sir Edward Carson and the Covenanters may arm and drill and be sheltered from interference by authority, the same liberty must be given to the railwaymen and the engineers. If the officer may say that conscience forbids him to execute an order when it is directed against Ulster, the private may say that he too is forbidden by his conscience to fire upon strikers. There is no end to this doctrine, and it leads in all directions to anarchy."

#### How the Opposition Explains the British Army "Revolt."

WHAT really happened among the army officers involved in the military crisis is sympathetically interpreted in the London *Post* and its Conservative contemporaries. The Secretary for War asked the officers of the cavalry brigade in Ireland if they would serve against Ulster. He did not order them to go.





TO BE WON?

THE ULSTER MAIDEN: "I must be won!"  
MR. JOHN REDMOND: "I wonder if—"

—Westminster Gazette

He gave them a choice—to go or be dismissed. This was not the case with the cavalry brigade alone. Other arms of the service likely to be used were given the same alternatives. "It was in fact the considered policy of the government to offer the army an optional obedience." The army, or that part of it consulted thus, answered most respectfully that it would rather be dismissed. The officers knew very well that they must obey orders or get out. This is the whole "crisis" in a nutshell to our Conservative contemporary. The rest is mere party clamor due to the impotent rage of Asquith, Lloyd George and the labor politicians in the face of John Redmond. There was, adds the *London Times*, a concerted plan to take the Ulster volunteers by surprise through the concentration of troops, with cavalry and artillery and of warships off the coast. The sole object can have been to overawe the men in Belfast or to provoke some popular disturbance which would afford a pretext for armed interference. Mr. Asquith has been told for months that the army could not be relied upon at all for a campaign against Ulster. He now pretends, says the great British daily, to be staggered.

#### Will the British Army Ever Move Against Ulster?

ULSTER affords a parallel to the war of the American revolution, and in that parallel is revealed the artificiality of the month's upheaval in the Asquith ministry, opines the *London Telegraph*. When the

It is generally believed in England that Sir Edward Carson is impelled by Ulster motives.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Hereafter, why not let officers of the British army decide questions instead of bothering parliament?—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.



A BURNING ISSUE

—Sykes in *Philadelphia Ledger*

Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, we read, British army officers refused to serve against the forces under Washington. Their scruples were respected by the ministry of Lord North. Mr. Bonar Law cited the precedent in his speech to the Commons. What is the meannig of the episode of last month in the Irish cavalry barracks? Here is the answer of the London organ just named:

"The weapon that was to have been employed against the Ulstermen turned in the hands of those who sought to wield it. British troops were to have been employed against the only community of men in Ireland who fly the British flag and sing the national anthem; men whose crime is that they prefer the risk of being killed to the prospect of being driven out of a polity in which they are happy, and forced under a government which they fear and detest. That was too much to ask of soldiers whose whole professional pride and honor is centered in devotion to the Crown and the flag and in loyalty to the Empire. The officers directly approached on the matter saw only one course that they could take with any hope of holding up their heads again. They could sacrifice their careers; and they did so without hesitation. General Gough and his comrades have shown the Government that the coercion of Ulster by British troops is one of the things that cannot be done."

John Hays Hammond has returned home, and the rulers in Europe must feel mighty lonely.—*Washington Herald*.

Swapping Mexico for Ulster would be a grand solution right out of Alice in Wonderland.—*Springfield Republican*.

## RENEWAL OF "WHITE WOLF'S" CAMPAIGN IN CHINA

WHEN Lao-Howkow fell into the hands of that notorious Chinese bandit, "White Wolf," no less than fifteen hundred of the city's inhabitants were boiled in oil, put to the sword or buried alive. These are but a few details leaking into Peking, says the *Paris Matin*, regarding the latest triumph of Pai-Lang-chai,

to give "the White Wolf" his most familiar native name. He caused the injury in one way or another of over four thousand persons, in addition to those he had killed outright on the occasion of this last pillaging expedition. "Hideous tortures," to quote the report of the *London Times*, "were inflicted with the object of discovering



hidden valuables." Every woman and every girl seen by the followers of the "White Wolf" suffered outrage. Many were mutilated or murdered. The bandit king got away from the smoking ruin he had made with about five million dollars in booty. Figures vary regarding the number of men under the command of this guerilla chieftain. Wherever he goes, to give the account in the London daily, "crime and ruffianism are let loose with terrible consequences." When the bandits are on the move, thousands of coolies are commandeered to transport the baggage and ammunition. "The bandits are totally devoid of regard for human life and shoot down victims on the slightest pretext." The country people are too terrified to give information of much value to the troops in pursuit of the great bandit. He was retiring, at last accounts, to his fastness in the mountains between Ho-Nan and Hu-Peh.

#### Reign of Terror in the Chinese Provinces.

PEKING is not strong enough to undertake any effective measures against the bandit now ravaging the provinces. Yuan Shi Kai seems to regard the operations of the "White Wolf" as part of the natural order of things. He does his best to allay the panic in southern Ho-Nan with promises. He has set up a reign of terror of his own there by executing students on the flimsiest grounds. He has taken no steps for the protection of Sian-fu, capital of Shen-Si, the next objective, it is said, of the "White Wolf." If the brigand makes himself master of that city with its population of a million, it will be difficult to dislodge him, in the opinion of the London *Standard*. The "White Wolf," it says, studied the art of war in Japan, having attended a military school there. When the rebellion came in the central part of China this brigand was on the staff of General Wu. He set up for himself as a military leader early last year with a following made up of deserters from the army. Opportunities attracted bad characters in abundance. He kept to Ho-Nan until he felt sure of his strength and of the fidelity of his followers. He has within recent weeks turned his attention to the larger centers, accumulating riches as well as adherents.

#### How the "White Wolf" Grew Strong in China.

YUAN SHI KAI was so absorbed in the contest for supremacy at Peking that he gave little attention to the preliminary operations of the "White Wolf." He was plundering Hu-Peh and An-Hui on a great scale before the Peking republic paid much attention to him. Since the establishment of Yuan as a despot he has gone behind the reports from the local provincial rulers, announcing great victories over the "White Wolf," only to reveal to the amazed world that China is supporting a brigand of unexampled prowess. The government troops in some places, declares the British daily already mentioned, which has investigated the facts, went over bodily to the "White Wolf." They opened the gates of one beleaguered town to his force. A suspicion at headquarters of this state of affairs is held to explain

the dismissal of the military governor of Ho-Nan and the court-martial of the general commanding the government expedition against the bandit. The official report of his defeat and of the death of four thousand of his followers in two pitched battles which reached European dailies last February must, our contemporary thinks, be deemed inventions. He is to-day holding missionaries for ransom and levying tribute upon some provincial towns.

#### Possibility that China Faces a Domestic Revolution.

ONE of the lessons of the "White Wolf's" campaign to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is found in the fact it reveals that Yuan Shi Kai is not the ruler of China in the ordinary sense of the word. In the next place, the official description of the marauder as a bandit must be revised. A man who can lead an organized force through a theater of war, beat back an expedition, capture a city and hold a province to tribute can not be deemed a highway robber merely. That view is expressed in the London dailies. The question is whether Yuan Shi Kai, in establishing his autocracy, remarks the London *Standard*, improves the prospect of pacifying the disturbed provinces. He shows the iron hand in dealing with the ordinary population, reports from every part of the country being that the disaffected, when caught, are strangled or shot. These executions take place where the central government can assert its existence. Hundreds of executions take place all the time by Yuan's direct order. In Peking, for instance, reports the London *Telegraph*, two secretaries of the presidential palace, five former Senators and twenty others have lately been shot after a drumhead court-martial.

#### Peking Cherishes a Grievance Against Tokyo.

YUAN SHI KAI attributes his embarrassments as a pacifier of China to the obstinacy of Japan in giving aid and comfort to his enemies. Nagasaki, Yokohama and other places of refuge swarm with exiled patriots, conspirators and revolutionists who have one reason or another for overthrowing the present Chinese government. The Japanese officials were at first complaisant in surrendering refugees. The growth of a spirit hostile to the ruler of China among the advanced elements in the Tokyo diet, says the Paris *Temps*, caused the Japanese officials to become tolerant. The situation has given rise to a serious issue between the two capitals. Japan is the recognized asylum to-day of the revolutionaries who refuse to rest until they have overthrown the rule of Yuan. The newspapers of radical faith in Tokyo resist any effort to expel the refugees. A bitterness that grows daily has accentuated itself within recent weeks by the declination of the foreign office to give up one leader of Young China whose relations with the "White Wolf" are said to be intimate. The "White Wolf," indeed, may yet prove a trump card, say some European dailies, in the hands of those with whom Yuan Shi Kai is playing so desperate a game.

Ambassador Page has learned that in diplomacy a man is not expected to talk unless he has nothing to say.—*Albany Press*.

The cabled report, "Roosevelt party loses its equipment," may be doubted. So far as known only Hon. Bill Prendergast has quit.—*Grand Rapids Press*.

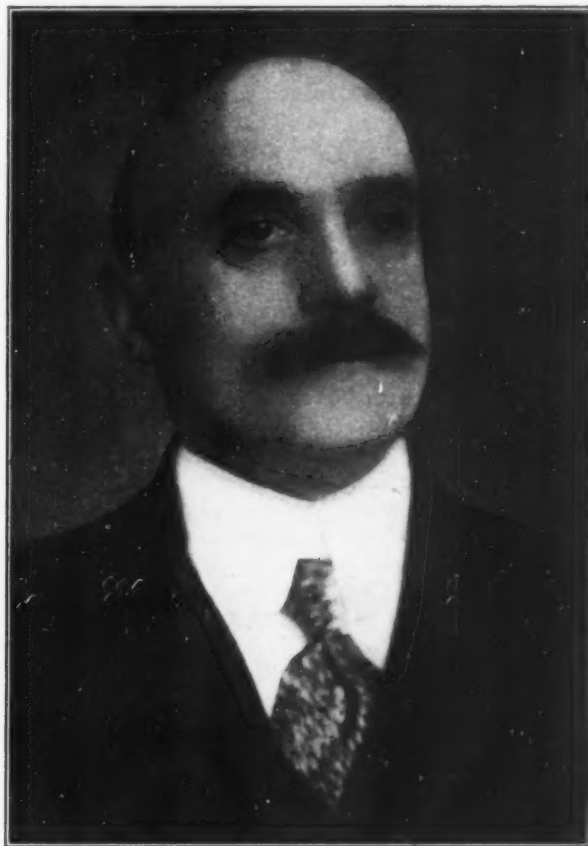
Why the price of beefsteak is high: An Illinois bank advertizes "money to loan to farmers for feeding cattle."—*Toledo Blade*.

As the foremost peace advocate, Secretary Bryan should take a troupe of sword-swallowers with him on the next trip.—*Wall Street Journal*.



THE ONE WHO SHOT

Madame Caillaux, heroine of the greatest political tragedy of modern times, was at one time Madame Claretie and at all times manifests the temperament which makes her, as one French contemporary says, a child of impulse, of passion, of the mood of the moment.



"MADAME, YOU HAVE RUINED ME!"

Thus spoke Joseph Caillaux, minister of finance in Paris until the life of his enemy was taken by his wife, who then heard the reproach proclaiming the futility of her five pistol shots.

## FRANCE IN THE THROES OF A CRITICAL NATIONAL ELECTION

ALTHO the returns of the general election in progress throughout France have already begun to come in, they can have no finality until the second ballots have been completed on the tenth of this new month. Even then, apart from the fact that the chamber of deputies will not exist officially until June, the fate of the Doumergue ministry must depend upon the combinations effected among the several groups. Nevertheless the European newspapers have already satisfied themselves that the cabinet is doomed. The whole contest at the polls raged about a scandal scarcely less grave, in the judgment of the *Paris Débats*, organ of the moderates, than that of Panama in the days of De Lesseps. Republican institutions themselves, thinks the monarchical *Gaulois*, tremble in the balance, an idea inspired perhaps by the inevitable desire of the "legitimist" paper. The more detached newspapers of London behold in the case of Rochette, the defaulting banker and fugitive from justice, a mere symbol, a species of incarnation of the French crisis, rather than its cause or subject matter. Cabinet ministers of international renown find themselves charged with connivance at a miscarriage of justice in the interests of "high finance." The French republic becomes a combination of stock exchange speculators and money lenders with the leaders of political groups, using anti-clericalism and the fatherland as stalking horses.

### Caillaux, Rochette and the Mysterious Document.

WHEN she killed the editor of the *Paris Figaro*, Madame Joseph Caillaux dramatized the issues in French politics, as the *Lanterne* thinks. The lady has been relegated to a subordinate position in the tragedy which, in its second act, has Caillaux for a villain or for a victim. It is all in the point of view. We are confronted with an incriminating memorandum from the secret archives of a Procurator-General. It was for the private perusal of a Premier. It got into the *Figaro* instead. The writer of the fatal document was summoned by his hierarchical superior, the Minister of Justice, who was at that time M. Perrier, on the demand of M. Monis, who was then Premier, and who until the other day was Minister of Marine in the existing cabinet. M. Monis, to follow this fatal document still, told M. Fabre that the government desired the Rochette trial postponed, "as it might be embarrassing to the Minister of Finance," and ordered him to obtain a postponement from the president of the correctional chamber. M. Fabre protested. Pressed by M. Monis, he finally obeyed, experiencing a "fierce inner struggle." Magistrate Bidault de l'Isle postponed the Rochette case at the instigation of procurator Fabre—a request refused to Rochette's counsel—and Rochette fled. He has since been reported in Mexico, in Switzerland and in Japan.

### Why the Rochette Charges are Deemed Serious.

A MUCH larger issue than that of the guilt or innocence of Caillaux and Monis in the Rochette irregularity is raised by the investigation of the scandal now proceeding. "The possibility of interference by the executive with the administration of justice," explains the *London Times*, "is amongst the chief dangers against which democracy in all countries has to guard." The tendency of democracy, it notes, is to strengthen an executive. A strong executive is "apt to feel hampered" by the action of the courts. "The danger is aggravated where politics fall largely into the hands of a certain class of financiers." Men of this kind bring with them into public life the standards of morality and honor, the great London daily fears, which obtain in the circles in which they have lived. "These standards do not fit them for the control of the affairs of a great nation." This comment might be extracted from the columns of the Socialist *Humanité*, so exactly does it parallel the reasoning of the organ of Jean Jaurès. The *London Times* concludes: "Financial magnates of this order too often forget the higher interests of the country which it is their duty to serve. There are great financiers everywhere in public life whose reputation and integrity are above suspicion. But the democracies of the old world, and of the new, would be well advised to look with some suspicion on the class of politicians whose lives have been spent in the dubious and corrupting field of international speculation."

### Dramatic Investigation of the Rochette Mysteries.

PARIS has spent the month in a state of emotional excitement, contemplating renowned journalists, famous statesmen and exalted bureaucrats in a long procession before the committee that struggles with the intricacies of the Rochette labyrinth. One ex-Minister, M. Monis, admitted the facts. Another ex-Minister, M. Caillaux, admitted some of the facts, only to turn and rend ex-Premiers Barthou and Briand before the committee. It is impossible to the *Débats* to resist the impression that there is still something undisclosed, despite the rays of truth emanating from the dark lantern of high finance. The most astounding of all the admissions made by both statesmen, says the *Temps*, is the acknowledgment that the Rochette trial was actually deferred because the swindler's counsel threatened



THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT

Gaston Calmette, editor of the *Paris Figaro*, received five shots from a revolver in the hand of the lady who waited in his outer office for an hour awaiting an opportunity to confront him because of his attacks upon her husband. The event is the sensation of the hour in France.

"revelations." These had to do with other promotions of financial companies through which the public was gulled and with which the government did not interfere. There is little difference as to the facts, but the interpretations of them conflict. Every now and then, between the appearance of one witness and the next, the spectators at the proceedings clamor for open windows, reports the *Echo de Paris*:

"The moral stench is not so easily got rid of. Whenever a witness is introduced we all stand up. Wonderful virtue of form of procedure! Wonderful seething powers of a rule! But at the bottom of all this business there is the murder of a man and the ruin of innumerable people by a swindler. There are government leaders who lie sorrowfully, and there are politicians ready to knife each other. Formalities, however, check the explosions of passion and interminable speeches drown in words the horrible reality of facts."

### Paris in a Fever as it is Fed on the Rochette Scandal.

POLITICS, diplomacy and high finance are intimately associated in the government of the French republic. Such is the upshot of the Rochette scandal. This is the supreme issue in the French election. So far, the staid *Débats*, moderate liberal, the excitable monarchist *Gaulois* and the indignant Socialist *Humanité* can all agree. The problem is to determine precisely how the French people will read the riddle presented to them as an election issue. For the moment, fears the Liberal *London News*, the

enemies of the republic seem to have a better prospect than has been theirs at any time since the Dreyfus case overwhelmed the clericals and the royalists and Jew-baiters in ruin and confusion. On the eve of the general election, the most powerful of their foes were driven from office—"perhaps in irreparable disgrace." The income tax scheme—with which the name of Caillaux is so closely associated—receives a check. Briand, once the formidable radical, once the revolutionary Socialist, is playing the conservative and opportunist game. "The country, shocked by recent events, and angry at the failure of the radicals to effect any social or financial reforms, is ready to be stampeded by any element which can provide a good slogan." It is a moment, says the English daily, when another Boulanger might be dangerous. The lady who shot the editor of the *Figaro* may have ruined Caillaux, but she has opened a vast horizon to Briand.

It is not believed that Mme. Caillaux will be out of jail in time to fill any Chautauqua dates in this country.—*Los Angeles Times*.

French editors would be safer if they attacked only bachelors.—*Chattanooga Times*.



## ROME ALARMED BY THE PROSPECT OF A FOREIGN POPE

CONFIDENTLY as the Roman correspondents of European dailies have been transmitting their lists of prelates soon to enter the sacred college, there is no evidence as yet that Pius X. will hold a consistory this month. An event of the kind is overdue, as all Italian dailies agree. The death of Cardinal Gennari, notes the *Corriere d'Italia*, reduced to twenty-nine the number of Italians in the senate of the church. The non-Italians in the sacred college are twenty-five. His Holiness is well aware, observes the *Paris Gaulois*, that a conclave under such conditions would imply the possibility of a foreign Pope. The outlook is displeasing to the Quirinal, we read further. It occasions alarm among the Roman aristocracy as well as among the high officials of King Victor Emmanuel's government. Pius X. has ignored representations made to him "with infinite tact" by emissaries from all sections of society in Rome. The mere suggestion that the successor to the sovereign pontiff now reigning might not turn out to be an Italian has for once solidified all factions in Rome. There is general panic at a report, given with reserve in the *Tribuna*, to the effect that his Holiness sees no reason why his successor in the chair of Peter should be an Italian. The recent death of Cardinal Kopp provoked this pontifical remark.

### Views of Pius X. Regarding the Sacred College.

PIUS X. came to the pontifical throne with an idea that the cardinals ought to be distributed with some approach to equality among the nations of the world. He is quoted as having said four or five years ago to a Belgian ecclesiastic that the preponderance of Italians among the wearers of the red hat was an anomaly. By reducing the number of Italians and increasing the number of Germans and those from English-speaking nations, free expression would be given to the circumstance that the church is catholic. These pontifical speculations, declares the *Paris Gaulois*, gave such great displeasure to Roman society, besides alarming the Italian government, that the matter was discreetly dropped. It was noticed, nevertheless, that out of thirty-six creations of cardinals by the present Pope, only thirteen are Italians, while twenty-four are foreigners. The Pope has proved an equally indifferent Italian in his distribution of exalted posts at the Vatican. The Romans have been trained to regard

the church as in one sense a national patrimony. The great church edifices, the art treasures accumulated through the ages, the pontifical dignities and the very soil of the Vatican, despite the law of guarantees, are appanages of the Italian people.

### Anticipations of the Next Consistory at the Vatican.

GERMANY will not tolerate any further discrimination against herself in the distribution of red hats. This is the immediate embarrassment connected with the sacred college, according to the correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels). William II. never hesitates to apprise the Vatican of his candidate, even, says our contemporary, when his views in the premises have not been solicited. On one point all seem agreed—there are too many American cardinals and not enough Germans. The Americans are suspected of a lack of interest in the issue of the temporal power, a point relative to which the great clerical center party of the fatherland is orthodox. For this reason the lists from Rome sent out as conjectures by correspondents there, contain from one to three German names among the creations at the next consistory and no mention of any prelate in this country. The Quirinal, through agents of approved tact, as this account proceeds, has just conveyed intimations to the Vatican of its purpose to insure the Italian character of the pontifical court. There exists no longer, from the papal point of view, any Austrian veto, although in Vienna that idea is not countenanced. The Pope could not abolish that veto, thinks a writer in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, without the consent of the Hapsburg dynasty. There is no evidence that any such consent has ever been given. But whether the Austrian veto may be deemed abolished or not, there will be an Italian veto, suspects the Belgian daily, of a non-Italian Pope. It might have no validity from the standpoint of the papal court, but it would be made effective by the official action of the Quirinal. This, then, we are asked to believe, is the secret of the delay in the holding of a consistory to which all Europe looks forward with the keenest interest. The Italians made no secret of their dissatisfaction with the last list of promotions to the sacred college. They will not tolerate the prospect of a foreign Pope. The Bishop of Rome, according to the *Tribuna*, must be an Italian.

Bills introduced in Congress to compel railroads to carry the mails at a loss prove how rapidly the new freedom is gaining ground.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Some Americans commit suicide by taking bichloride of mercury, others by shooting themselves, and others go to Mexico.—*Washington Herald*.

On second thought, however, it would appear that in Mexico it is not so much of a de facto government as a de fakeo government.—*Indianapolis News*.

It would be interesting to know just what the administration is watchfully waiting for.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Most of the people who are crying "On to Mexico" have no notion of going on themselves.—*N. Y. World*.

If we didn't have to recognize the new government of Haiti so often we'd have a lot more time for things of greater importance.—*Indianapolis News*.

Try as he will, Andy hasn't yet been able to pin a single peace medal on Ulster.—*Washington Post*.

When Mr. Hill says, "Things will soon be humming," he might mention the tune.—*Wall Street Journal*.

We learn that "American agents are trying to solve the status of Benton." Hadn't they better leave it to St. Peter?—*Chattanooga Times*.

Changing it a bit, one might call it the Monrow doctrine.—*Atlanta Journal*.

Possibly Huerta has dejected afterthoughts, when his mind dwells on the number of cases of champagne that could have been purchased with the amount paid for twenty thousand guns. War is terrible!—*Toledo Blade*.

Whenever he reads the details of some of our recent southern lynchings General Villa must feel that he is a hopeless amateur after all.—*Grand Rapids Press*.

# PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

## SECRETARY HOUSTON AND SOME OF HIS PROVOCATIVE IDEAS

**I**T HAS already become evident that the new Secretary of Agriculture does not intend to hold his position by means of "soft sawder" either for the politicians or the farmers. In fairly blunt language he has been telling the former to mind their own business and the latter to learn theirs. We are still in the pioneer stage of farming, he declares, and less than twelve per cent. of our farm-land is yielding even fairly full returns. We have reached the place now where we must do real thinking and planning. We have been reckless and wasteful, suffering the penalty of a too great ease in living and in making a living. As a people we have been bent on building up great industrial centers and have let our agriculture grow up haphazard, like Topsy. He dares to speak of the "existing chaos" in our agriculture and to more than intimate that it is due to the fault of the farmer.

Hear the plain words which he utters in regard to our shortcomings: "We had," he says, "better face the fact frankly that we are relatively inefficient, take stock of our shortcomings and earnestly seek for the remedy. That we have practically reached the stage where we have ceased to be an exporting nation of food products and are becoming dependent on foreign nations for the necessities of life, is a commentary on our use of the opportunities bestowed upon us."

Now this is not the way in which the American people are accustomed to being addressed by their official servants in Washington. We usually have large figures paraded before our eyes showing how we lead the world in this crop or that. Mr. Houston uses large figures also, but he uses them to shame us. He tells us of 935,000,000 acres of arable land, only 400,000,000 acres of which are improved and only

40 per cent. of these reasonably well cultivated. He tells us our rural schools are a failure, our methods of distribution are crude and bungling, our rural hygiene undeveloped, our country roads a disgrace. Three things, he says, are a source of constant wonder to him: first, why most of the teachers in the rural districts continue to teach; second, why communities continue to employ them on any terms; third, "why a man who has any regard for the future of his children will remain in the rural districts as they exist to-day, if he can possibly get out." The average salary of a teacher in the rural districts, he tells us, is but \$300 a year. In the rich state of Illinois

it ranges from \$250 to \$400 a year, in Vermont, Maine and North Carolina it is but \$200 a year. He knows what he is talking about. "Our country teachers," he says, "commonly teach in one-room buildings. I taught in such a building and boarded around. It was unpainted and unceiled and a mile from the nearest house. The yard, cut out of the woods, was filled with weeds and stumps. My pupils ranged from seven to twenty-six years of age. We almost froze in the winter and burned up in the summer." Thousands and thousands of such schools still exist, he asserts.

Mr. Houston is more concerned about improving the conditions of living in the country regions apparently than in adding to the big totals of crop production. What he has in mind is to develop good schools, competent doctors, places of amusement, systems of sanitation and rural credits. He is also concerned about the substitution of a good central church for three or four weak and struggling ones. His department, if he has his way, will work along all these lines, including meat-inspection, animal and plant quarantine, prevention of seed adulteration, pure foods, protection for game birds, the use of insecticides and fungicides. To these he will add the study of marketing methods, of transportation, and of co-operation in production. Not long ago he sent out letters to the women of 55,000 farms to get a line on their needs. They have responded voluminously and he finds himself deluged with inquiries about household matters, labor-saving machinery, domestic help and many other matters. It is evident that the Department of Agriculture, under Mr. Houston, is likely to show us a development of paternalistic government that would have made Thomas Jefferson gasp.

It is said of Secretary Houston that he has an in-



—James Montgomery Flagg in *Harper's Weekly*

"HE HAS AN INFINITE CAPACITY FOR HOLDING HIS TONGUE"

The Secretary of Agriculture, David Franklin Houston, thinks that the science of farming in this country is still in its pioneer stage and that it is about time we began to apply the doctrine of efficiency to rural life—especially to the schools, the sanitation, and the marketing of crops. He speaks of the "existing chaos" of American agriculture.

finite capacity for holding his tongue. He has also smashed a few of the political precedents, just to keep the President company. For instance, he lowered the salary of an inefficient employee and a Southern Senator came to protest. "I see," said the secretary, "that I made a mistake in that case. I will rectify it at once." He called the clerk in and told him that he would recall the action of lowering his salary and instead he must consider himself dismissed! The Senator has not got over it yet. A week later another case happened of the same sort. A woman whose salary was reduced took her case to a Senator. He protested in the time-honored way, and the woman was at once called in and warned that if she ever again went to a Senator with a complaint she would be promptly dismissed. These, we are told by a correspondent of the *Kansas City Star*, are but two incidents out of many.

Houston is described as a husky, broad-shouldered, grave and self-contained man. He is six feet two in height and weighs about 200 pounds. He looks more like a business man than

like a farmer or an educator. But he has followed the plow, hoed corn and cotton, pulled fodder, split rails, kept a country store, taught a country school and done all kinds of farm-work. All of his mature life has been devoted to educational work. He was born in North Carolina 48 years ago. He has been a tutor of ancient languages, a superintendent of public schools, a professor of political science, and the president of three institutions of learning, namely, the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, the University of Texas and the Washington University of St. Louis. He is a member of the Southern Education Board, and the John F. Slater fund, and chairman of the hookworm commission. He has degrees from Harvard, Tulane and the University of Wisconsin. But he was absolutely unknown in political circles when President Wilson called him to Washington. Hardly a Missouri congressman had ever seen him up to that time, and they were completely surprised by his appointment. Some of them have been still more surprised since. Arthur W.

Page, writing in *World's Work*, narrates the following incident:

"A member of Congress from the middle West asked the Secretary to get rid of the department agent who was at work in his district. The Secretary refused. But that did not end the matter. A local attack was begun on the man's methods and this attack hampered his work. The Secretary investigated the situation, satisfied himself that the agent was not at fault, and then wrote to the member of Congress that the work could not be done properly while this attack was going on and that under the circumstances the department would withdraw from the district altogether. He mailed a copy of this letter to the Governor of the state and the rest of the Congressional delegation from that state. They immediately notified him that it would not be necessary to withdraw the agent. The state legislature went even farther and passed a unanimous resolution indorsing the department's work in the state."

This defiance of Congressmen and Senators is magnificent, but will it get appropriation bills through? Evidently Secretary Houston is willing to take chances on that.

## ELEONORE OF BULGARIA: THE FIRST REIGNING EUROPEAN QUEEN TO VISIT US

SHE has been strikingly successful: she knows how to wear jewels regally. This statement concerning Her Majesty, Eleonore, Queen of the Bulgars, was made by her consort Ferdinand to one of the lady friends who congratulated him upon his marriage some six years ago to the Princess of Reuss-Köstritz. Had the lady who by marrying Ferdinand (she is his second wife) became a European sovereign proved her incapacity to look the part in his eyes, he would never have entreated her to share his throne. As it was, he proposed no less than three times, according to the *Paris Matin*. The lady was no longer young, she never had beauty, and the tales of her enormous wealth are pronounced apocryphal. She is an out and out Puritan, we read, "such as survives in New England." Her religious education was Lutheran, but her traits are intellectual, like those of the late Empress Frederick, without, however, that lamented lady's propensity to advanced thought.

Queen Eleonore boasts what the French call a *belle laideur*—an ugliness that is a kind of beauty. The French papers have been amazingly frank on the subject of her nose, which is broad and flat, as distinguished from the nose of her husband, the largest and the most aquiline in all Europe, according to the *Petit Journal*. The eyes of the Queen are of that very dark steely blue which goes with the Reuss blood, and

in her younger days she had a wealth of very brown hair. The figure, too, is typical of German royalty, without, however, the extreme heaviness. The Parisians make much of her timidity and her extreme reticence, the result, it is said, of her dread of displeasing Ferdinand. His deafness has grown upon him of recent years, it seems from *London Truth*. The Queen must, therefore, be a good listener. She has to be present at any audience of importance. When it is over, she informs him in writing of whatever points he may have missed.

Had Her Majesty been good looking, according to the same high authority, she would not be a Queen to-day. Ferdinand marries ugly women from policy. His first wife was inordinately plain. Like Eleonore, she spoke many languages. The King of Bulgaria resembles the late Herbert Spencer in his dread that some woman will get attached to him. He takes good care never to become attached to any woman. "This is from a fear of becoming a slave to the habit of her companionship." He is quoted as having said to General Savoff that his wife's interest in the sick, her efficiency as a nurse and the charm of her character "can do no great harm." He regards such things as fads and makes no concealment of his theory. The important thing to him is that Eleonore shall look as much like a Queen as if she were the consort of the Russian Czar.

Ferdinand's mania for pomp has inconvenienced Her Majesty beyond measure. She must not on state occasions substitute for a somewhat heavy diadem the pasteboard substitute in gilt paper to which monarchs occasionally resort as a means of sparing their heads. She was nearly suffocated beneath the weight of royal robes in the throne room at Sofia on one occasion, much to the annoyance of her consort.

Ferdinand, it ought to be explained, prides himself upon being every inch a King in aspect. No matter how plain his attire—and he is not always on parade—his elegance is unmistakable. He wore plain evening dress at the French foreign office not long ago to emphasize his familiarity with the salon no less than the camp. Unrelieved save for a couple of diamond stars glistening on his coat and the deep red riband of the Legion of Honor across his shirt front, his attire was, says the *London Mail*, the quintessence of refined distinction—to look at. He exacts from his consort an impressiveness of appearance that harmonizes with his own. There is a story that when Eleonore entered Bulgaria as its Queen, the wardrobe she brought from Germany was burned on the frontier. Her Majesty's protests elicited the explanation that forty trunks from Paris awaited her in the palace at Sofia. Every dress was a creation and each had undergone the scrutiny of Ferdi-





THE QUEEN WITH THE BELLE LAIDEUR

The French words indicate a "Beautiful Ugliness" or as some would say an "Ugly Beauty," for Eleonore of Bulgaria exemplifies in her facial aspect the truths driven home in the classical "Ugly Girl Papers."

nand. He decides the color of her gowns. He assembles the corsage bouquet she must wear at dinner. The least discord in the arrangement of the flowers would jar the King horribly. His estheticism on this point is too well known for emphasis.

Much has been made of the ambulance experience of the royal lady in Manchuria. "It brought her up to the Florence Nightingale standard in caring for the wounded," declares *Truth*. The fact is that in her father's principality, in the ancestral home at Gera, she had a hospital training. Her Ma-

jesty has since then witnessed many a major operation, actually administering the ether on one or two occasions. If reports that Ferdinand is to be driven from the Bulgarian throne be true, observes the *Paris Débats*, his consort could support him on her earnings as a trained nurse. She was the actual head as well as the nominal patron of the Red Cross work in Bulgaria throughout the Balkan upheaval. Her personal labors were incessant, extending from Sofia to Varna. She traveled incognito over the lines of transport for the wounded, making surprise visits

to assure herself that all was as well as could be with the sufferers. Cholera and dysentery broke out around the very walls of the palace in Sofia. Underfed men, women and children clamored for food. Patients died at the rate of fifty a day. The Queen went everywhere in the simple dress of one of her own nurses, achieving a renown comparable with that of Queen Elena of Italy amid scenes even more harrowing. Even the two young Princesses of Bulgaria, children of Ferdinand's by the first wife, are at the heads of asylums for orphans, so contagious has been the example of the German stepmother. These young ladies drive to their wards in a donkey trap with a Scotch collie between them. The Queen went in an ordinary cab until the King insisted upon a more royal mode of progress. She went about Sofia later in a motor car, rugs being laid for her feet on the sidewalk as she alighted. These were subsequently despatched to the hospital until Ferdinand made a scene over the expense.

Eleonore is credited in the *Figaro* with a full measure of the charm of manner and of personality which is the special endowment of that younger house of Reuss from which she springs. She listens with earnest, pensive eye, searching the countenance of anyone with whom she is speaking with an occasional flash of something like merriment. Her sense of humor is affirmed to be keen. In repose her countenance is thought too sorrowful, too well lined at the brow and insufficiently relieved by a smile. She suggests a woman repressed, one who must be circumspect, always on her guard. Her Majesty is too obviously extinguished through the incomparably vivid quality of her husband's personality. He is roundly denounced by many as a brutal egotist. The Queen is, on the contrary, prone to self-effacement. Her private life is described as one of extreme loneliness, from which her hospital work affords a welcome relief.

In one respect, notes the *London Chronicle*, Eleonore has been a great success in Bulgaria. She has familiarized the court with the standards and ideals of a lady. Balkan royalties are not always in touch with the civilization of western Europe. Banquets are too apt to degenerate into "routs." Manners are free, to say the least. The Princess from Germany has subdued the atmosphere to one of quietness. Her discipline led on one or two occasions to revolt, but Ferdinand sustained her. The officers of the garrison may no longer come and go in the palace with old-time freedom. Even the personal favorites of Ferdinand now lose caste if they involve themselves in dubious adventures. The more notori-

ous of these fortune-hunters who came with Ferdinand from Paris in his palmiest days and lived on the country in flagrant exploitation of its resources tend to disappear. The Queen refused flatly to sit down to dinner with some of these characters. Ferdinand had to feast alone with his worst friends. It was her one triumph over him and it was complete.

Into the various royal residences set up by Ferdinand throughout his dominions Eleonore has brought with her from Germany the traditional virtues of her race. She has a decided fondness, says the French daily, for system, order, regular hours and discipline. Her handicap is an undeniable lack of brilliance. There are no witticisms to her credit. Her acquaintance with the

literature of Europe is not profound nor does she seem to cultivate the arts. Another objection to her is a tendency to liberalism of thought most surprising in a German princess and very disconcerting, it is hinted in European dailies, to the court of Russia. Her attitude to democracy and the "people" is explained there as a vagary due to sheer kindness of heart.

## SENATOR OWEN AND HIS HALO OF ROMANCE

**T**HO he devote himself for years to come to such stern subjects as banking laws and currency questions and canal tolls and the tariff, Senator Robert Latham Owen, of Oklahoma, will never rid himself of the halo of romance that comes from his Indian blood. He is all sorts of things beside being part Indian. He is a M.A., a LL.D., a Phi Beta Kappa man, a thirty-second-degree Mason, a Shriner, an Elk, a Moose, a Knight Templar, an Episcopalian, and a United States Senator. No matter. His one-eighth Indian blood takes precedence of all these in the public mind, and his descent from an Indian chief still seems to be the main fact in his history. In his hands was placed the responsibility for the new banking bill, in its passage through the Senate, and the chief burden of the fight over the canal tolls seems, in the same body, to rest upon him. He has come nearer than any other man to developing into the real Democratic leader of the upper house during this session. But all this, instead of dimming his halo, simply adds to the glamor of it.

The romance goes away back to the days of Pocahontas and her stern parent, Powhatan. There were seven tribes of the Cherokee nation. Pocahontas belonged to one of these and Owen's Cherokee blood comes to him from the same ancestors as those of which Pocahontas boasted. His grandfather was the last great hereditary chieftain of the Arni-Kilawhi, the leading tribe of the Cherokees. He bore the proud name of Hiel-Steky-Yearle, and his wife was Queen Quatsis. Senator Owen himself is known to-day among the Indians as Oconostota, which means "The Groundhog." The grandfather's English name was Thomas Chisholm, and he was a friend of Thomas Jefferson. It was Chisholm who led the Cherokees from their homes in the East out to the reservation in the Indian Territory. He was a scholar as well as a fighter, and was proficient in the French tongue as well as in the English. Owen's mother was well educated, riding alone or nearly so, when a young girl, a distance

of a thousand miles to reach a boarding-school in Indiana, where she addressed herself particularly to the study of music and painting. While still a young woman she went to East

Tennessee as a teacher, and before a year had elapsed she became married to a handsome young engineer, Colonel Robert Owen. For years she followed his fortunes as he went through the



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"ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES I AM A CHEROKEE INDIAN"

Such was the statement made by Senator Robert L. Owen, before a Congressional committee years ago, and then he added, "but by the grace of God I am a Scotch Irishman." Upon him fell the chief burden of putting the new banking law through the Senate.

wilderness projecting railroad routes.

Two sons were born to them, Robert being the younger, his birth occurring at Lynchburg, Va., in 1856. When seventeen years later her husband died, leaving her with very limited means, Mrs. Owen managed to earn a living and educate her boys by giving music lessons. The elder son became a physician and later a surgeon in the United States army; the younger, Robert, became a lawyer. He began his practice in the Indian Territory, and soon assumed a position of leadership among the Cherokees. He became secretary of the board of education of the Cherokee nation, editor and owner of the *Indian Chieftain*, U. S. agent for the five civilized tribes, and organizer of the first national bank in Muskogee. As an attorney for the Indians he recovered for them, from the U. S. Government, \$9,000,000 in money, and it was he who drew up the Act of Congress which gave citizenship to every Indian in the Indian Territory.

Senator Owen, more than any other living man, can be said to be the architect of a state—the state of Oklahoma. He may be said to have written the last chapter in the history of the Indians as a separate nation. And he is now engaged in writing his name in the history of the federal government at Washington. As a political leader, he stands to-day in the forefront of the Democratic party. He is a pleasing speaker, a fearless

and effective debater, and he has the patience and pertinacity of the traditional Indian in the pursuit of his purposes. He once engaged in a forensic duel with Senator Bailey, of Texas, on a complicated constitutional question, which lasted for eleven hours. Bailey was considered one of the most formidable antagonists in the Senate, but Owen not only faced him, but carried the Senate with him, Bailey being supported by only two or three votes. At another time Owen conducted the most dramatic filibuster ever seen in the Senate. He held the floor from 12.30 at night until 11.30 the next morning, fighting for the admission of Arizona to statehood. The plan was being put through to admit New Mexico and not Arizona. Owen finally forced the Senate to vote on both states at once, with the result that neither was admitted at that time. John Temple Graves described the scene as follows:

"Grave and dignified senators swarmed like bees around the desk of Owen of Oklahoma. Senator Carter, of Montana, came and pleaded, but the Oklahoman sternly shook his head and went on. Lafe Young, of Iowa, made a dramatic public appeal, but in vain. Gore, Owen's blind collegue, came and advised Owen to stand. Bacon came to protest, to no avail. Senator Stone was refused; the venerable and beloved Hernando Money made the last personal appeal he was ever to make in the Senate, but the stern young senator turned

from each of them and tranquilly continued his argument for Arizona. The Vice-president of the United States himself stepped down from the chair and, leaving Smoot in his place, went over to plead with Owen to relinquish his position of advantage and give way to other business. Even to the Vice-president the Oklahoman turned a smiling face, but an absolutely obdurate ear and went coolly on.

"A message came from the President of the United States, then in the Marble Room of the Capitol, offering that if Senator Owen would come to the President, a sincere effort would be made to reach an adjustment on the Arizona matter. To which the Oklahoman, with superb courtesy and firmness, replied: 'Present my compliments to the President and advise him that at present I am engaged in addressing the Presidents of the United States?'

"There was never so dramatic a filibuster seen on the floor of the Senate, or one upon which was leveled such wealth and power of personal and political influence all in vain."

This scene of the Senate of the United States held up by a man who, by the law, was a Cherokee Indian, is of historic interest, as was that other scene when Senator Curtis, of Kansas, who is one-quarter Kaw Indian, had a sharp contest on the floor of the Senate with Senator Owen over the Indian appropriation bill, and Senator Gore rose to move that the Senate recognize the belligerent rights of these two Indians!

## MR. ASQUITH: THE GREATEST PARLIAMENTARY GENIUS IN ENGLISH HISTORY

**M**R. ASQUITH, declares that brilliant journalist, H. W. Massingham, in the *London News*, is at the height of his career. Nothing can well increase his authority in his party or his distinction as a public man. He is supreme in the British parliament. He has no rivals within the ranks of his own cabinet, surrounded, tho he is, by brilliant men and able ones. His ingenuity and his inexhaustible fertility in resource seem equal to the task of piloting the Home Rule bill to the end of its stormy voyage. The Prime Minister did not always have this position, concedes this keen student of him. Even when he succeeded to the post of leader, he was suspected of being too cautious, too unsympathetic, too lacking in the spirit of adventure. His followers have learned to recognize since how cool is his judgment, how complete his sense of loyalty, how easy and yet how shrewd his tolerance. His ready grasp of the immense complication of modern political business remains his distinctive and unique quality.

There are other men, adds Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the *London Chronicle*, of immense gifts in the Asquith ministry. Indeed, that ministry is richer in striking and potent personalities than any British cabinet that has preceded it in recent times. But great as these colleagues of his may be, Mr. Asquith holds not only the highest office but an easy intellectual and personal supremacy over them all. Among his many other gifts, Mr. Asquith has the power of attracting the loyalty and the friendship of those with whom he works. There are great chiefs, concedes T. P., who are dearer to the far-off multitude than to their immediate environment; sometimes the iron qualities that make a great leader of men are not associated with those softer ones that make for affection. Mr. Asquith is emphatically a chief who creates affection and loyalty as well as admiration among those who serve him. And what are the traits that have led the Prime Minister to this position of domination?

First, replies T. P., Mr. Asquith has very remarkable intellectual gifts.

Rarely has there been in his post a mind more rapid, broader, more penetrating. One can always rely on him. The attack upon him and his policy may seem to be devastating, but one has only to look at him with his easy smile, his scornful shrug of the shoulders, to be reassured. One knows that the answer, complete and triumphant, will come the moment he rises, serene in temper, easy in language, quiet in delivery. His is essentially a masterly intelligence.

Were Mr. Asquith roused from slumber in the middle of the night to answer some attack, it has been said, his speech would issue with the same deadly and automatic accuracy. The sentences are occasionally lengthy, there is a certain stateliness in their sequence, as tho it were a procession of works such as De Quincey was so fond of marshaling. One would always be certain that the sentence, when completed, will be perfect in construction, without a loose end, in grammar as faultless as tho it were the carefully revised language of the writer instead of an impromptu utterance.



A further and even rarer quality in the oratory of Mr. Asquith, noted by this high authority, is its wonderful terseness. Even on great occasions he seldom allows himself more than half an hour for a speech. Twenty minutes will usually suffice him even when he has something historic to reveal. Yet what a vast quantity of thought he can compress into this short duration of language! Twenty minutes of speech and one feels that everything essential has been said, that nobody could add anything more. This marvelous parliamentary gift he shows almost alone among all the great speakers T. P. has heard in the House of Commons in the last forty years.

A serenity of temper, a reserve of language, an absence of everything that is personal, these make him the ideal spokesman of a government and of a great and contentious measure. Never were such qualities more necessary than in the conduct of a measure like the parliament bill. It was a statute which made one of the greatest constitutional changes in the history of England. It marked one of the longest steps ever made in the evolution from feudal to democratic England. One would search, for all that, in vain throughout the speeches of Mr. Asquith for a word that was violent and provocative. Slowly, steadily, evenly, without passion as without haste and without rest, he conducted the debates on the measure, day after day, week after week. The Tories yelled, fumed, in the end broke out in riotous disorder. Mr. Asquith seemed to proceed on his way with the deadly precision and relentlessness of a machine of war until Great Britain woke up to find the revolution complete. The tranquil, self-contained and unmoved man was recognized as the one who had done this thing. The episode illustrated the Asquith temperament and the Asquith manner to perfection.

With the rise of Mr. Asquith to his present supremacy not so much of station as of intellectual mastery, there has come a subtle change in his personality. No man has been so much misunderstood. No man lends himself so much to misunderstanding. He is an Englishman to his finger-tips. He is a Yorkshireman. That means that he has more than even the usual reserve of his countrymen. Reserve is often the mask for shyness and shyness lends itself to misunderstanding. Now when the reserve of many Englishmen is penetrated it is found that it covers not a want but an excess of strong feeling. Even if he wanted to, Mr. Asquith is incapable of making advances—especially to those who, he thinks, misunderstand him.

For a period, declares T. P.—and no one knows these details better—this very reserve of Mr. Asquith's served as a barrier between himself and the



THE SUPREME PERSONALITY IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

Herbert Henry Asquith, Prime Minister to King George V., is the ablest man in a cabinet containing more able men than any formed in London since the ministry of "all the talents."

Irish leaders. When once he and they came into actual and personal contact, the whole situation changed and the real Asquith was revealed. In all the conferences which took place the Irishmen agreed in saying that Mr. Asquith was the most satisfactory and even the most generous of the English advocates of Home Rule. Clear-sighted, logical, a liberal and a democrat with principles thought out, Mr. Asquith not only did not shrink but anticipated.

Mr. Asquith—we turn now to a French impression of him in the *Temps*—is the type of man to whom power gravitates. In a crowd he would sit in silence, but his personality would impress all with his distinction even tho none knew who he was. No living statesman eschews the trappings of greatness more sedulously. Even

his clothes have no tinge of luxury, no appearance of wealth, for he affects the quiet black sack coat and the gray trousers that were a vogue in his youth. He has not modified the habits of a lifetime to the extent of keeping a valet. Unlike the modern man in office, he uses the telephone very little and his motor car rides are never for pleasure. His taste in literature reflects his mind, being dry and severe. He reads philosophy and economics rather than poetry and fiction. The deeds of the great explorers have always interested him tremendously. He has never concealed his lack of sympathy for "feminism" in its extreme contemporary form. His Utopia would be a man's world; but the men would be high-minded, chivalrous and above all efficient.



## "THE THINGS THAT COUNT"—ONE OF THE TWO WHITE-LISTED PLAYS OF THE SEASON

ONLY two plays now running in New York appear on the White List of the Catholic Theater Movement. One of these, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," was reprinted many months ago in these pages. The other "white" play so honored is "The Things that Count," by Laurence Eyre, a playwright hitherto unknown to fame. The public has indorsed the judgment of the makers of this official "white list." "Bunty" is in its second season, and "The Things that Count," tho a Christmas play, has already gone through one hundred and fifty performances and bids fair to survive the summer. It must be conceded that plays where all the virtues prevail and vice may not flaunt her scarlet robes are apt to be less stirring dramatically than plays that reveal the abysses as well as the heights of human nature. Nevertheless both the author of "Bunty" and the author of "The Things that Count" succeed in wringing a tribute of tears and laughter from their audience. What Mr. Eyre lacks in intensity he makes up for by quaint little delightfully human touches of character portraiture. His play is peopled with delectable types of the many-tongued children of the metropolis; and even in his brats there, is something of the angel.

The most skilfully drawn character is Mrs. Hennaberry, after whom the play was originally named. Mrs. Hennaberry, a well-preserved woman of sixty, lives with her husband, a specimen of the most henpecked variety, in a sumptuous house on Washington Square, New York. But even the servants, Abraham the butler, a confirmed bachelor, who is steadily pursued by Ingeborg, a lymphatic blonde with a strong Swedish accent; and Anna, the maid, agree that all is not as it should be. There are no children in the house. Mrs. Hennaberry is a charitable woman, but self-assertiveness leaves little room for love in her heart. When her son married an actress, she put him out of her life, and poor, patient Mr. Hennaberry dared not protest. After the son's death she offered to take his child, but as the mother refused to part from the little girl, Mrs. Hennaberry shut herself up like a clam in her house against both. The play opens on her wedding anniversary, the day be-

fore Christmas. Mr. Hennaberry has remembered; but she has forgotten, being too busy with a lecture at one of her clubs. She even leaves him alone at his breakfast. His morning repast is, however, interrupted by Dr. Marshall, an old friend of the family, who has remained a friend and desires to be more to the spurned daughter-in-law.

It appears that Dulcie, the child, is seriously ill, and must go through an operation. Beulah, her mother, refuses to take the aid of the doctor, and he now tells Hennaberry that it is "up to" him to take an interest in his grandchild. Hennaberry shamefacedly remarks that he would not like to deceive his wife, but Abraham, the butler, an old family factotum, joins with Dr. Marshall in his plea to leave Mrs. Hennaberry out of the situation for the time being. He confesses that he himself has occasionally called on the widow and the child of his dead young master. On one of these excursions his steps, unknown to him, have been traced by the jealous Ingeborg, who tells her mistress of her suspicion that Abraham is living a double life. The young widow, it seems, has again assumed her maiden name. Ingeborg is firmly determined to sue Abraham for breach of promise. By a coincident, as he remarks, Mr. Hennaberry, while going over an old closet, has just found the old toys of his son Frank where they had been bundled up for more than twenty years. "Science," remarks Dr. Marshall, "calls these cases coincidence, Religion calls them something else."

ABRAHAM. (*As the Doctor passes him.*) God bless you, sir. (*The Doctor nods pleasantly and goes out.*)

MR. HENNABERRY. (*Taking the package from Abraham and sitting at the desk.*) That's a very fine young man, isn't he, Abraham? What did you say that number was?

ABRAHAM. Mrs. Beulah's? 69 Jackson Street.

MR. HENNABERRY. (*Writing on the box.*) It seems a peculiar neighborhood for my daughter-in-law. (*Rising to leave the room.*) Abraham, you can bring that box to my office this afternoon. I'm not sure that I won't go with you myself. I'm not sure, but I shall think about it. Frank's child! Dear me! dear me! (*He goes out. Abraham takes up the box and looks at it delightedly. Ingeborg's voice*

*in Mrs. Hennaberry's boudoir.*) No, madame, you must have left it in the breakfast room.

ABRAHAM. Ingeborg! (*He quickly slips the box on the shelf under the desk and covers it with a newspaper. Ingeborg comes in.*)

INGEBORG. Quick, Abraham, madame wants the electric at once. She is in a great hurry.

ABRAHAM. (*With an uneasy glance in the direction of the box.*) Yes, Ingeborg. (*He goes out anxiously. Mrs. Hennaberry's voice outside.*) Have you found it, Ingeborg?

INGEBORG. In one moment, madame. (*She has been pretending to look for the missing article about the breakfast table, but as soon as she is sure that Abraham is gone, she crosses the room, takes the box from its hiding-place, inspects it all over and finally looks at the address.*) Oh, heaven! (*She sinks into the chair at the desk, staring at the box. Mrs. Hennaberry comes in from her room.*)

MRS. HENNABERRY. I simply cannot go out without that embroidery. You never can tell when it will come in useful. The other day when I was waiting at the Grand Central Station for the train to New Rochelle a woman was sitting there looking dreadfully worried; so I just let her do a little work on it while she waited and it cheered her up wonderfully. (*Finds work on mantle and puts it in her bag.*)

INGEBORG. (*Bursting into tears.*) Oh! oh! Oh! oh!

MRS. HENNABERRY. (*Turning in surprise.*) Why, Ingeborg, what is the matter?

INGEBORG. Matter! I have the proof, madame. I am undone! I am undone! Oh! oh! I have the proof!

MRS. HENNABERRY. Be quiet. What is it you have found?

INGEBORG. (*Showing the box.*) This—this—it is true—it is all true!

MRS. HENNABERRY. That! Why, it is quite an ordinary package.

INGEBORG. You think so? But I say no. It is addressed to her, that woman where I tracked him yesterday.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Ingeborg, you're a fool!

INGEBORG. (*Sobbing.*) Yes, madame.

MRS. HENNABERRY. There you go again, conjuring things up out of your imagination. Why shouldn't he send the woman a box? Let me see it. (*Takes the box and examines it.*) Merciful heavens, Ingeborg, it is in Mr. Hennaberry's handwriting! (*Suddenly.*) Ingeborg!

INGEBORG. Yes, madame.

MRS. HENNABERRY. You say you traced Abraham to her house yesterday afternoon.

INGEBORG. Yes, madame.



DULCIE'S POLYGLOT CHRISTMAS PARTY

Mrs. Hennaberry, who walks the earth in strange shape, acts as Dulcie's Christmas angel. The part of Mrs. Hennaberry is played with many delightful human touches by Florine Arnold. Grace Dougherty is irresistible as Dulcie.

MRS. HENNABERRY. I see it all, Mr. Hennaberry! I always thought that man was too good to be true, and now, after all these years, I've found him out.

INGEBORG. No, no, madame, you mistake. It is Abraham.

MRS. HENNABERRY. It's nothing of the kind. It is Mr. Hennaberry.

INGEBORG. It is Abraham. For days I have seen that he was hiding something.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Mr. Hennaberry has been using him as a go-between. (*Pointing to the box.*) You see his own hand, don't you?

INGEBORG. But I say no, no.

MRS. HENNABERRY. And I say yes, yes. INGEBORG. Ah! I have it, madame; let us open the package and look within.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Certainly not. That would be very dishonorable. Besides, they would know that we had done it. Anyway, it may be something the woman really needs. I have it. One of them must come to fetch the thing. We'll hide and watch. I'll go back of this curtain, you go back of that one. (*She pushes the argumentative Ingeborg back of the curtain of the large window and places herself behind another.*)

INGEBORG. But, madame, I tell you that it is Abraham.

MRS. HENNABERRY. It's Mr. Hennaberry. Now be quiet. (*A pause. Putting her head out.*) Has anyone come yet?

INGEBORG. No one, madame. (*They retire. Another pause.*)

MRS. HENNABERRY. (*Putting her head out again.*) I wish one of them would hurry up and do it. The suspense is something awful.

INGEBORG. Sh! (*They hastily retire. Abraham steals cautiously in, looks around, gets the box, takes some fruit and nuts from the table, puts them in his pockets, takes a flower from the center of the table, conceals it in his hat and tiptoes off again.*)

INGEBORG. (*Coming out and collapsing in tears.*) You see, madame.

MRS. HENNABERRY. It proves nothing at all. Mr. Hennaberry is the guilty party and I am going to prove it.

The second act takes place in Beulah's home, a room in a small tenement in lower East New York. The wallpaper is faded and the furniture worn out, but Dulcie's imagination, feeding on Tennyson and on fairy-tales, has transformed the hovel into a palace of which she is the princess. Micky, the little Irish boy, and the Italian children of the tenement, are but "the heathen that rage," and cannot ruffle her composure. Her mother, having given up the stage in order not to be torn from her child, is earning a precarious livelihood by doing needlework, chiefly for a big store on Fourteenth street. She asks Dr. Marshall not to come so frequently now that her child seems to be out of danger. He tells her that the child is not out of danger, but that an operation will shortly be necessary. Dulcie asks if Santa Claus will not forget to come to her. Her mother tells her that he is too busy with other poor children who have no golden fancies to play with. "I don't suppose," the child asks wistfully, "one of the Christmas angels might be disengaged? I wouldn't expect a very good one—just a little Christmas angel." The Doctor whom she addresses as her Court Physician remarks: "I wouldn't be surprised at all if a lovely angel came this evening. Only you mustn't be astonished if you don't recognize it. When Christmas angels walk the earth, they sometimes wear strange forms." Beulah goes out to take her work to the store, leaving the little girl alone. The moment she has turned her back, the neighbor's children begin to torment Dulcie, when suddenly Mrs. Hennaberry, led by Ingeborg, arrives, and brusquely opens the door. She looks around with great asperity.

MRS. HENNABERRY. And this is the place Mr. Hennaberry leaves a house on Wash-

ington Square to spend his evenings in. Just look at those windows; they look as if they haven't been washed for a month. While you are unoccupied, Ingeborg, you might just rub that spot off the lower left-hand pane; it makes me nervous to look at it.

INGEBORG. (*Indignantly.*) I touch a window in the house of that serpent! Oh, Abraham! Abraham!

MRS. HENNABERRY. It isn't Abraham. Mr. Hennaberry is the guilty party, and see how calm I am!

INGEBORG. But Abraham.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Don't argue. Of course you realize that we are in a highly dangerous neighborhood. We may both be murdered before we leave this den.

INGEBORG. (*In terror.*) Oh, madame, let us leave at once.

MRS. HENNABERRY. No. I have never yet neglected to do my duty, however painful it may have been to myself or others. I shall stay and be murdered. (*She sits down.*) Here, you can just untangle the chain of my glasses, it will be something nice to amuse you while we wait. (*Ingeborg complies sullenly.*) Ingeborg, the idea that Mr. Hennaberry would ever have the spunk to take a step of this kind had never occurred to me.

INGEBORG. If I were a woman of madame's social grade, revenge would be easy. I would make divorce—with alimonies.

MRS. HENNABERRY. You're a perfect fool!

INGEBORG. Yes, madame.

MRS. HENNABERRY. What would I do, all divorced by myself in that big house on Washington Square? (*Ingeborg sniffs. Mrs. Hennaberry looks around at the room.*) Ingeborg, the trouble with this room is the color scheme. (*Ingeborg sniffs again.*) A delicate salmon with white woodwork would transform the place. Remind me to mention it to her. The whole house is pervaded with a lack of taste. Did you notice those stairs we came up? The flights should have been broken with a landing half-way up. I could have



told the man who built them how they ought to have been done in just five minutes.

INGEBORG. (*Handing back the glasses.*) Madame's glasses.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Thanks. That milk bottle is uncovered. How unsanitary! Just put the stopper in while you're over there. That's better. There, just look at that wall! Tilt that picture a little more to the right. It would look much better with the large one over the small one. Just change them. (*Ingeborg climbs on the table and begins to do so. Dulcie opens the bed-room door and stands looking at them.*) No, I guess they are better as they are. (*She turns and sees Dulcie.*) Ingeborg, stand still; don't move. Did you ever see anything so beautiful? I'm afraid to frighten her away. (*With a complete change of manner she takes a step toward Dulcie, then stoops and holds out her arms.*) Won't you come to me? (*Dulcie comes and obediently kisses Mrs. Hennaberry.*)

DULCIE. Are you one of the ones who walk the earth in strange form?

MRS. HENNABERRY. In what?

DULCIE. In strange form. The angels, I mean.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Do you think I look much like an angel?

DULCIE. Oh, no; but then you could look like almost anything if you wanted to. You are walking the earth, you know.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Oh, I see. I wonder who told me?

DULCIE. The Court Physician.

MRS. HENNABERRY. The who?

DULCIE. The Court Physician. Don't you know? I thought the angels knew everything.

MRS. HENNABERRY. (*With a look at Ingeborg.*) Well, you see, it keeps us angels so busy polishing our haloes and our feathers that sometimes we forget things, don't we, Ingeborg?

DULCIE. Is she an angel, too?

MRS. HENNABERRY. Yes, but she's in strange form. (*Sitting down and drawing Dulcie to her.*) And when angels come to see little girls—

DULCIE. (*Kneeling beside her.*) I'm not a little girl; I'm a princess.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Eh?

DULCIE. Yes, and my mother is a queen. This is our palace, only it isn't a very good palace because we are usurped.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Dear me! who did that?

DULCIE. I don't know; but we are. And so I can't have dresses of samite white and eat off of gold plate; and every day my mother has to go over the beautiful bridge into Camelot and earn our bread.

MRS. HENNABERRY. And you?

DULCIE. I? Oh, I stay here and defend the castle against the enemy.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Who are the enemy?

DULCIE. "The heathen that rage." Don't you know them? They abound on the borders of our kingdom and their hand is against every man.

MRS. HENNABERRY. I don't understand.

INGEBORG. If you please, madame, I think she means the little blackguard children who were on the stairs.

DULCIE. Yes, of course. But they don't know that I am a princess, and that is why I must be very patient with them and



LANDED!

Ingeborg's endeavors at last bear fruit, and Abraham, the butler (Hallet Bosworth), can no longer escape matrimony. The psychology of the Swedish maidservant is rendered with a quiet humor that penetrates the entire play by Hilda Hellstrom.

love them that hate me, and not care very much to do the things that other children do. (*Hastily.*) But Christmas is different, isn't it? And I hadn't any Christmas at all this year. It wasn't wrong of me to wish so hard for just one Christmas angel, was it? I couldn't help crying just a little; but you won't go away—will you—please?

MRS. HENNABERRY. (*Utterly overcome.*) Not, not until you have a Christmas, a real one. (*There is a noise of distant warfare in the hall.*)

DULCIE. Sh! (*She steals up and listens at the door.*)

INGEBORG. (*In a low voice.*) Why does not madame inform herself while she has the chance?

MRS. HENNABERRY. Play the spy on a child! Ingeborg, I'm ashamed of you.

DULCIE. Sh!

MRS. HENNABERRY. What is it?

DULCIE. "The heathen that rage."

(*The sound of the stick against the banister is heard again. Shouts of "Mamey! 'Orstpitaller! Wait till they bring the dead wagon t' git yer," etc.*)

MRS. HENNABERRY. This is outrageous! I'll put a stop to it. Get out of the way, Ingeborg. Back into the corner, both of you. Wait! (*She steals on tiptoe to the doorway, lifting her skirts to prevent them from rustling. Then as a series of bumps and bangs are begun on the door, she swiftly opens it, makes a grab, drags in a bunch of howling humanity and closes the door. Blanche, the captive, emits a volley of ear-piercing yells as Micky's feet are heard beating a terrified retreat down the hall.*)

MRS. HENNABERRY. You bad, bad child! Now I've got you! How dare you do such things?

BLANCHE. (*Her voice rising in a crescendo of agony.*) I didn't do nuttin'—yah! (*Micky's footsteps are heard returning. There are a couple of resounding kicks on the door, which flies open. Micky, the Scout, rushes in brandishing a barrel-stave.*)

MICKY THE SCOUT. Let 'er go. Let 'er go, er I'll lam yer.

MRS. HENNABERRY. (*Without relaxing her hold on the struggling Blanche.*) If you hit me with that stick, you'll be very sorry. I shall tell the policeman.

MICKY. (*Somewhat taken aback.*) D'you know de perliceman?

MRS. HENNABERRY. (*Seeing her advantage and pursuing it.*) He's a very intimate friend of mine. (*Micky begins to lower the stick.*) And I know the Mayor, too.

MICKY. Gee! Blawnche, it's all up; she's got infloonce!

BLANCHE. (*Subsiding to a whimper.*) I didn't do nuttin', honest t' Gawd, I didn't do nuttin'!

MICKY. Shut up, Blawnche!

Mrs. Hennaberry quickly tames the little barbarians by promising to invite them to a little Christmas party for Dulcie. The news of the party spreads over the tenement, and soon all the children, and their elders, Italians, Irish, Germans, invite themselves to the spread. When Beulah returns, Mrs. Hennaberry is introduced as Mrs. Christmas Angel. She promises Beulah work and at the same time asks her permission to give a little Christmas party for the children. Beulah is forced to consent; she even goes shopping for Mrs. Hennaberry. She has hardly gone when Dr. Marshall arrives with a tremendous Christmas tree. He espies Mrs. Hennaberry and quickly tries to escape. "Dr. Marshall," Mrs. Hennaberry exclaims in frozen amazement. "Is he, too, in the siren's clutches? Is he the man? And me! Why, I came here to give that woman a piece of my mind, and now instead of that she's got my purse. I haven't five cents to pay my carfare home. Ingeborg, I'm a regular fool." "Yes, madame," replies the obedient Swede. At this moment Abraham puts his head in at the door and looks cautiously around, but does not see the two women who are hidden by the tree. He escapes, but Mr. Hennaberry is not so lucky.

MRS. HENNABERRY. How dare you look me in the face? I've found you out at last!

MR. HENNABERRY. My dear—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Don't speak to me. Don't utter a word. What have you to say in your own defence?

MR. HENNABERRY. You misunderstand—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Don't speak to me, I say. I've found this matter out and I shall probe it to the bottom.

MR. HENNABERRY. But—

MRS. HENNABERRY. What you can see in such a place to come to is beyond me.

MR. HENNABERRY. But—

MRS. HENNABERRY. This carpet is in rags. Those curtains are a mass of holes.

MR. HENNABERRY. But I never—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Don't make the matter worse by your deceit. I've got you red-handed. *(He sinks down overpowered.)*

MR. HENNABERRY. But you are here—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Yes, and it's a good thing I am here. If it wasn't for me I don't know what you'd do anyway.

MR. HENNABERRY. *(Rising.)* But—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Sit down there. Sit down. *(He sits.)* Now give an account of yourself, and without so many unnecessary words.

MR. HENNABERRY. I wish that you—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Don't interrupt me until I have finished. I mean to sift this thoroughly and evasions will not help. What is it you have in the box?

MR. HENNABERRY. Now, my dear—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Don't extenuate. Open it.

MR. HENNABERRY. But I would—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Open it at once, Jacob! At once. *(He opens the box.)* Eh? What is it? Toys? What? *(Examining them.)* Jacob! It's my—how could you! You stole them from my closet, and to give them to—*(hesitating)*—to—

MR. HENNABERRY. Yes, Henrietta.

MRS. HENNABERRY. To—you mean—! Oh, Jacob, do you mean that beautiful little creature is my—is our—my boy's? Jacob, get up quick and let me sit down. *(She sinks into the chair which Mr. Hennaberry has hastily vacated.)*

MR. HENNABERRY. Shall I get you a glass of water?

MRS. HENNABERRY. No. Wait! I'll be all right. Whew! Whew! *(She loosens her bonnet strings.)* I've always heard that the first sensations of a grandmother exceed any of the passions sacred or profane. That blessed child belongs to me! Why, I knew it, Jacob; I knew it the very first moment I laid my eyes on her—only I was such a fool I didn't know it. That child—and the mother instead of being what I thought is—She is—*(Suddenly realizing.)* Why, she is that woman! She took my son away from me. Do you think I am ever going to forgive her? Her!

MR. HENNABERRY. Now, Henrietta, my dear—

MRS. HENNABERRY. Be silent! Jacob Hennaberry, have you ever known me to change my mind? Has anyone ever been able to move me one iota when once my mind was made up? You have deceived me, you and that wretched Abraham, and that—that creature. And she's out this moment spending my money! Do you know what I am going to do? I am going to raise the devil! I'll never forgive. I'll never forgive. *(Dulcie runs in from the bedroom.)*

DULCIE. Fairy Godmother, Fairy Godmother, come and see the jewels and raiment rare. Oh, they are beautiful! *(She catches Mrs. Hennaberry by the hand.)*

MRS. HENNABERRY. *(Melting as she looks at her.)* Yes, dearie.

MR. HENNABERRY. Henrietta! *(Mrs. Hennaberry turns to speak angrily.)*

DULCIE. Come along, hurry, hurry! *(Mrs. Hennaberry's features relax in a delighted smile; she obediently allows herself to be led from the room by Dulcie.)*

Soon all the invited guests arrive, Mrs. O'Donovan with her two brats, Frau Bunderfelder, a robust German, Signor Vanni, with his wife and Elvira, his child, in the costume of an animated lamp-shade. The little girl is studying for the ballet. Soon a quarrel starts between the different nationalities. Mrs. Hennaberry must do a dance herself in order to stop the quarreling. Suddenly little Dulcie faints. Abraham is sent out to fetch the Doctor. Beulah asks all to go away. Mrs. Hennaberry refuses. "Don't turn me away," she pleads. "I must help." But Beulah is obdurate.

MR. HENNABERRY. *(Putting his hand on Mrs. Hennaberry's arm.)* Henrietta—

MRS. HENNABERRY. *(Bowed and defeated.)* It serves me right. I closed my doors against her. She's right to turn me from hers. Come. *(They turn to go. Abraham enters breathlessly.)*

ABRAHAM. He's here, Mrs. Randolph. I met him on the way. *(An almost inaudible breath from everyone: The Doctor!)*

BEULAH. Thank God! *(Doctor Marshall enters from the dimly lighted hall, instrument case in hand; but in this appalling moment we no longer see him in his proper person; his office, his potentiality, carry with them a something which almost passes like a presence through the room.)* Doctor! *(Abraham closes the door, shutting from view the neighbors who can be seen in the dimly lighted hall. He quickly takes the Doctor's hat and coat and relieves him of his case.)* Doctor! *(Doctor Marshall puts her gently but firmly aside and goes to Dulcie. He kneels beside her, feels her pulse and listens to her heart. Then he gathers her in his arms and rises.)* Doctor, tell me, tell me.

MARSHALL. Wait. *(He goes to the bedroom door with Dulcie.)*

BEULAH. *(Following.)* May I come?

MARSHALL. Not now. Abraham! *(He goes into the bedroom with Dulcie.)*

The next act takes place two hours later. The operation has been successfully performed. In the joy of the recovery, Abraham is careless enough to yield to the blandishments of Ingëborg. He is landed. Beulah in her gratitude accepts the hand of Dr. Marshall. Meanwhile the two old people are patiently waiting outside in the cold hall, sitting at the top of the stairs. When Dr. Marshall discovers them, he asks them into the room. Mrs. Hennaberry asks for a few words with Beulah. She has learned a bitter lesson. Beulah at last consents to speak to her. Mr. Hennaberry goes into the sickroom. The two women face each other alone.

MRS. HENNABERRY. Beulah, I'm not going to let you quarrel with me. Can't

you see my side just a little? Remember, I didn't know you. You may not think it, but the world I live in is a narrow world. I thought my son was ruining his life.

BEULAH. But afterwards?

MRS. HENNABERRY. Afterwards? Well, it isn't so easy to unsay things when once they're said; it isn't easy to accept things you've once rejected. Even when your heart is aching to, something stops you.

BEULAH. Pride?

MRS. HENNABERRY. I suppose so.

BEULAH. Well, my pride is all I have left now. You've set me a good example all these years. I'll follow it.

MRS. HENNABERRY. I'm setting you a new one to-night. My pride is humbled. Make your own terms.

BEULAH. Terms! You haven't money enough to buy me.

MRS. HENNABERRY. *(Wounded.)* Money!

BEULAH. Yes; you can buy anything else on earth you want with it, but you can't—

MRS. HENNABERRY. My money! So you think that money buys everything! Do you want to know what my money has brought me? Nothing; that's what it's brought me, just exactly nothing. I'll tell you what money does for people and the only thing it does: it makes them want for more. Money shrivels up the soul until it is small—small. That is what it has done to mine.

BEULAH. But if—

MRS. HENNABERRY. I tried to buy people with money and presents, but my soul was too small to pay the honest price that love demands. *(Holding out her hands to Beulah.)* Beulah, can't you see what's the matter with me? I've been wanting love all my life and I don't know how to ask for it.

BEULAH. *(Half moved.)* Please, please!

MRS. HENNABERRY. And now, when Dulcie put her arms around my neck to-day—Beulah, it's my last chance. I want you both. Forgive me! Don't take that love away from me, don't!

BEULAH. *(Strongly moved, and throwing her arms around Mrs. Hennaberry.)* I won't. I won't. *(The two women cling sobbing together. Mr. Hennaberry and Dr. Marshall come back.)*

MR. HENNABERRY AND DR. MARSHALL. May we come in?

MRS. HENNABERRY. Yes, it's all right. Isn't it splendid? Beulah and Dulcie are coming to live with us; and by and by we'll have another Christmas party.

BEULAH. Wait, Mrs. Hennaberry—

MRS. HENNABERRY. *(Shaking her finger at Beulah.)* Mrs.? Beulah!

BEULAH. Well, then, mother. You see you may not want us. Dr. Marshall—I—

MRS. HENNABERRY. What!

MARSHALL. Well, it's this way: I'm an awfully expensive doctor, and Beulah is too poor to pay my fee, so unless she escapes the law by becoming my wife I may make things very uncomfortable for her.

MRS. HENNABERRY. I see. So Dr. Marshall was the man after all! I knew there was one. *(Gathering them both into her arms.)* Well, then, I'll have to take you all in. *(Peeping out between them at Mr. Hennaberry.)* Jacob, isn't it splendid? We have a new son, too.

MR. HENNABERRY. God bless my soul!

## SHAKESPEARE AS THE GEORGE M. COHAN OF HIS DAY

THE three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, April 23d, is being celebrated with elaborate festivals both in this country and in England. In New York City the Mayor has appointed a special committee to take charge of the festive occasion. Meanwhile Shakespeare's plays are more in vogue than they have been for a long time, in New York as well as in other cities. In fact, as Mr. James Shelley Hamilton remarks in *Everybody's*, if Shakespeare were living to-day he would be taxi-cabbing from theater to theater making first-night speeches. Even Clyde Fitch in his palmiest days was never filling so many playhouses. This fact, Mr. Hamilton thinks, has nothing whatever to do with Shakespeare's genius, Shakespeare, in his opinion, is still popular because he tried to please the popular taste just as deliberately and skilfully as George M. Cohan tries to please it to-day. For the last decade or two American managers have been in the habit of dismissing Shakespeare as a "high-brow." The truth is, Mr. Hamilton goes on to say, that Shakespeare is not a bit of a "high-brow." School-teachers and German commentators have done their worst to make him seem one, but their success is summed up in merely having scared a great many people away from him.

"After all—after three hundred years, during which the English drama hasn't advanced to any extent that one can boast of—Shakespeare is what he was in his own lifetime: an industrious maker of plays, who happened also to be a glorious poet. Being a poet did not stand at all in the way of his being a successful business man: his job was to supply popular plays for the theater with which he was connected, and he did it. Sometimes he tinkered up an older play by somebody else, sometimes he dramatized a bit of history or an old story he had dug up somewhere; he began when he was quite young, and as

he grew older the things he learned about men made the characters he created deeper and bigger, but the principal thing always was to write plays that would take with his audience."

Shakespeare's being a profitable venture in this worst of theatrical years, Mr. Hamilton avers, has very little to do with his being a great poet or a masterly delineator of character. It rests fundamentally on the fact that "Romeo and Juliet" or "Macbeth" can be produced as moving pictures and vie successfully with "The Road to Ruin" and "Traffic in Souls."

"For several years Robert Mantell has been playing Shakespeare all over the country, with a repertory of something like a dozen plays. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, in eight plays, have made themselves generally considered the foremost Shakespearean actors in America. The Coburn Players, as Ben Greet used to do, have for three or four years been giving Shakespearean performances of what might be called a semi-educational kind, usually under the auspices of some club, school, or college. This year Forbes-Robertson, in his farewell tour of America, is acting Hamlet, Shylock, and Othello. William Faversham, following his successful 'Julius Caesar' of last season, is doing 'Othello' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' with 'Hamlet' and 'Henry V.' to come. Margaret Anglin in beginning to realize a life's ambition is playing 'Twelfth Night,' 'As You Like It,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra.' John Drew opened this season in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' James K. Hackett has been announced in 'Othello,' and David Warfield in 'The Merchant of Venice.'

"Incidentally, the company known as the Stratford-on-Avon Players, whose home is the Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, is making its first visit to this country with F. R. Benson at its head. These players exist to play Shakespeare, and their repertory is a long one. They have been publicly and privately derided as amateurs and provincials—a mere school for actors. Perhaps they are, but, judged from the performance they give of 'Richard the Third,' those

terms haven't the sting they were intended to have."

If only people could forget, Mr. Hamilton exclaims, that Shakespeare wrote literary masterpieces and go to his plays as they go to any other play—to be entertained, to be thrilled, to be taken out of themselves! Not all of Shakespeare's plays are worth putting on the stage now. Some of his plots seem silly to us. But others will never be old or ridiculous. "Romeo and Juliet" is just a story of young love built on the same frame that has served for all our Civil War plays, "Secret Service," "The Warrens of Virginia" and others. "The Merchant of Venice" hasn't much to take hold of a modern audience; it is usually acted because some well-known actor wants to test his strength in Shylock. The "Taming of the Shrew" is exasperating, if you object to a man's wife being lumped among his mere belongings. But it is still a human play, and we can still get a rough sort of enjoyment out of it if Katherine is made shrewish enough to justify the treatment she gets. Julia Marlowe, by making her a pettish, spoiled child, makes Petruchio a brute; Miss Anglin's sharp-tongued virago makes him at once appeal to our sympathies. "As You Like It" is pretty flimsy, but there is such joyous poetry and outdoors in it.

Shakespeare's tragedies, however, are the really popular plays. In them, along with the bigger figures and the bigger passions, he puts stories that have a bigger interest merely as stories. A wild Thibetan, Mr. Hamilton thinks, might see a performance of "Hamlet" or "Othello" and not get a glimmer of the poetry and the human majesty that Shakespeare put into them, but he would know what was happening and it would hold him. "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," the writer concludes, are the "big hits" of this Elizabethan predecessor of Mr. Cohan.

## DRAMATIZING THE RUBAIYAT

IT was a daring experiment to dramatize the Rubaiyat of Omar, and Mr. Tully, author of "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Bird of Paradise," may thank his stars that he has succeeded comparatively so well. His "Omar the Tentmaker," as Montrose J. Moses declares in the *Independent*, is an ambitious attempt, and if Mr. Tully has not produced a powerful play he has at least furnished an entertaining evening of color. "I was given every-

thing I expected beforehand," Mr. Moses remarks, "ample quotation of the quatrains, an abundance of scenery which went exceedingly well with the pasteboard camels on one side, and a romantic plot. But I was given something more: the glimmer of a sweet love story half choked by detail, and poetic atmosphere which Tully in his 'Rose of the Rancho' and 'The Bird of Paradise' so well sustained."

"The chief fault with Omar is one that

most dramatists would show were they as ambitious as Tully to dramatize the Rubaiyat: an overzealousness to have Omar use all of the philosophy of the verses, to translate every image of Fitzgerald's poetry into outward visibility. With this on one side and with the desire to tell something of a love story on the other, it is inevitable that a dramatist must seek balance by sacrificing something. Tully chose to sacrifice plot. The consequence is that the story of Omar's romance with Shireen, a fair maiden chosen for the Shah's harem, is misty.



The prolog is a Persianized 'Romeo and Juliet' of the balcony scene. Then there are three acts which depict Omar eighteen years later, and the bulk of the play deals with Omar in middle age and with his love for little Shireen.

"But when, as the plot unfolds, Omar again meets with his love of long ago, he is in the midst of cut-throats and religious fanatics, and he goes through hardships flaunting his philosophy as interpreted by

FitzGerald throughout the tortures which are inflicted upon him. His daughter, the little Shireen, falls in love with a Christian, but she flits here and there in disconnected fashion. It would have been far better had Tully concentrated more on Omar, and made him all through the play as attractive a figure as he was during the first part of act one. The epilog shows Omar reestablished and in the same garden with the Shireen of forty-

five years previous. It is the same kind of night, and the white beard of Omar does not make him less a lover, according to Tully."

While "Omar the Tentmaker" is somewhat of a jumble, it is a serious effort. But having seen Otis Skinner in "Kismet," Mr. Guy Posts's interpretation of Omar fails to charm Mr. Moses.

## ERMANNO WOLF-FERRARI'S "L'AMORE MEDICO" HAS ITS PREMIÈRE IN AMERICA

THE composer of "L'Amore Medico," Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, has only recently come into his own in Europe as in this country; but, with Italo Montemezzi, he is now regarded as one of the most vital figures in the operatic world. It is a significant commentary on modern Italian taste, remarks the musical editor of the New York *Tribune*, that two of his most important operas, "Le Donne Curiose" and "L'Amore Medico" were first presented in Germany and in America before they were given in his native land, and that both these works were given for the first time in their original language in New York. "L'Amore Medico" is founded on Molière's comedy "L'Amour Médecin." The story, as retold in the opera by Enrico Golisciani, is simple:

"Arnolfo has a daughter, Lucinda, whom he loves, but whom he selfishly wishes to keep for himself. Lucinda appears to be ill, and her father tries with toys and pettings to console her, but in vain. He asks her what she wants, and at length, at his wits' end, asks if it is a husband. To his consternation she answers 'Yes,' whereupon he flies into a fury and leaves. Lucinda then hears her lover's voice singing outside the garden, and with her maid, Lisetta, concocts a plan whereby she may be united to him.

"Lisetta rushes to Arnolfo and tells him that his daughter has suddenly been taken ill, and Arnolfo in despair sends for four doctors. The doctors arrive, and a satiric scene ensues, in which they disagree with one another as to the cause of Lucinda's malady and finish by almost coming to blows, being, however, finally appeased by Arnolfo giving each his fee. Arnolfo is now at his wits' end, whereupon Lisetta introduces Clitandro, disguised as another physician. Clitandro persuades Arnolfo that his daughter has suddenly been taken that he can cure her by humoring her whim of marriage.

"A marriage, which Arnolfo believes is a mock one, is then arranged between the so-called physician and Lucinda. But the ceremony is in reality valid, and the curtain falls with Arnolfo's discovery of the deception and the voices of the happy pair coming to him from outside."

on to say, has written a score which in its suggestiveness and characteristic coloring is well-nigh faultless.

"The recitative through which the story is expounded is carried buoyantly along on a sparkling, crystalline orchestral river upon which the sunlight of the composer's imagination plays in a thousand illuminating facets. What the words express the music first echoes, and then colors so that between story and music there is a continual play and interplay of ideas and subtle compliments. The orchestral web, which at first hearing appears so simple, is in reality complicated to a degree; interwoven and embroidered with the most delicate tracery, each moment bursting into new flowers of fancy, incrusting with gems that sparkle enchantingly for a moment and then are gone, yet with all this ornamentation, never for a second obscuring the meaning of the whole or halting the action of the comedy.

"It is in this love for and mastery of orchestral ornamentation that Signor Wolf-Ferrari shows himself distinctively a modern. It is true that for his inspiration he has gone back to Mozart and the Italian masters of opera bouffa."

The opera is perhaps too fine in its

texture, too aristocratic, to be a popular success. Miss Bori's Lucinda, Mr. Pini-Corsi's Arnolfo, and Miss Alten's Lisetta were altogether delightful, and the parts of the four doctors were interpreted preposterously enough to have warmed the heart of Molière himself. The New York *World* regards the orchestration as slightly heavy. The New York *Times* finds in it a certain simplicity of outward appearance that masks what is a truly recondite knowledge and expertness, an art that conceals art. Signor Wolf-Ferrari is sometimes accused of being too easy a borrower of musical motives. The *Times* says on this point:

"Some may remark the likeness that one of the most frequently recurring themes bears to a phrase in the traditional setting of Ben Johnson's lyric, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and that another bears to a portion of the Swiss 'Ranz des Vaches' that Rossini used in 'William Tell.' Such resemblances are for the 'reminiscence hunter,' and it is more important to observe what use the composer has made of his material."



MOLIÈRE SET TO MUSIC

The text of Wolf-Ferrari's new opera is borrowed from Molière's "L'Amour Médecin." The part of Lucinda, the love-sick daughter of Arnolfo (Antonio Pini-Corsi) is taken by Lucrezia Bori. Bella Alten takes the part of the droll maid Lisetta. Italo Cristalli is the young physician, Clitandro, into whose hands is placed the cure of the lovely girl.

To this simple comedy of intrigue, Signor Wolf-Ferrari, the writer goes

## RABINDRANATH TAGORE, AS A PLAYWRIGHT, ISSUES A MESSAGE TO WOMEN

WITH the bestowal of the Nobel Prize upon him, Rabindranath Tagore, the strange Hindu poet, emerged from comparative obscurity into world-wide notice. Tagore is at present lecturing in the United States. Those who have not heard his own reading of his remarkable mystic drama, "The King of the Dark Chamber," nor witnessed the performance of "The Post Office" by the Irish Players, have an opportunity to make his acquaintance as a dramatist through the English prose translation of his dramatic poem "Chitra," published by the Macmillan Company. In spite of its exotic origin, the play has an immediate bearing on the feminist movement that at present disturbs the world. Chitra, the lovely heroine of Tagore's drama, distinctly partakes of the type of the New Woman. Her troubles are those that will beset the next generation when suffrage has borne its fruit. Tagore's message to women seems to be: "Do not pretend to possess a femininity which you have lost. Be yourself, be what you are, irrespective of the accident of sex."

Perhaps this misrepresents the philosophy of Tagore himself, for "Chitra" is primarily a poem. From the point of view of Western civilization it is more truly a poem than a play. There is in it much atmosphere but little action except that implied in purely emotional and spiritual development. The play consists of one act divided into nine scenes. Written twenty-five years ago, in the period to which many of the songs in "The Gardener" belong, it has more affinity with the romantic yet warmly human temper of that book than with the intense spirituality of the "Gitanjali." Tagore, as the London *Nation* observes, aims to discover God, not in some abstract region of truth and beauty, but in the things as they are:

"He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust.

"Put off thy holy mantle, and even like him come down to the dusty soil. . . .  
"Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."

These lines, the British reviewer declares, sum up the idea-plot of "Chitra." Man will not be satisfied with less or anything lovelier than truth; he demands not the illusion of perfection, but concrete reality in all its imperfection—"an imperfection which is yet noble and grand," as Chitra says in the speech which concludes the play.

The plot is based on an ancient legend in the Mahabharata; but Tagore uses the dry tale as Shakespeare used the older plays and stories upon which he founded his dramas, as a point of departure. The Hindu Princess Chitra has been brought up as a boy. She asks Madana, God of Love, and Vasanta, God of the Seasons, to lend her again those feminine graces which her manly education has taken away from her. "Give me," she implores, "the power of the weak and the weapon of the unarmed hand!" For upon one of her hunting excursions she has been the hermit Arjuna. When he first saw her he thought her a boy. She returned to him in a woman's dress, and he rejected her:

"The gods grant her prayer, and give to her for a year the gift of perfect beauty from the inexhaustible stores of the spring." Thus disguised, Chitra appears to Arjuna, a flower-like creature, nameless and mysterious as the fairy love in some Celtic folk-tale; conquers without difficulty his senses, and even for a time holds his heart. But the fact that he loves not her reality but her borrowed beauty poisons for her even the first ecstasy of passion. She repents of her deception, and asks the gods to take back their boon. The wise Vasanta advises patience: love, he says, obeys the seasonal

law. Arjuna now desires the flower of Chitra's beauty; but the time will come when he longs for the 'abiding fruitful truth' of her real self.

"We watch the gradual exhaustion of Arjuna's first rapture, the returning tide of his interest in that actual life, the world of duty and endeavor, with which the elusive loveliness of Chitra—made of the tints of the clouds, the dance of the waves, the smell of the flowers"—has no relation.

"Give me something to clasp, something that can last longer than pleasure, that can endure even through suffering," he cries at last; and turns from his fairy love to dream of the open-air, hunting, active life, 'the rude and healthy touch of the world'—above all, of the Princess Chitra, whom men praise as 'a man in valor, a woman in tenderness.'

"The year passes, and Vasanta's prophecy is fulfilled. Illusion has prepared Arjuna for reality; for the exquisite flower, he now demands the fruit: 'I grope for that ultimate *you*, that bare simplicity of truth.'"

In the last scene the princess appears once more in her true form garbed like a noble youth. Her final words, which may be interpreted in a variety of meanings, constitute the most beautiful and most significant passage of this remarkable play.

"I brought from the garden of heaven flowers of incomparable beauty with which to worship you, god of my heart. . . . I am not beautifully perfect as the flowers with which I worshipped. I have many flaws and blemishes. I am a traveler in the great world-path, my garments are dirty, and my feet are bleeding with thorns. Where should I achieve flower-beauty, the unsullied loveliness of a moment's life? The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman. Here have all pains and joys gathered, the hopes, and fears, and shames of a daughter of the dust; here love springs up struggling towards immortal life. Herein lies an imperfection which is yet noble and grand. If the flower-service be finished, my master, accept this as your servant for the days to come."

## HERR BERNARD SHAW MAKES HIS BOW IN GERMAN

ENGLAND is supposed to have gasped when Bernard Shaw announced that he would produce his phonetic farce, "Pygmalion," in German before he submitted it to the London critics lampooned in "Fanny's First Play." Shaw is popular in Berlin and Vienna, where the play was received with delight. Mollified by the success of his ruse, Mr. Shaw at last permitted Mrs. Patrick Campbell to produce "Pygmalion" in England. Mr. Shaw evidently has no higher opinion of New York than of London, for "Pygmalion"

made its entry into the United States not through Broadway but through Conried's old German playhouse, now so ably managed by Rudolf Christians.

The highly characteristic play from Mr. Shaw's pen was received by its New York audience, according to the *New York Times*, with enthusiasm. A summary of the plot has already been published in these pages. It is a comedy of phonetics, for the Pygmalion of the title is no sculptor of ancient Cyprus, but Prof. Henry Higgins, specialist in phonetics, and his Galatea is just Eliza Doolittle—Eliza,

the cockney flower girl from Tottenham Road, whom he knows he can turn into a perfectly good duchess by reforming her raucous speech through that attention to vowels and consonants of which he is master.

"The professor has reduced phonetics to so exact a science that by merely listening to one's speech he can tell within eight kilometers the very spot of his birth. The first act finds him exhibiting his powers to a group of strangers driven together during a night rainstorm under the sheltering porch of St. Paul's Church in Covent Garden—a setting for an act that

Clyde Fitch would have enjoyed. As each one talks, the meditative scientists call forth the place of birth, and as this is done in German it is most amusing. To hear one of the rain-trapped pour forth a stream of guttural German only to have the alert professor chime in triumphantly with some such word as 'Dover' or 'Hempstead' is in itself entertaining enough to have justified the first production on the continent.

"The disgusting tones of Eliza's Cockney speech are represented in the German by some such slovenly dialect as might be caught up in the by-ways of Berlin, and as it is amusingly played by Hansi Arnstaedt, the visiting star at the Irving Place, the unsuggestive 'Ah-ah-ah-au-au-uh' of the text becomes a cross between a Banshee's wail and a yodel that altogether justifies the professor's horror and his scientific interest.

"But of course the process of making a Duchess out of Eliza all in the space of a scientifically employed six months develops also a soul. The stirrings of this soul in his handiwork are first noticed by this latter-day Pygmalion when she throws his slippers at his head, and when the curtain falls on the last act it has dawned upon him that he has come to regard his Galatea as something other than a scientific experiment."

The little German theater has produced more good plays in its time than any other theater in New York. "Pygmalion" is undoubtedly a feather in the cap of Director Christians. The part of Professor Higgins was played with consummate art by Hein-



A WIZARD OF PHONETICS

Shaw's *Pygmalion*, a part skillfully interpreted by Heinrich Marlow at the Irving Place Theater in New York, is ready to transform his Galatea into a Duchess, with assistance of another distinguished linguist, but he must first make his reckoning with her father, a drayman, who reads Oscar Wilde, a member of the class described by himself as the "undeserving poor."

rich Marlow, who, as Mr. Ruhl remarks in the *Tribune*, preserved the true Shavian flavor. The translation, however, left much to be desired, and the keen Shavian wit was dulled here and there. "This loss was particularly felt in the part of Eliza herself, played by Miss Hansi Arnstaedt in a wholly German broad-comedy manner, wholly lacking in that curiously amusing, hard

Cockney flavor felt in the original lines. It was felt again in the deliciously droll part of her father, a thoroughly Shavian creation, who, solemnly and with perfect logic, lamented his unsought for elevation from the ranks of the 'undeserving poor' to the responsibilities of the leisure class."

Probably the play will shortly be produced in this country.

## A VISION OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC CONTESTS THAT RIVAL OUR BASEBALL GAMES IN INTEREST

THE dramatic education of the people, declares Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, should be begun as early as their baseball education. Let us not only provide plays for the people to see, he demands, but let us get them to write, produce and take part in their own plays. Every school in the land, he insists (in *Harper's Weekly*), should have its dramatic department, and no quality that the child possesses should be more carefully nurtured than the dramatic impulse; for through this, if properly directed, the whole intellectual and moral nature may be unfolded.

"There is hardly a branch of study that could not be utilized and made more practical in this way. History, composition, art, music, manual training—is there anything for which the play could not be made the clearing-house? It is of infinitely more importance, to the children and to the community at large, that this opportunity for self-expression should be open to the children, than that their minds should be overlaid and smothered, as they so often now are, with masses of useless information. Every grade should have its little dramas. The taking of parts, even the writing of little plays, should be begun

with the earliest instruction in composition. Talents would soon show themselves, and the selective process would soon be at work. There would grow up naturally at the top a group of young actors, and we may be sure that no school would be without its playwright. Then, just as the ball-team of one school now competes with the team of a neighboring school, that rivalry which is the very life-spirit of our baseball system would burst forth in dramatic contests. The interests thus fostered would be carried on into the colleges and universities where the same inter-collegiate and inter-university contests might be expected."

Given one generation of such training, the writer maintains, and a new age for the theater will have been ushered in for America. High school and college graduates would bring with them into their business life the same intense personal interest in the theater that they have now in baseball. Municipal playhouses would spring up in each town. This, he thinks, would happen as surely as that each town has now its own town baseball diamond. The local talent for the drama—acting and writing—would find expression in these municipal playhouses, just as the

talent for baseball now finds its expression on the town diamonds. No fear that these local dramatic companies would lack financial support. Business men, with this new interest in the drama, would soon find it quite as profitable to back the local dramatic company in its contests with the companies from neighboring towns as it now is to back the local nine in its contests with other nines. Out of all this, traveling companies would arise which would go on circuits more or less wide.

"Incidentally, is it not clear that an institution of this sort solves at once the problem of the unemployed actors and of the playwrights who have had no chance? Is there any reason why these men and women, with the knowledge they have of their respective arts and with years of valuable experience behind them, should not become instructors of the American youth? It is nothing less than a crime that we have not, as a country, availed ourselves of the services of these men and women. What a system it is that makes it necessary to establish Homes for indigent actors when the whole country is literally running wild with talent that needs training!"



# SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

## WHY THE FRENCH PRIZE-FIGHTER KNOCKS OUT THE ANGLO-SAXON

THOSE continued successes of French prize-fighters over Anglo-Saxon champions do not indicate to Stephen Black, formerly middle-weight amateur champion of South Africa, the superiority of the Latin physically or even in technique. Mr. Black is a close student of these encounters. He has attended in the capacity of expert many bouts like that of Georges Carpentier of France with Bombardier Wells and that of Ledoux with Beynon. He attends the tremendous combats in the ring at Paris made notable by the presence of Parisian society ladies, for in Europe prize-fighting has become sufficiently scientific to interest notable women.

The most remarkable of the many features which distinguish a French boxing bout from one in an Anglo-Saxon land, says Mr. Black, is the "almost cruel implacability" of the audiences. Perhaps it is the introduction of the feminine spectator, he says, which has caused this. "Women of the Latin races are notoriously cruel at times. The French revolution, Spanish bull-fights and, going farther back, the Roman gladiatorial combats, conclusively prove this." Not less remarkable to our high authority is the splendid French pluck animating a fighter once in the ring. As Mr. Black writes in the *London Mail*:

"Never have I seen such undying courage exhibited as by the French boxers. Badly beaten men fought on and on; matches proceeded to the bitter end which in England would long before have been stopped by the referee at the request of the onlookers. In Paris the onlookers seem never to have had enough. I did not once hear the cry 'Stop it' to which one is so accustomed in England and the overseas Dominions when a boxer is obviously beaten. Even 'fouls' of the worst kind are excused in Paris so that the contest may proceed to the bitter end. The French boxers do not foul intentionally. But many men less skilful than Carpentier, Ledoux, and De Ponthieu fight madly, blindly for the body; their arms whirl wildly as they crouch, one lower than the other, in desperate efforts to reach the stomach; and blows are frequently struck below the belt. But the action of French referees is more astonishing still. As the boxer stands crying out in pain the referee intervenes. Then he announces that the man fouled wishes to go on fighting and that there will be 'un repos de deux minutes.' This made me gasp when first I

heard it, as indeed it must have made Mr. Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club, gasp, but it was nothing to what followed. Near the end of the same contest to which I refer a second foul still more flagrant was perpetrated by the man who had first been fouled. Again two minutes' repose! And as the suffering boxer in his corner loudly protested, the referee walked toward him and said, 'Yes, my boy, but you did the same thing to him before!'

"French boxing will have to be cleansed of this sort of thing if it is to make the same advance of spirit and tone that it has made of sheer achievement. Unskilful boxers must be taught with an iron hand that they cannot sacrifice all the conventions of sport in order to hit the other man unfairly.

"The Italians spoke many years ago of the French fury in war—*la furia francese*. I think it is the greatest quality of the modern French boxer. Other races of Celtic origin possess it, too, but none in so marked a degree as the French. The great Irish and Irish-American boxers, and the Welsh, have had less fury if more skill; but since the Americans taught the world that fighters like 'Battling' Nelson, who can rush and punch without intermission for twenty rounds or more, are nearly always certain to defeat pure boxers, the speed and fury of the French fighter have become a wonderful factor in the ring."

Compared with English and American boxers, too, the French are wonderfully serious. They ask no quarter and they give none. There is no rancor or "vice" about their fighting. Once the contest is over, they kiss the beaten man or the victor as the case may be—the kiss being an institution in the Paris ring. In the ring, too, the French display the highest sportsmanship at times. But they go into a contest to win and often their deadly earnestness in using every legitimate means to that end is mistaken for something less laudable.

French writers and speakers have had to create a language to fit the devotion of the French to the prize-fight—a devotion quite new and modern. First and foremost, the language of the prize-ring among the French has been borrowed from the United States, not from England. But in spite of having to build up a language of sport and to learn in a generation what the Anglo-Saxon has developed in centuries, French prize-fighting is a live force to Mr. Stephen Black. He anticipates even greater triumphs of French prize-fighters over Anglo-Saxons than was

that of Carpentier over Bombardier—the most famous episode in any ring, he thinks, since John L. Sullivan was knocked out by James J. Corbett. The explanation is that in sport, as in poetry and in war, there are cycles. The Anglo-Saxon, after centuries, is losing his superiority in the prize-ring. He is passing through a period of slackness during which the great truth will be realized that supremacy can not be maintained by tradition but only by unwearied spirit and progress in methods.

Against the theory that the French prize-fighter has more brains than the Anglo-Saxon we are warned emphatically by Mr. Black. Paradoxical as it may seem, he says, brains are a handicap to the man in the ring. The great French prize-fighters of to-day are rather inferior mental types:

"The lower the mental type of man the less sensitive is he to physical pain. An Englishman cannot stand the same bodily battering as a negro because he is a higher mental type. The negro taught to box with the intelligent methods of the white man is the greatest fighting machine in the world; because the acquisition of skilful boxing is in itself no great mental feat but largely a matter of physical aptitude. On the other hand, imperviousness to punishment due to the absence of a highly nervous mental organization can never be imparted. People joke about the negro's hard head; but there is a sound basis of truth for this. A negro actually is in every way less sensitive than a white man.

"The most brilliant, artistic minds suffer the keenest sorrows and the greatest joys. Alcohol has far more effect on a man of high mentality than on one of low. Similarly, a pugilist of a sensitive, artistic, or emotional nature would be much more affected by a blow than would one of the purely physical type.

"Men like James J. Corbett, Kid McCoy, and 'Philadelphia' Jack O'Brien, the mental 'show' boys of pugilism, never became world's champions because of their mental equipment. They were always beaten by the lower mental type. To say that Corbett beat Sullivan is no argument, for Sullivan's methods were obsolete, and as a fighter he could never be compared with Jeffries, Johnson, or Fitzsimmons. Great fighters want slight mental equipment and much natural cunning, the self-preservative instincts, as it were, of the cat. Jim Driscoll is an excellent example of the more or less higher mental type who succeeded; but even he never became a real world's champion."

## EFFECT ON NATURAL SELECTION OF THE FACT THAT THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

**T**OO many specialists in different departments of science have assumed that the basis of natural selection in man, the true problem of his evolution, is settled. In reality, declares *Biometrika* (London), it is an open one. So much has become manifest in recent years through the eccentricities of the death rate. These eccentricities have always been present in actuarial statistics. Their significance to the evolutionists has not been perceived heretofore. Instead of saying that natural selection is or is not the chief factor in evolution, therefore, various American, British and German specialists in biometrics are trying, says our British contemporary, to ascertain in figures what may be the quantitative effect of this influence. Doctor J. Arthur Harris, of the Carnegie Institute, has prepared a summary of the recent progress in this form of research from which it seems that the selective death rate among children affords a possible key to the riddle.

If natural selection be a reality, we read, then the survivors of an infant population which is surrounded by conditions producing a high death rate—as in the slums—should in later years show a lower mortality than do the survivors of an infant population subjected to less stringent conditions. The theory had its vogue among the ancients who believed that the preservation of weak children would result in a population incapable of military achievements. Doctor Harris gives the greatest prominence to the studies of

Professor G. U. Yule and Doctor E. C. Snow in Great Britain. From the work of Doctor Snow it appears that in those districts where there occurred a large number of deaths in the first twelve months of life there was a low mortality for the second to the fifth year of life. In general a low mortality in infancy was followed by a high mortality in childhood. Conversely, a high mortality in infancy was followed by a low mortality in childhood. Professor Snow's results were not all in agreement on this point, but those which can best be analyzed seem to support it.

There are other factors in selection which have been considered. Among these are the biometrical observations in Glasgow, which seem to show that children with darkest-colored hair and eyes have greater recuperative power in cases of diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles. This result, again, was contradicted in biometrical work on Birmingham school-children. There seems to our expert authority, on a consideration of the evidence collected by Doctor Harris, hardly any instance which has not produced witnesses on both sides. He thinks the studies show that the death rate is unquestionably selective, but that "concerning the way in which this selective death rate occurs we know lamentably little."

The importance of these studies has to do with a grave objection raised to the theory of natural selection as set down by Darwin. "The more diversified in structure animals become," he says, "the more places they will be enabled to occupy." The question is: Do

they become diversified through a bitter struggle between individuals, through a rigorous selection? The distinguished Professor Yves Delage of the University of Paris asks if we are not justified in thinking, on the contrary, that favorable conditions and a relatively easy life create and preserve new variations.\* The study of vital statistics tends to prove it. In years of rigorous selection, when on account of inclement weather or epidemics many children die, a weaker generation survives, whose death rate is higher in the following years. To quote Professor Delage:

"Among the naturalists who have adopted this point of view we must mention two who not only started from entirely different promises but who devoted themselves to the study of absolutely different subjects. One is the Russian botanist, Korshinsky, whose theory of heterogenesis preceded by several years De Vries's theory; the other is not a theorist but a practical scientist, Luther Burbank, the well-known California horticulturist. . . .

"Burbank refuses to draw any definite conclusions, but we can easily draw our own: new variations appear, not where the life struggle is the fiercest, that is, as Darwin believed, where conditions are most unfavorable, but where the struggle is mildest, and where all the wants of living things are filled."

Starting from theoretical considerations, Korshinsky arrives at the same conclusion as Burbank. No new forms appear, he writes, under difficult conditions of life.

\* THE THEORIES OF EVOLUTION. By Yves Delage. Translated by André Tridon. Huebsch.

## THE PARADOX OF POISON

**A** DISCOVERY announced by Doctor Roux before the Academy of Science at Paris a few weeks ago indicates that certain bacterial poisons act more vigorously when diluted with water. A conclusion so greatly at variance with prevailing theory was questioned at first in the *Journal de Médecine*, which reports that further experiment has vindicated the observations of the savant. As reported by the experts, it would seem that "a great many widely different bacilli appear to have their poisonous action approximately doubled"—this is the paradox of the conclusion—when diluted with a hundred times their volume of distilled water.

In all ages the action of poison has puzzled the medical world. This puzzle relates not only to the ultimate effect of poisons, which is death, but to the mode in which they operate. The ancient saying that one man's food is

another man's poison has been extended in a remarkable way, declares our contemporary, by recent laboratory experiment. It is now established that what is food to one portion of the human body proves a deadly poison to another part. For a simple instance, we are referred to the bite of the most formidable of all the serpents of India, the cobra. If the poison glands are cut out of a newly-killed snake of this species, their contents may be swallowed with impunity by a healthy human being. The poison will undergo digestion in the stomach like any other nitrogenous food. If, however, he who swallows this venom should happen to have any sore place on his mouth, such as a split lip, by means of which the virus can get into his blood stream, life will terminate in short order. No remedy now known can reach the seat of the trouble that is set up in the system.

Again, strychnine is one of the powerful vegetable poisons—some ex-

perts pronounce it the most powerful of them all. Its effects continue to puzzle the world of medicine, notwithstanding a wealth of accumulated experience in its use. Up to about one thirty-second of a grain, strychnine is often used by the physician as a stimulant. Very little more is required to bring on that peculiar condition known technically as "tetanus." In this disorder the muscles lock themselves up into such hard masses that they seem as rigid as bone itself. On the other hand, an overdose of strychnine has been known to effect a cure, or at any rate to cure itself.

The cases reported from Paris suggest to our contemporary that the injection of large quantities of water weakens the power of resistance of the blood stream. Upon this hypothesis, a series of experiments has been undertaken with a view to clearing up the mystery that invests the action of poison upon the human system.



## SOME OF THE PERILS OF COURTSHIP FOR THE MALE SPIDER

A MALE spider must display extreme proficiency in dancing before he can subdue the heart of any female of his species, according to the investigations of that famed French entomologist, J. Henri Fabre. The assertion is confirmed by the observations of other naturalists noted for their studies of insect life.\* The male spider, come a-wooing, may see the female standing perfectly still, some twelve inches away. The sight will exacerbate him. He moves towards her. When some four inches off, he must begin in due time "the most remarkable performance that an amorous male can offer for the delight of an admiring female." She eyes him eagerly, changing her position from time to time so that he shall always be in view. He, raising his whole body on one side by straightening out

the legs and lowering it on the other by folding the first two pairs of legs up and under, leans so far over as to be in danger of losing his balance.

By a series of semi-circular movements, the spider approaches the lady, she gazing towards him, evidently admiring the grace of his antics. Thus he continues dancing in her direction while she repels his advances, inviting him on again until the consummation is reached in a giddy, whirling, mazy tango, in which both join and plight their troth. One dark truth must be revealed respecting the female spider. She is the most savage of monsters in her love affairs. Many a male who comes to her with overtures of love is eaten for his pains. He makes love at the peril of his life. Often while in the act of showing off his very handsome person he is seized by his intended spouse and devoured. Thus, remarks Mr. Pycraft, the females seem to "select" the more resplendent males as much for their availability as food as for the purposes of mating. The cannibalism of the female spider in dealing with her lover seems without parallel in the animal kingdom.

That the male spider realizes the peril in which his amours involve him is thought very probable. Male spiders haunt the borders of webs of unmated females, but exhibit a hesitating, irresolute manner. For hours the male will linger near the female, feeling the silken carpet of the web cautiously with trembling legs, and apparently trying to ascertain the nature of the welcome likely to be extended to a suitor. The odds are against the males. If they are allowed to mate, unless they are extraordinarily agile in slipping away the moment the object is attained, they will be slain and eaten.

The proceedings of the male water spider in his courtships must be more elaborate. He seeks out the tent of the female under the water and sets up his own establishment—generally somewhat smaller—close at hand. He then builds a sort of corridor through the water uniting the roofs of the pair of homes. When this is completed, he bites through the tent of the female. All goes well until the male tries to get away, when a battle royal ensues, with disastrous results to both domiciles and the tube that

connects them. The male, however, is in this case well able to take care of himself, for he is larger than the female, a detail elsewhere unknown in the spider realm. Among a certain variety of scorpions isolated in the Mediterranean province of France the male happens to be decidedly inferior in size to the female, with consequences in courtship that J. H. Fabre sets forth sympathetically:

"The little fore-legs flutter in fevered caresses. What are they saying to each other? How shall we translate their silent epithalamium into words?"

"The whole household turns out to see this curious group, which our presence in no way disturbs. The pair are pronounced to be 'pretty,' and the expression is not exaggerated. Semi-translucent and shining in the light of the lantern, they seem carved out of a block of yellow amber. Their arms outstretched, their tails rolled into graceful volutes, they wander on with a slow movement and with measured tread.

"Nothing puts them out. Should some vagabond, taking the evening air and keeping to the wall like themselves, meet them on their way, he stands aside—for he understands these delicate matters—and leaves them a free passage. Lastly, the shelter of a tile receives the strolling pair, the male entering first and backwards: that goes without saying. It is nine o'clock.

"The idyll of the evening is followed, during the night, by a hideous tragedy. Next morning we find the Scorpioness under the potsherd of the previous day. The little male is by her side, but slain and more or less devoured. He lacks the head, a claw, a pair of legs. I place the corpse in the open, on the threshold of the home. All day long the recluse does not touch it. When night returns, she goes out and, meeting the defunct on her passage, carries him off to a distance to give him a decent funeral, that is, to finish eating him.

"This act of cannibalism agrees with what the open-air colony showed me last year. From time to time I would find, under the stones, a pot-bellied female making a comfortable ritual meal off her companion of the night. I suspected that the male, if he did not break loose in time, once his functions were fulfilled, was devoured, wholly or partly, according to the matron's appetite. I now have the certain proof before my eyes. Yesterday, I saw the couple enter their home after the usual preliminary, the stroll; and this morning, under the same tile, at the moment of my visit, the bride is consuming her mate."

The process of natural selection results in a breed of swift spiders, that is among the males. He who can not get away after a courtship is lost. There are recorded instances of pursuits, dramatic and usually fatal. The females of a certain species are relentless.



IMMORTALIZED BY THE INSECT

Fabre, the French entomologist, is to be honored with this statue in the town of his birth.

\* COURTSHIP OF ANIMALS. By W. P. Pycraft. Hutchinson.

LIFE AND LOVE OF THE INSECT. By J. H. Fabre. Century.

SPIDERS. By Cecil Warburton. Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature. Putnam.

LIFE OF THE SPIDER. By J. H. Fabre. Dodd, Mead.



## WHY THE PANAMA CANAL IS NOT A CANAL

**T**O ENGINEERS and layman alike the word "canal" suggests but imperfectly the character of the future great maritime highway at Panama, says *London Engineering*. Only for distances of about seven and eight miles from the three-fathom line at each terminal can the new interoceanic route be regarded as a canal in the accepted sense of the term. Its remaining length of thirty-five miles is an aqueduct or bridge of water of huge proportions. Between the lowest of the flight of three twin locks at Gatun and the two pairs of similar "lifts" grouped at Miraflores there will be provided a channel of which the normal surface will be eighty-five feet above mean sea level and which will vary in width at the bottom from three hundred to a thousand feet. To bring this channel into being and to secure its level it has been necessary to cut a passage through the "continental divide" overlooking the Pacific and to erect a new mountain ridge adjacent to the northern or Atlantic end. Of these works the first is the famous Culebra cut, while the second, largely composed of earth and rock excavated from the latter and transported about thirty miles, is the Gatun Dam. By means of this last, placed across the lower end of what was formerly Chagres Valley, there has been created a lake many square miles in area and of a depth varying from about forty to about ninety feet. This lake, of which the water in the Culebra cut will be an arm or extension, provides the summit level of "the so-called canal." To serve as steps by which ships may reach and descend from this bridge of water there have been completed monolithic structures of strength and dimensions vying with the pyramids and furnished with gates and safety devices without parallel in works of their kind and concealing in their walls, or rather their wells, a vast assembly of machinery and electrical apparatus:

"Not less deceptive than the word 'canal' and the expression 'big ditch,' as

applied to the Panama enterprise, is the description of the latter as the greatest triumph ever achieved by engineering genius over natural forces and obstacles. More true and better deserved would be the encomium that the designers and builders of the Panama Canal have done their best to avoid unavailing conflict with the overwhelming power of Nature, recognizing that, tho she can never be defied with impunity, she may be often conciliated and utilized to the great advantage of mankind."

To neglect of these truths and of serious consideration of the greater difficulties which they had to face may be attributed in large measure the failure of Ferdinand de Lesseps and his coadjutors.

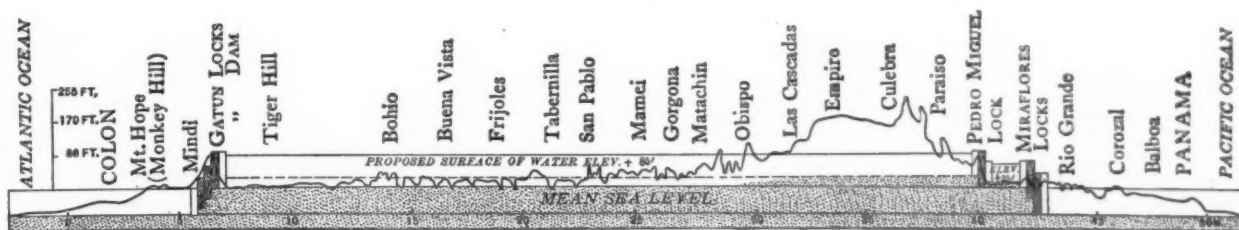
"Much wiser were the second French company and the International Technical Committee which it summoned to its councils in 1896-8. To the last-mentioned body belongs the credit of having devised efficient and comprehensive schemes not only for the great cutting through the Cordilleras, but also for the control and, indeed, utilization of the inconstant Chagres—the latter presenting a vital problem which required complete solution before any attempt were made to pierce, for the purpose of a ship-canal, this portion of the isthmus. It is no disparagement to the brilliant manner in which the officers of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army have accomplished the work committed to their charge to remember that, so far at least as basic principles are concerned, the design of the Panama Canal, as we know it to-day, is identical with that recommended sixteen years ago."

Whereas all the fears which have been expressed by experts as to the stability of the constructive works at Panama promise to be falsified, our contemporary notes, even the most strenuous advocates of a waterway at sea level united in minimizing possible dangers of caving-in. Yet such occurrences in the Culebra cut have been frequent. A careful study of the geological structure of the central division was made by two eminent French en-

gineers and geologists some years ago, and their conclusion was that no caving-in belts were to be apprehended except possibly the clays of the upper part, which had been already almost removed. Not a few American authorities, basing their opinion upon actual observations, thought all that was required to remedy the evil was "excavation" of the clay. As a matter of fact, no other part of the so-called canal has so completely confounded expert anticipations and preliminary estimates. The main factors are breaks and slides:

"Of these there are two classes—gravity slides, where there has been a top layer of porous material resting upon a sloping surface of rock or slippery clay, and those described by geologists as structural breaks or deformation slides, the results of unstable rock formation, the steepness and height of slopes, or the effects of blasting. As the excavation has advanced and lateral support has been removed, the underlying rock of poor quality has been crushed by the enormous weight above it and forced in large quantities into the Canal prism, causing a shearing and settling of the sides and a considerable 'humping' of the bottom. Now, however, there appears to be good reason for the confidence expressed both in the Isthmus and at Washington that the cut will be wholly cleared within a few months, and that in the meanwhile the slides will have reached the angle of repose and, consequently, thereafter will give no further trouble."

These, among a few considerations, suffice to show, our expert authority thinks, how egregious is the misnomer of such a term as "canal," when applied to the triumph of engineering achieved at Panama. What has been achieved is the transformation of a landscape. A river has been deflected here, a lake has been brought into being there, a mountain has been moved and an aqueduct guides a flood. The feats are all on too gigantic a scale to be termed landscape gardening, but the result is in no sense a canal. Neither is it a triumph over Nature. It is the latest work in modern engineering.



THE PROFILE OF THE PANAMA CANAL

The transformation of the face of Nature effected on the Isthmus is the most ambitious bit of landscape artistry in history.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DANCING AS A FACTOR IN THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

**A**T some critical time in the past dancing had a certain survival-value. It was useful in determining which individuals or tribes should go under and which should survive. It performs that very function to this day for reasons which a brilliant student of evolution, Doctor Louis Robinson, sets forth in *The Nineteenth Century* (London).

He alludes first to the part dancing plays outside our complex civilization. Practically every savage people has elaborate dances and spends a good deal of time in such exercises. Among adults dancing seems largely to take the place of the play of children. When we come to analyze the play of all young creatures from the historical standpoint, we find it forms part of an elaborate natural system of education.

For some reason the play instinct in most creatures tends to lapse at the time of full bodily maturity. It does not cease entirely, but apparently it no longer suffices to act as a drill-sergeant for the battle of life. Now savages are all lazy and will not exert themselves when food comes easily. When no dire need or authority is pushing them, they prefer to eat to repletion and then to lie in the sun or loaf about doing nothing. We are all aware that when we

are lazy for any length of time we get "soft." The primitive savage, who lives by the chase and is in continual danger of raids from his neighbors, must, if possible, keep himself fit every day of his life. How was this to be managed by our prehistoric forefather when there was no fighting doing, with the weather soft, and a delicious whale putrefying upon the shore quite near his cave dwelling? To answer this question Dr. Robinson attempts to conjure up a fragment of history.

Tribe A has entered into a temporary partnership with tribe B for a mammoth drive, and they have managed to worry one distracted giant over a precipice. There follows a scrimmage around his carcass in the ravine below, all the savages furiously working with their flint knives and doubtless shoving and snarling like so many whelps over a dish of bones. By and by the tough hairy hide is opened up and they eat to repletion. Tribe A consists of dancing men and they have adopted the habit, which has continued since throughout the ages, of taking vigorous exercise of this kind during or after a feast. Is not the very fact that feasting and dancing still go together exceedingly suggestive? The men of tribe B have no such propensities and look upon the

antics of tribe A with contempt. So they lie about upon the turf when they are gorged, waiting in a kind of stupor for a renewal of appetite. When this state of things has gone on for two weeks or so, a ravenous band of warriors from tribe C across the river—having smelt the mammoth some miles away—make a sudden inrush with yells and brandishing of weapons. They are almost as numerous as the allies, who must either fight or run or be killed. Tribe A, thanks to their dancing, are in a fair condition either to fight or to run and therefore the majority of them escape. But what happens to tribe B, lying in gorged helplessness among the heather? It is really quite safe to say that owing to their want of condition—due to their not being dancing men—they did not leave descendants which are among us in this twentieth century.

It is extraordinary how a lot of negroes who are

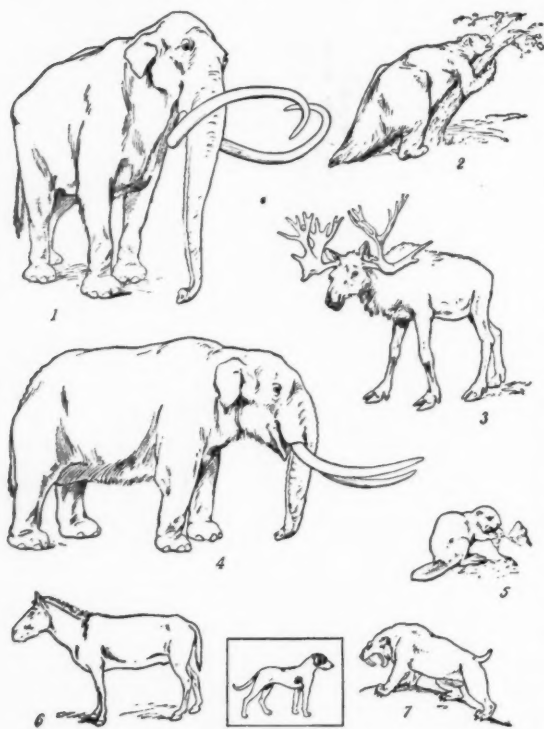
apparently exhausted after a long march will join in a dance with their fellows and how, when not fatigued, they will in their laziest moments spring up and take vigorous exercise of this kind. Every doctor will tell you that there are plenty of women to-day who have not the energy to do any work or walk a couple of miles but who will dance from bedtime to daylight without showing any great fatigue.

Dancing, too, has a significance and a value for those who study man in his mental and moral development. It would seem that primitive man was almost of necessity a coward, and that the more he tended to be intelligent the more timorous he became. Animals noted for courage such as the bulldog and the game-cock apparently have room in their brains for only one thought at a time and the possible disaster which may befall them is shut off from their mind's vision and does not trouble them at all. The better the understanding was developed in our just-human forefather, the more would danger be appreciated. As memory became more comprehensive, the calamities which had befallen him and his mates in the past would hang over him like a nightmare.

"Here apparently was a grave bar to progress along the best and most promising lines, which were those of the mind rather than the body; for it would be the brainy savage who would be most oppressed and unnerved by awful possibilities when entering any danger zone. Yet war was a dread and almost daily necessity if he would escape extinction; and it would seem as if the cowardliness of the more intelligent and farseeing would check human progress by giving the more stupid and brutal tribes the upper hand.

"It seems to me probable that here the spirit of dancing stepped in and, by turning the sensibilities and imaginations of the best men to good account, saved the situation. We know that under the influence of passion many timid creatures and men become utterly fearless. There are few more gallant warriors than the deer in the mating season, and the same is true of sheep and other animals which have become to us personifications of timidity. Doubtless with our early forefathers it was the same. . . . Before the onset they worked themselves up into a factitious rage, or at any rate into that exalted emotional state that we call a fighting mood, by waddances, which often took the shape of prancing around or behind some stimulating emblem to the sound of some rub-a-dub music."

Darwinians are still at loggerheads as to the value of sexual selection in the evolutionary processes and are likely to remain so for a long time, seeing that much of the matter of debate pertains to a foggy and dubious part



PLEISTOCENE PETS

Some of the more characteristic Pleistocene mammals, reduced to a uniform scale, with a pointer dog (in the frame) to show relative sizes.—1. Columbian Elephant (*Elephas columbi*). 2. Giant Ground-Sloth (*Megalonyx jeffersoni*). 3. Stag-Moose (*Cervalces scotti*). 4. American Mastodon (*Mastodon americanus*). 5. Giant Beaver (*Castoroides ohioensis*). 6. Texas Horse (*Equus scotti*). 7. Sabre-tooth Tiger (*Smilodon californicus*).

of the arena. One of the chief difficulties in employing sexual selection in such an argument as this is the fact that many of the things which seem most admirable among birds and animals while choosing a mate look like hindrances rather than aids to racial progress and survivorship. For instance, the gorgeous train of the peacock and the ornamentation of many other birds and animals undoubtedly expose them to danger. In the case of the more social primitive dances, however, Doctor Robinson thinks we may say with confidence that the working of sexual selection was all to the good as conducing to racial fitness. The social dance in which women took part gave opportunity for physical appraise-

ment of exactly the kind needed for sound choice of mates. Moreover, it afforded the chance of advertizing any admirable qualities. It was a test not only of physical grace but of activity, taste and temper. It contributed to honest matrimonial dealing:

"There have been many discussions as to why clothes were first worn—whether for ornament, warmth, or decency—but I think one can say without any doubt whatever that, from the first ages until now, dance clothing has been mainly decorative. Here we find an ethical and eugenical, if not an ethical, justification of matters connected with dancing dress—or undress—which has often provoked severe criticism among very civilized people. Unhappily many social customs claiming sol-

idarity with the worthiest aspects of our latter-day life have contributed to matrimonial fraud, comparable to the covering of rubbishy fruit with an inviting layer of 'toppers,' or even to the tendering of base coin. Without a doubt from the earliest times until now the dance has been a chief purifying agent in the marriage market—has played the part, in fact, of those market inspectors appointed to guard against adulteration.

"Little as is known of the past of the 'Piltown Lady'—who may be said now to have won a sound social status with the honorable surname of Dawson—we may say with full confidence that before her early marriage she danced, and that she dressed for dancing. That earth-stained human fragment over which some of our anthropologists are wrangling in learned polysyllables once bobbed around."

## HOW WE KNOW THAT MODERN RECONSTRUCTIONS OF EXTINCT MONSTERS ARE NOT "FAKES"

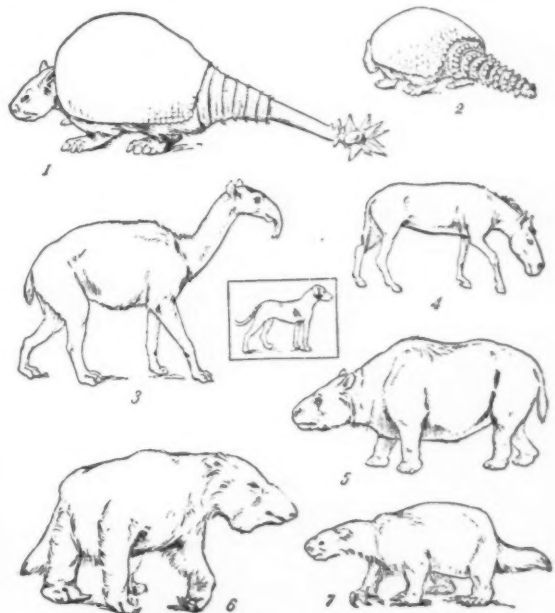
**W**ITHIN the past few years the proceedings of learned societies have been varied by exhibitions of pictures of the monsters who flourished on our planets thousands of years ago. It has been hastily assumed that such representations were in part fanciful, that the paleontologist had found a bone or a tooth and effected a reconstruction. This assumption is mistaken. It is a current and exceedingly mischievous notion, declares Doctor William B. Scott, professor of paleontology at Princeton, that the paleontologist can reconstruct a vanished animal from a single bone or tooth. In spite of repeated slayings, this delusion still flourishes, he adds, and meets one in modern literature at every turn. No doubt much of the skepticism with which attempts to restore extinct animals are met by many intelligent people is traceable to the widespread belief that such offhand and easy-going methods are used in the work.

So far from being able to make a trustworthy reconstruction from a few scattered bones, competent paleontologists have sometimes been led completely astray in associating the separated parts of the same skeleton. More than once it has happened that the dissociated skull and feet of one and the same animal have been assigned to entirely different groups just because no one could have ventured, in advance of experience, to suppose that such a skull and teeth could belong to a creature with such feet. In all these cases (and they are few) the error has been finally corrected by the discovery of the skeleton with all its essential parts in their natural connection. Doctor Scott explains in his new book\* the process of reconstruction as follows:

"While the number of complete skeletons of Tertiary mammals as yet collected is comparatively small, it is often possible to construct a nearly complete specimen from several imperfect ones, all of which can be positively shown to belong to the same species. Such complete skeletons are almost as useful as those in which all the parts pertain to a single individual, tho in making the drawings it is not easy to avoid slight errors of proportion. It must not be supposed that no successful restoration of missing bones is practicable; on the contrary, this can often be done very easily, but only when all the essential parts of the skeleton are known."

Even if an unlimited number of perfect skeletons were available, of what use would they be in reconstructing the living animal? A skeleton is a very different looking object from a living animal, and how is it possible to infer the latter from the former? To answer these questions Dr. Scott considers the relations of the bony structure to the entire organism. The skeleton is far from being merely the mechanical framework of the animal. It is the living and growing expression of the entire organism and is modified not only by age but by the conditions of the environment and accidental circumstances in addition. So long as the animal keeps on living, its bones are perpetually changing.

new joints, and their internal structure is remodeled to meet the requirements of stresses differing in character or direction from those of normal, uninjured bones. The general form and proportions of any mammal are determined chiefly by its muscular system, and this may be directly and confidently inferred from its skeleton, for the muscles which are of importance in this connection are attached to the bones and leave their indelible and unmistakable mark upon them. In any good text-book of anatomy this extremely intimate relation of bone and muscle is made clear; and it is shown how each attachment of muscle, tendon and ligament is plainly indicated by rough lines, ridges, projections or depressions, which speak a language intelligible enough to those who have learned to interpret it."



WARDS OF SOME PREHISTORIC S. P. C. A.

Some of the commoner Pampean mammals, reduced to a uniform scale, with a pointer dog (in the frame) to show the relative sizes. 1. *Dedicurus clavicaudatus*. 2. *Glyptodon clavipes*, glyptodonts. 3. *Macrauchenia patachonica*, one of the Litopterna. 4. Pampas Horse (*Hippidion neogrum*). 5. *Toxodon burmeisteri*, a toxodont. 6. *Megatherium americanum*. 7. *Mylodon robustus*, ground-sloths.

\* A HISTORY OF LAND MAMMALS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. By William B. Scott. Macmillan.

"Not only that, but dislocated bones may and frequently do develop entirely



## IS GRAVITATION MERELY THE BOMBARDMENT OF OUR EARTH BY ELECTRONS?

ONE of the standing puzzles of physics is gravitation, in the study of which we are hardly further forward, notes a physicist in the *London Academy*, than we were in the days of Newton. That all bodies attract one another in proportion to their mass is taken as settled. It is the only way that has yet occurred to us—until the other day—of accounting for the revolution of the planets around the sun or for the fact that a bullet fired from a rifle does not travel forever in a straight line. It was also experimentally proved by the great chemist, Cavendish, who showed that a large leaden ball exercised a visible attraction upon a small copper one placed near it. Yet the nature of this queer force is entirely hidden from us.

It should promote humility among scientists to realize that the new physics is giving plausibility to a theory of gravitation propounded as long ago as

1818 and then received with scant respect. Few anticipations of modern discovery seem so brilliant. The theory was that of Le Sage, of Geneva, who suggested that everything is exposed to a constant bombardment or rain of particles, from which its mass shielded it on one side.

A clearer idea of the importance now attaching to this hypothesis may be derived from Professor David Owen's investigation into the secrets of the ether.\* The revelations of the new physics have been so replete with detail as well as so frequent that we fail to realize the multiplicity of the wave streams all about us.

At the recent great congress of natural scientists in Vienna, Professor Einstein drew attention to the experiments of Eötvös, which go to show that the traditional idea of gravitation since Newton is exploded. In an isolated

\* RECENT PHYSICAL RESEARCH. By David Owen. London: Electrician Publishing Company.

system, for instance, inertia and weight are shown to be the same and the mass of a point is increased and not diminished by the presence of other masses in its neighborhood. How eagerly physicists are exploring the new facts is apparent from the idea put forward by Doctor Fournier d'Albe in *Scientia* (Milan). According to him the ether does not really exist. The atmosphere, as we pass upward from the earth, grows more and more rarified until, in the interplanetary spaces, there is a void. This void is traversed by electrons or tiny particles of negative electricity which are constantly thrown off by the sun and which eventually reach our earth.

Thus has modern physics gone back to the bombardment theory of Le Sage, using different data, of course. It derives some plausibility from experiments lately made in mines and other places, indicating the existence of a constant radiation of electrons.

## NEW NERVES FOR OLD

THE latest achievement in surgery, as may be inferred from discussion in the *London Lancet*, is the restoration of paralyzed muscles by repair and replacement of injured nerves. When a nerve is severed or greatly injured, the muscles supplied by it are cut off from communication with the source of vital energy, the brain, and become useless. Soon both muscles and that portion of the severed nerve connected with them begin to waste and degenerate. Until quite lately it was supposed that such muscle and nerve-wasting is incurable.

The unfortunate victims of facial paralysis caused by injury or cold, of infantile paralysis, of paralysis of various sets of muscles in consequence of wounds and contusions remained without hope of any alleviation of their symptoms. Then modern surgery essayed the problem and proved that if a cut nerve were immediately reunited, loss of function did not take place. This first step led to a consideration of the question whether it might not be possible to effect a reunion after a lapse of time and when both muscles and nerves had begun to degenerate.

Controversy over this point was keen in the medical press. Finally it was conclusively shown by several investigators that nerve union, even after paralysis had occurred, might be expected to effect, if not a complete cure, at least great improvement. Experiments on animals were conducted on a large scale. As a result of these it was shown that if the degenerated end of

a severed nerve were united to the end connected with the brain, the wasted muscles supplied by the nerve gradually recovered their powers. This operation was soon attempted upon human sufferers with excellent results. Wonderful work upon facial and infantile paralysis was done.

Another stage of this form of surgery has just been attained. It seems established that in cases where, for any reason, union of a divided nerve is impossible, a junction may be effected between its degenerated portion and any other convenient nerve. This "nerve grafting" is found to give in the end results almost as good as those obtained by the older method or nerve union. The remarkable feature of the new operation is that it proves conclusively that a brain cell may be taught to perform two separate functions. Each nerve communicates with a particular set of brain cells which control its activities. It was supposed that these cells were of a highly specialized character and could perform only the function allotted to them by nature. The idea that they might be taught to control in addition an entirely opposite, even a different, series of actions was regarded as absurd. So revolutionary are the results now obtained that for the sake of definiteness an authorized statement has been given to the lay press in England and we quote from the *London Times*:

"Professor Robert Kennedy, of Glasgow, the well-known surgeon, and perhaps the most brilliant worker in this

field, has recently made a series of experiments conducted on the fore limb of the dog with a view to throwing further light on this question. He severed all the nerves to the muscles below the animal's elbow, and then connected all these muscles to the group of nerves controlling flexion, or bending. The dog was for some time unable to direct or coordinate its movements. Gradually, however, at about the ninety-third day, this power returned; it had been completely regained by the one hundred and twenty-third day. An experiment with all the muscles connected to the extensor or straightening-out nerves was then tried. Here recovery of action began at the fifty-ninth and was complete by the seventy-ninth day. According to the older conception of nerve activity and control, the dog in the first experiment should have been able to bend, but never again to straighten out its foreleg, in the second to straighten out, but never again to bend it. That, on the contrary, full movement was soon regained has upset this theory completely, and has proved that the brain is capable, if given the opportunity, of adapting itself within a short period to almost any changes of nerve distribution.

"The possible applications of the discovery are very wide. For example, the nerves of a withered or useless limb, the function of which has been lost through some injury to or disease of the brain, e. g., by apoplexy, if connected to a nerve trunk leading to a healthy part of that organ might again receive and convey stimuli. In that case the degenerated and flabby muscles would regain their power and the deformity be cured. Whilst this is speculation, there can be no doubt that Dr. Kennedy's work is of the highest importance and interest, nor that it will have very far-reaching effects."

# RELIGION · AND · ETHICS

## WHAT CHURCHMEN THINK OF THE INVASION OF THEIR SANCTUARIES BY THE UNEMPLOYED

**W**HEN Frank Tannenbaum, a young Jewish leader of the revolutionary organization, the Industrial Workers of the World, led two hundred unemployed men in New York City into Saint Alphonsus' Roman Catholic church a few weeks ago, he was trying, as he asserts, to "call the bluff" of the churches and to show that Christianity's professed solicitude for the destitute is a pretense. He had previously visited other churches with his "army" and had been in several instances hospitably received. In this particular case his action led to the arrest of himself and his followers, and to a trial in which he has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment and the payment of a \$500 fine. The young leader (he is hardly out of his teens) is almost universally criticized or ridiculed, but he succeeded—if that was his purpose—in forcing the problem of unemployment upon the attention of a more or less indifferent public, and raised the question: What should be the church's attitude toward the unemployed? Churchmen have been debating the question ever since, and religious papers throughout the country have devoted pages to discussion of the various issues at stake.

*America*, the ablest Roman Catholic weekly of the country, admits the right of a starving man to take bread, but it denies the right of a horde of men to enter violently a church and to demand of its pastor food, money or shelter. No right, observes *America*, exists without a title. If, therefore, the army of the unemployed has any right, it must be able to show a title, and "a good title must have some solid foundation either in justice or in charity; it must be based on one or other of the grounds recognized by ethics and law." In the present instance the grounds for the title to the right that has been set forth are reduced by *America* to four. "The right to enter churches," it says, "and make demands for food, money and shelter, if it exists, must be founded either in ownership, or in a condition of extreme need, either physical or spiritual, on the part of those concerned, or in the maxim, 'Might makes right,' or in the fact that such entrance and such demands are the only effective means for obtaining redress for a very serious

evil." A moment's consideration makes it clear to *America* that "the army of the unemployed cannot, with any show of plausibility, lay claim to a right founded in any of these four ways, not even in the fourth." The same paper continues:

"The Catholic Church has always been the friend of the poor and those in distress. On the doors of the great cathedrals in the days of lawlessness she hung the massive brazen knocker which gave admission and sanctuary to the oppressed. Her bishops have never hesitated to part with all they had, even the holy vessels devoted to the service of the altar, when they saw their people in dire need. Her sympathy with sorrow and suffering is one of her most striking characteristics. She is avowedly the protector of those who labor and toil. But she always stands on the side of order. She will not lend her aid to countenance or abet either violence or wrong. Those who seek her aid must come in the name of justice or in the sincerity of charity. She is boundless in her charity and mercy to the good; but she is fearless in her opposition to evil."

*The Christian Herald* (New York) is equally averse to helping "disturbers of the peace," and *The Presbyterian* (Philadelphia) thinks that it is actually a crime to encourage such. The Presbyterian weekly of Chicago, *The Continent*, on the other hand, believes that

the churches should welcome "even the insolent." It argues:

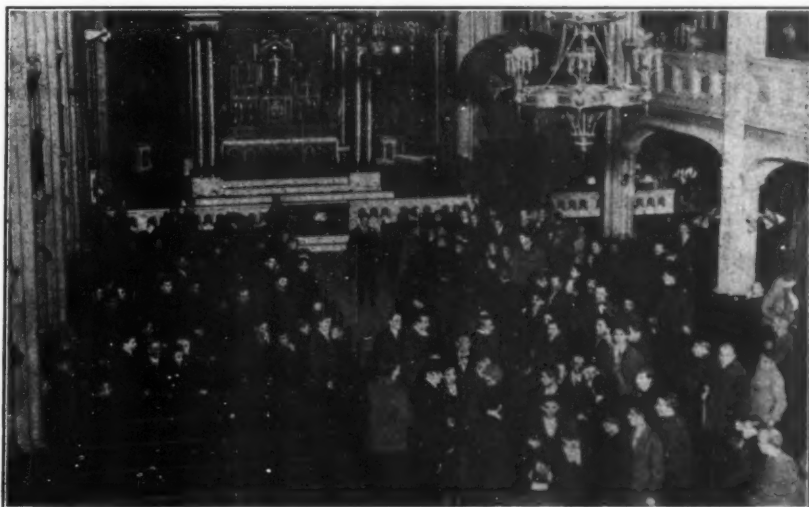
"These agitators have thought to prove to their dupes in this way that the churches are proud, cold and exclusive; it is one of the steps by which they hope to make over the unfortunates of the streets into such anarchists as themselves. To frustrate their strategy, the churches must disappoint them by cordial treatment of all the men they bring inside church doors, regardless of indecorum and insolence.

"If Paul could rejoice when Christ was proclaimed 'even of envy and strife,' certainly modern Christians should rejoice to have men come to church 'even of envy and strife.' The alert Christ-spirit will seize eagerly the chance to treat them so well that they will want to come again."

Many clergymen have joined in the discussion. The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, writing in the *New York Evening Journal*, has no hesitation in branding the "church raiders" as traitors and public enemies. He says:

"There are in our country two classes of agitators. Agitation is always in order. No one is exempt from the privilege (or rather from the obligation) of being an agitator. It is the only means by which conditions can be ameliorated, with the understanding, however, that it is a kind of activity that is to be exercised under limitations.

"There is the constructive kind, which



Courtesy of the New York World

### WHEN THE UNEMPLOYED WENT TO CHURCH

A picture of the interior of Saint Alphonsus' Church at the moment when it was entered by Frank Tannenbaum and his "army." The clergymen in charge of the church subsequently had the intruders arrested and taken to the police station.

builds up and improves; and the destructive kind, that pulls down. One tries to make government better, the other to overthrow it. One means loyalty, the other means treason.

"The I. W. W.s are traitors, and ought neither to be housed nor fed, but jailed at hard labor till their laziness and riotousness are ground out of them.

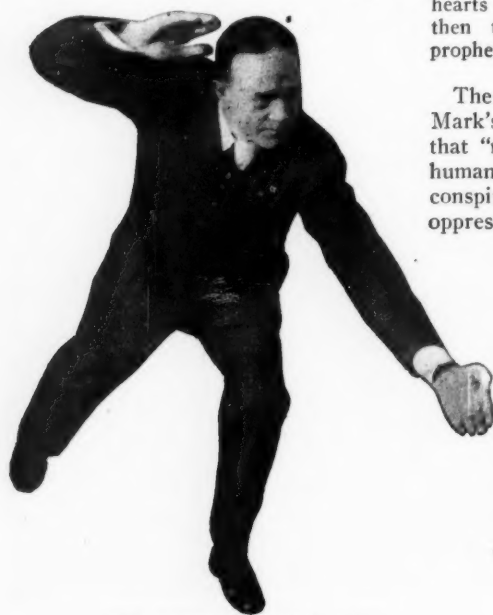
"It was dealt with at the Church of St. Alphonsus just as it ought to be dealt with. Temporizing only makes such tendencies worse and stronger.

"The Haywoods and Tannenbaums are public enemies, inciting to riot, fomenters of unrest.

"They are of an entirely distinct order from the labor unionists, and between the two there is no sympathy.

"The 190 that were gathered into the police net are undoubtedly a weak lot, but weaklings of the same tribe are scattered throughout the entire country by tens and hundreds of thousands, and if our court here in this city will inflict upon our local insurgents a blow commensurate with their crime, it will send a wholesome thrill through the insurgent ranks throughout the country."

Views directly opposite to that of Dr. Parkhurst are expressed by several of the clergymen who entertained the army of the unemployed in New York. The Rev. Dr. W. N. Guthrie, pastor of St. Mark's (Protestant Episcopal), is reported as saying: "Here are some people professedly unemployed, without shelter and without food. Now they come to the church and ask our aid. If this is a church of Jesus Christ, here is a chance to do some good emergency work. If the men are putting up a 'bluff,' here is a chance to call it." The Rev. J. R. Henry, pastor of the Church of All Nations (Methodist), testifies that a majority of the members of the "army" actually were destitute. Eighty



THE BASEBALL EVANGELIST

Billy Sunday "crouches, rushes, whirls, bangs his message out," says one writer, "as if he were at the bat in the last inning, with two men out and the bases full."

of the men came into his chapel. On examination, twenty per cent. confessed they had homes. They were merely camp followers, tagging the army to see the "fun." These were sent away. Of the sixty that remained twenty per cent. were "regular Bowery rounders, following wherever a prospective sandwich, a cup of coffee or a night's lodging might lure them." The balance were workingmen, mostly well-dressed; seventy-five per cent of the whole number were Jews. The men replied to Mr. Henry's questions with entire freedom. Some said they were machinists. A dozen declared they were tailors. One young fair-haired boy, still in his teens, said that he had but recently come from California, where he had been for two years, to find his father and mother dead. He had joined the army in search of food and shelter. Each man was given bread, coffee and meat. "Of the sixty half-loaves of dry bread that was distributed," Mr. Henry remarks, "but three small portions, totaling less than half a loaf, were left. The evidence was conclusive that the men were hungry." The pastor's final reflection is conveyed in *The Christian Advocate* (New York) thus:

"The movement calls sharply to the attention of the public one fact. In the midst of the richest and most wasteful city on earth men who are willing to work are ravenously hungry. There used to be an old adage, Hunger knows no laws.

"While the pompous demands of Tannenbaum helped to make a farce of the real needs of hungry men, it is a question if such acts do not possess more tragedy than comedy. . . .

"Sometimes the ears of good men are heavy that they cannot hear; their eyes are holden that they cannot see; their hearts are hardened that they cannot feel; then the knave and the jester turn prophet."

The Rev. W. M. Gamble, of St. Mark's, calls attention to the fact that "nearly every vital movement for human emancipation, as well as every conspiracy or combination for human oppression, has instinctively sought to seize and use the sanctuary."

The Christian sanctuary is "that sensitive spot in society where moral and spiritual consciousness might be expected to be most alive," and "the rough justice of human need is always challenging the sanctuary to hear its complete witness, to escape from its shackles." Mr. Gamble goes on to write, in *The Living Church* (Milwaukee):

"Among those who planned the move of the unemployed upon the churches, were there unbelievers who sought to uncover the weakness and unpre-

paredness of organized religion? Very probably. Were there those who sought to reduce to practical absurdity the claim of the Church to be an Ark of Safety? Probably. The fact remains that there were churches in New York that did not seek to hide behind their Master's skirts by saying, 'Man doth not live by bread alone'; who recognized that their Master refused to turn stones into bread for Himself, but that He *did* feed the Five Thousand. The reply of the churches that threw open their doors to the unemployed army, in effect, amounted to this: 'Your demand for justice and not charity is a demand that we are bound to concede. Your bit-



BILLY SUNDAY IN ACTION

"At one moment he is at one end of his long platform, and before you become used to seeing him there he is at the other, and then quicker than thought he bounds back to the center, giving the desk a solar plexus blow that would knock out a giant."

ter taunt goes home. The mother has been torn from her children, and has been fed while her children starved. She has little left now but to do penance, for her breasts are dry. She can at least give, by a bare night's lodging, and by listening in silence to the reproaches of the poor, some symbolic acknowledgment of their claim upon her. . . .

"All talks, therefore, about the movement as tho it were a mere result of I. W. W. agitation is wide of the mark. I. W. W. theories could not, in themselves, have created such a movement alone. The movement and its response were all rooted in something powerful and elemental, and the world has not seen the last of it."



## "BILLY" SUNDAY SYMPATHETICALLY INTERPRETED

**A** CHALLENGING figure in the religious world—raw, uncouth, but compelling in his physical vitality—is the Rev. William Ashley Sunday, D.D., "the Baseball Evangelist." He was born in Iowa, and is sometimes regarded as a distinctively mid-Western figure; but he has lately invaded New York City and is assuming the proportions of a national figure. For almost twenty years he has been holding great evangelistic meetings in all parts of the country. The Secretary of State is one of his most devoted admirers. "To call the Rev. William A. Sunday 'Billy,'" remarks Mr. Bryan in a recent issue of *The Commoner*, "is not a discourtesy but an evidence of affection. It was the name by which he was known when he was a baseball player, and he has not found it necessary to maintain his dignity by frowning upon a familiarity which his genial nature invites." Two recent books,\* by the Rev. Elijah P. Brown, of Indianapolis, and by Theodore Thomas Frankenberg, of the *Ohio State Journal*, are peans of praise in celebration of Dr. Sunday's exploits. Mr. Frankenberg goes so far as call him "the greatest living evangelist and possibly the greatest since the days of Pentecost."

The secret of "Billy" Sunday's power, as Dr. Brown interprets it, lies in his capacity to "get down to where the people live and talk so plainly that they know what he means."

"No matter what he talks about he has undivided attention, and holds it without effort as long as he cares to talk. He is interesting because he is so picturesque. He makes you see things, and see them in an interesting way. Darwin wrote a book on angleworms that reads like a romance. Sunday could talk about a rail fence and make you see more beauty in its vineclad nooks and corners than another could show you in a cathedral. He has an imagination that can make the most commonplace things as radiant with beauty as fairyland. He can paint pictures with words, and pictures, too, that you can see as plainly as any an artist ever painted with colors. Sunday is interesting not because he describes things but because he holds them up before you and makes you see them as you never did before."

Sunday's evangelistic campaigns are invariably planned in cooperation with the churches of the communities he visits, and as a rule he has a tabernacle built, to suit his needs, in a central location. If you come to one of his meetings you find yourself in an immense building holding ten or fifteen thousand

people and glorious with electric light and bunting. Over the platform is a long white banner, on which has been painted in the blackest kind of capital letters, almost three feet high, the legend:

GET RIGHT WITH GOD!

A song-service of a half-hour or more, full of life and enthusiasm, opens the meeting. A prayer by a local clergyman follows. Then "Billy" Sunday gets into action. Dr. Brown writes:

"As the first words of the text are announced his muscles become rigid, and then he bends backward as if about to throw a somersault. The manner of the preacher at the start is in a sense mild, and yet it is also vigorous in this, that everybody knows he is in earnest from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. He is not violent; he does not speak unduly loud; there is nothing approaching a strain in his voice. On the other hand, were it not for his hoarseness, you would say that he is speaking with perfect ease, and yet there is something about him that makes you feel that he will soon be hurling thunderbolts. . . .

"Soon he quickens his pace. You can see the perspiration streaming down his face, and his collar begins to look as if it had seen better days. Soon he is raining great sledge-hammer blows upon the unoffending pulpit desk, as he drives home his points, and people near you start as if they had been shot at. . . .

"There is but one word at your command that will even remotely indicate his manner, and that word is *action!* At one moment he is at one end of his long platform, and before you become used to seeing him there he is at the other, and then quicker than thought he bounds back to the center, giving the desk a solar plexus blow that would knock out a giant. Ever and anon he makes long rapid strides to give it more whacks, until at last a big piece splits off and bounds to the sawdust floor below, at which every small boy in the front row jumps and says:

"Gee!"

"Soon the preacher's face is hot and red and streaming, and the steam gauge is mounting upward rapidly. As he denounces sin—and the very kind you at once recognize as your own—his eyes fairly blaze. He goes on, in a way that can only be described as awful, to picture the fate of the unrepentant sinner, and you feel that you know just how the old Hebrew prophets looked. There is no 'in a degree,' 'to some extent' or 'as it were' business about the hell that Billy Sunday preaches. He pulls off the lid so that you can almost feel the fire and smell the smoke and hear the gnashing of teeth, and charges you to remember that it was not made for you, but was prepared for the devil and his angels, and that Almighty God is doing His best to keep you from rolling into it."

These are some of Sunday's maxims and epigrams:

Better limp all the way to heaven than not get there at all.

You don't have to look like a hedgehog to be pious.

Going to church don't make anybody a Christian, any more than taking a wheelbarrow into a garage makes it an automobile.

The devil hates the church, but he likes the work some highbrows do in it.

If there is a heaven for fools, the man who thinks he can get to glory on his wife's religion will be there on a front seat.

The man who don't believe in a hell is about sure to be scorching to it with both pedals loose.

A man can slip into hell with his hand on the door-knob of heaven.

Ball bearings on the church doors will never fill the pews with sinners seeking salvation.

Temptation is the devil looking through the keyhole. Yielding is opening the door and inviting him in.

If you live wrong you can't die right.

To discover a flaw in our makeup is a chance to get rid of it, and add a new line of beauty to our life.

God will not send the winds to drive our ship of salvation, unless we have faith to lift the sails.



"GET RIGHT WITH GOD!"

This is the slogan with which Billy Sunday startles his audiences. 26,000 persons in Pittsburgh are said to have made professions of conversion in connection with his recent campaign in that city.

\* THE REAL BILLY SUNDAY. By Elijah P. Brown, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Company.

THE SPECTACULAR CAREER OF REV. BILLY SUNDAY. By Theodore Thomas Frankenberg. McClelland & Company, Columbus, Ohio.

The real man shuns a path carpeted with velvet.

If you are going to be carried over the rough places, you might as well have no legs at all.

Here is the reply that Sunday made to a criticism of the language he uses:

"Where you put salt it kills the bacteria that cause decay. If a man were to take a piece of meat and smell it and look disgusted, and his little boy were to say: 'What's the matter with it, pop?' and he should say: 'It is undergoing a process in the formation of new chemical compounds,' the boy would be all in; he wouldn't understand.

"But if his father were to say: 'It's rotten!' then the boy would understand and hold his nose. Perhaps this will be all some of you need to know why I preach as I do.

"'Rotten' is a good Anglo-Saxon word, and you don't have to go to the dictionary to know what it means. Some of you

preachers better look out, or the devil will get away with some of your members before they can find out what you mean in your sermons."

The New York *Nation* calls this "religion with a 'punch,'" and finds in "Billy" Sunday a disposition to turn the most sacred things into "a huge sensation" and "a blazing vulgarity." But Mr. Bryan writes in *The Commoner*:

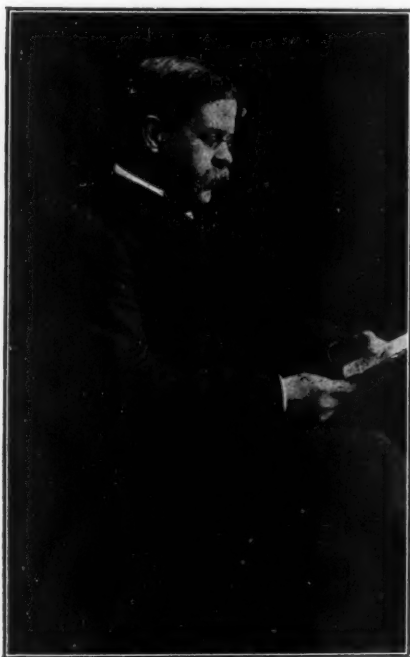
"Sunday should not be condemned because he does not follow the beaten oratorical path. No two speakers are alike if they are worth comparing; no speaker can successfully imitate another speaker, and he will not want to unless he is more interested in his manner than in his message. Some ministers have complained that Sunday is unconventional. But what of that if the Lord gives him souls for his hire? The preacher who finds fault with Sunday should, before complaining, be sure that he can offer in support of his

kind of preaching a longer list of names of persons who have been converted. If your neighbor tells you that he has no use for Billy Sunday, take him to one of Sunday's meetings and let him sit spell-bound, as thousands do nightly, and listen to his presentation of the Gospel. One experience will convince him that a man who can be instrumental in the regeneration of human hearts and in strengthening his hearers to a better life is not laboring in vain.

"Every agency for evil, every manipulator of the man-traps, every conspirator against the purity of youth or the virtue of manhood or womanhood—all these will instinctively protest against Sunday's entrance into their town. Is that not enough to assure the well-meaning man on which side of the scales his influence should be cast? Billy Sunday knows the average man, and he reaches him. He has felt the salvation which he preaches, and he is thus able to bring a knowledge of it to those who need it. He is a power for good wherever he goes."

## THE "BRUTE IN MAN" AS AN ARGUMENT AGAINST FEMINISM

THE "most absurd and dangerous vagary of a restless age," is what William T. Sedgwick, Professor of Biology and Public Health in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, calls feminism. If rebellious women, he says, persist in their agitation for social and political equality with men, a "rough male power" will arise which will place them "where it chooses."



HE TELLS FEMINISTS THEY HAD BETTER BE CAREFUL

If rebellious women, says Professor William T. Sedgwick, persist in their agitation for social and political equality with men, a "rough male power" will arise which will place them "where it chooses."

"With all sense of chivalry, of tenderness, of veneration, gone," the Professor gives warning (in the New York *Times*), "and nothing but fleshly desire left, the status to which that masculine strength may relegate woman will be a subjection in fact and not merely in theory." "There is," he asserts, "no dodging this hard, cold fact: man possesses always the brute strength; strip him of his chivalry, his tenderness, and his respect for womanhood, and you leave naked, unfettered, and unashamed his more brutal appetites toward woman."

Of course the Professor does not think any such horrifying thing is really going to happen. The feminist movement, he is confident, will soon exhaust itself. It is not normal men and women who are responsible for it, but the "mistakes of nature"—"the very masculine women, aided and abetted by their counterparts, the feminine men." To quote further:

"If the feminists are allowed free sway, there will be a total destruction of wifehood and the home, a total destruction of all the tender relations and associations that home involves, but there will never be a relegation of man to a subservient position, there never will be a society in which women will rule men. Granting that they have no other superior quality, men possess the dominating brute strength, and in the last analysis government rests on force. Argument on this point is superfluous."

Perhaps, after all, this liberty which some women are clamoring for is in reality, Professor Sedgwick thinks, only the "privilege of seeking sex adven-

ture." He sees real peril in such an adventure:

"Sex adventure of this sort by any considerable number of women would be a costly enterprise for the sex. Rooted deep in man is brute instinct. This is now held in abeyance for most men and guided by a sense of chivalry that is instilled into man's very marrow through his relation with mother, sister, wife and daughter. Wipe out that sense of chivalry—as it would be wiped out by any considerable 'sex-adventuring' on the part of women—and there is danger that man will simply retrograde into a sex pirate. He is and always will be the stronger physically and economically. And woman, if she is to survive in a time when male protection and chivalry do not exist, will be obliged to yield him what he demands."

Professor Sedgwick's views have met with quick response from at least one man of scientific training, who pronounces his opinions medieval, insulting and fatuous, not based on scientific evidence but on personal prejudices. "It is an affront," writes Dr. Frederick Peterson, of Columbia University, "to the great body of able and dignified women who are supporting the suffrage movement for the betterment of the whole race." As for the "feminine men" who support the feminist movement, Dr. Peterson remarks:

"In the company of Plato, of Abraham Lincoln, of John Stuart Mill and Condorcet, of Herbert Spencer and Huxley and Agassiz, of William Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Bernard Shaw we need not be ashamed. If these are types of 'feminine men,' we may rest content to wear the label."



BERGSON AS AN ATTRACTION

Hémond, the French caricaturist of *Le Rire*, pictures the Sorbonne savant as a matinée idol, amusing "crowded houses."

The most trenchant reply to Professor Sedgwick is that of Charlotte Perkins Gilman in *The Forerunner* (New York). She pronounces his whole argument fallacious, and refers ironically to the perils he discerns in the brute strength of man:

"To see man by 'brute strength' killing the mammoth, taming the elephant, exterminating the mosquito, turning single roses to double, devising steam engines and aeroplanes, casting out smallpox, painting pictures, composing music, weaving silk, teaching school, is interesting enough; but when it comes to government—the art, science and practice of government—there indeed we see 'brute strength' triumphant.

"Julius Cæsar and Napoleon by brute strength achieved their position; Washington and Lincoln by brute strength held theirs.

"The brute strength of the Greek Church governs the submissive millions of Russia—soldiers and all. The hundreds of millions of Chinese have no brute strength or they would govern us at once.

"The brute strength of our magnificent army is all that gives us our power in the world; and in the army, of course, the men with the most brute strength are the officers—must be, to be obeyed."

Concerning man's power over woman, Mrs. Gilman continues:

"Fearing that he did not speak plainly

enough in the earlier part of his article, Professor Sedgwick repeats at length, with buttressing quotations, the basic fact that women cannot move about freely in the world, or do anything safely outside the home, on account of constant danger from this vast reservoir of brutality in man, which he now only with difficulty restrains as a reward for her submission."

If this were the case, Mrs. Gilman says, it would be time for women to carry firearms and begin to drill. But the "brute in man," she adds, with crushing finality, is a bugaboo, "merely nonsense, like the rest of Professor Sedgwick's article."

## THE THREATENED COLLAPSE OF THE BERGSON BOOM IN FRANCE

AT THE age of fifty-five, M. Henri Bergson is the most popular philosopher in the world. He is not only the most popular philosopher, but he has made philosophy popular. Whether he has made philosophy understood is a debatable point. M. Faguët, the veteran French critic, interviewed on the Bergson philosophy, frankly admitted that he had read and reread the works of his new colleague in the Academy, but that he could understand nothing of them. When M. Bergson was informed of this confession of Faguët, we are told that he evinced not the slightest surprise. "Most of my listeners," he declared (says *La Vie Parisienne*) "are in exactly the same position as good M. Faguët—without his frankness."

That does not stop them from flocking to his conferences at the College of France. He lectures usually at five in the afternoon, but, if we are to believe *Fantasio*, some enthusiasts gather in the Rue des Ecoles at early morn. The professor of political economy, who lectures in the same hall at a quarter past three, and the professor of German literature, who conducts a class there at half-past one, were amazed at

the remarkable popularity of their lectures until they discovered that society ladies, foreign students, tourists and others had come early to avoid the rush for seats at the Bergson conference. "Ladies and gentlemen," one of them remonstrated when a violent quarrel over a seat broke out, "before hearing M. Bergson, I insist that you listen to me in silence!"

This avalanche of popularity may bury the author of "Creative Evolution" beneath it. It may prove fatal to his permanent value. Already dissenting voices are heard. Bergson is attacked with rather unnecessary cruelty in many of the Paris journals. *Le Sourire* publishes an imaginary lecture on the tango by "the celebrated metaphysician of the College de France, M. Blagson." He has been caricatured in the irreverent *revues* of the boulevard. M. Worth and other potentates of the Rue de la Paix are designing gowns for society ladies in which they might receive the great metaphysician if he were to accept their invitations to dinner. Far-fetched as this *motif* seems for the design of a Parisian costume, it indicates the extent of M. Bergson's popularity and the danger in it to his dignity. Already in his monthly *La Revue*, M.

Jean Finot has published a symposium entitled "The Bergsonians against Bergson."

Quite naturally, M. Bergson has found it necessary to protest against this popularity which he did not wish to create. In an interview in *La Vie Heureuse* he has asserted:

"Almost everything that has been written about my course and my audience is absolutely false. Perhaps some society people do come, but in a small minority. Besides, there are some people of fashion who are very serious. I have known some. I know some now. Why should we be surprised? People like philosophy. Technicians, professors, doctors and former students who come to the lectures at the College de France are just as serious as the small group of students in philosophy. The rules do not permit seats to be reserved either for the former or the latter; but the students who come in to find the seats occupied by those who have the leisure to wait become angry. There is a regrettable but unavoidable conflict. There are, it is true, a few attracted out of curiosity, as everywhere else, who ought to be elsewhere. There are jostling and crowding. But the hall cannot be enlarged. Tradition at the College de France does not permit us to teach elsewhere. A course of the College de France cannot be given somewhere else.



Unfortunately this problem seems insoluble. One thing is certain—the hall is too small. . . .

"I am judged by hearsay, by legends, from stories which gain currency by repetition. How often are my works criticized from reports made from the perusal of an article written by somebody who knows nothing about me except a résumé of my philosophy, a false summary of it, published by a writer trusting the word of somebody who could never have possibly held one of my books in his hands. But I do not protest. I let all this stupidity pass."

Bergson's popularity may be explained, says Gabriel Reuillard in *Les Hommes du Jour*, by the fact that in his philosophy intuition is given a higher value than reason. This assertion, we are told, is especially pleasing to a frivolous audience. Most people are intuitive rather than reasoners. Only the minority is able to reason clearly. Consequently you can understand why M. Bergson is popular. The adroit M. Reuillard continues:

"This is flattering to an idle and worldly public; to an audience composed for the most part of women who belong to the lower or upper middle class; to a public to whom study or effort is instinctively repugnant; to a public which is horrified by the peril of assuming a definite attitude. M. Henri Bergson seems to say: 'Let us dilute ourselves instead of being precise, let us feel instead of thinking, let us learn the laws of life by allowing ourselves to be guided by feeling,' and other aphorisms of the same type. These affir-

mations, the value of which at least cannot be verified, these aphorisms expressed by an eminent man, wearing all sorts of decorations and heavy with honors, pronounced at the College de France, have the effect of attracting a naturally lazy and mediocre public. By slyly inciting this public to contemplate itself, by apologizing for it, M. Henri Bergson worms sympathy out of it by flattery. He aims straight for success and he gets it. But the means he uses to get it are not new.

"There is another more serious reproach against M. Henri Bergson: that is his own attitude of conciliation. During the latter half of the past century science struck rude blows at religion. M. Henri Bergson does not seem to be aware of this. He unites one with the other after the manner of that hypocritical Catholicism of to-day, which, unable to deny the importance of certain truths which negate its own affirmations, corrects the precision of each in order to live itself. Never, in the course of his dissertations, does M. Henri Bergson either attack or defend God. Prudently, he is reserved on this point, thus conciliating both sides. However, for a philosopher who is given the contribution of discoveries recently made by biology, it is difficult, because of the origin of species and whatever eclecticism one may possess, to admit the creation of the human couple by God. So, religion or irreligion, M. Henri Bergson does not even write the adjective 'divine.' M. Henri Bergson is a prudent philosopher. M. Henri Bergson aims for passing rather than enduring success. M. Henri Bergson is, in truth, a practical man."

M. Reuillard declares that the famous literary style of Bergson betrays his

weaknesses as patently as his system does. It is the style of a literary acrobat or slight-of-hand artist, he claims. M. Bergson has a predilection for the word "evanescence." And this word, says the Paris journalist, sums up the essential quality and the besetting sin of the Bergson style. He toys with an idea, drops it, returns to it in undulating, subtle and adroit fashion. "If I were in business," comments M. Reuillard, "I would want may salesmen to make a continual use of this style in their dealings with customers." Reuillard sums up his indictment of the Sorbonne philosopher in these terms:

"One must consider M. Bergson, whether as writer, as professor, or as lecturer, as an elegant product of our modern bourgeoisie. He comes from it and he turns toward it. He flatters its pride and he makes use of it in his plans. In one word, he is of it. This is the cause of his success with the popular public which he has created as God created man, in his own image, so that in worshipping him this public is worshipping itself. It would be a curious task to cite pages of the works of M. Henri Bergson and to extract from them the extracts of human truth that they contain. I have not the space to undertake this amazing task. And clearness, alas, is not always their quality. But the Soul, the unsubdued, ethereal Soul palpitates in these pages, trembles in them, emancipated from low corporeal contingencies. The Soul rises toward Heaven like a cry, or, to be more exact, like a wail—this Soul that was given to man, to man alone, by God himself."

## DANGERS RESULTING FROM "THE REPEAL OF RETICENCE"

PROFESSEDLY in the interests of morality novelists, story-writers, dramatists, suffragists and manufacturers of moving-picture films have focussed public attention upon the subject of sex. "It would seem that a large section of our people are sex-mad," commented a New York magistrate in a recent "white slave" film case. "What a commentary," exclaims the *New York World*, "on our superior attitude toward the delusions of the middle ages is our present popular hysteria on the subject of sex!"

In the reaction from this "sex-madness," not only the dramatists and writers who have reaped financial profits by stimulating this interest, but educators, physicians, lecturers and social workers are being severely criticized for their lack of foresight in adding fuel to the flames of sex agitation. "Sex hygiene" is denounced as nothing more than a passing fad in education. Agnes Repplier, whose sharply pointed pen has done frequent service in pricking ethical

bubbles, is most vigorous in this attack upon the apostles of "frankness." Writing in *The Atlantic* on "the repeal of reticence" she protests against sex interest being artificially stimulated in the young of both sexes.

"I am disposed to think it receives a strong artificial stimulus from instructors whose minds are unduly engrossed with sexual problems, and that this artificial stimulus is a menace rather than a safeguard. We hear too much about the thirst for knowledge from people keen to quench it. Dr. Edward L. Keyes, president of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, advocates the teaching of sex-hygiene to children because he thinks it is the kind of information that children are eagerly seeking. 'What is this topic,' he asks, 'that all these little ones are questioning over, mulling over, fidgeting over, imagining over, worrying over? Ask your own memories.'

"I do ask my memory in vain for the answer Dr. Keyes anticipates. A child's life is so full, and everything that enters it seems of supreme importance. I fidgeted over my hair which would not

curl. I worried over my examples which never came out right. I mulled (tho unacquainted with the word) over every piece of sewing put into my incapable fingers which could not be trained to hold a needle. I imagined I was stolen by brigands, and became—by virtue of beauty and intelligence—spouse of a patriotic outlaw in a frontierless land. I asked artless questions which brought me into discredit with my teachers as, for example, who 'massacred' St. Bartholomew. But vital facts, the great laws of propagation, were matters of but casual concern, crowded out of my life, and out of my companions' lives (in a convent boarding-school) by the more stirring happenings of every day. How could we fidget over obstetrics when we were learning to skate, and our very dreams were a medley of ice and bumps? How could we worry over 'natural laws' in the face of a 'vrannical' interdict which lessened our chances of breaking our necks by forbidding us to coast down a hill covered with trees? The children to be pitied, the children whose minds become infected with unwholesome curiosity are those who lack cheerful recreation, religious teaching, and the fine corrective of work. A

playground or a swimming-pool will do more to keep them mentally and morally sound than scores of lectures upon sex-hygiene."

Miss Repplier declares that she is not pleading for ignorance, but for "the gradual and harmonious broadening of the field of knowledge, and for a more careful consideration of the ways and means." She protests against crude, undigested knowledge, without limit and without reserve. "It was never meant by those who first cautiously advised a clearer understanding of sexual rela-

tions and hygienic rules that everybody should chatter freely respecting these grave issues. A course of lectures will not instil self-control into the human heart. It is born of childish virtues acquired in childhood, youthful virtues acquired in youth, and a wholesome pre-occupation with the activities of life which gives young people something to think about besides the sexual relations which are pressed so relentlessly upon their attention."

The New York *Evening Post* also criticizes the lack of reticence, of intellectual modesty, among those lec-

turers, "sociologists," and educators of sex hygiene who have opened the floodgates of advice and are rushing in where authorities fear to tread. "Amazing!" exclaims the *Post*. "Here are the Frazers, the Leckys, the Havelllocks Ellises, who spend a lifetime in formulating the merest timid approximation to the history of human institutions, and along comes Vassar, '08, or Columbia, '11, and has no difficulty in asserting that in 776 A. D. the sex taboo fell upon Europe, and in 1649 the pall of Puritanism settled over England. Where do they get it all?"

## BERNARD SHAW'S DISTURBING RELATION TO MODERN RELIGION

A NOTED English critic has recently assured us that behind the Diabolonian mask of Bernard Shaw is a Puritan gentleman, distinguished for his common sense and perfect respectability. An American priest, the Rev. P. Gavan Duffy, now undertakes to show (in the *Century Magazine*) that if we strip Shaw of his cap and bells, we shall find him exercising the true prophetic office in modern religion. When Shaw wrote, several years ago, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," a play which was promptly censored in England, it might have been his own confession of religious faith. Since then, the critics have been busy trying to "show up" Bernard Shaw.

In his article, entitled "Shavian Religion," the Rev. Mr. Duffy admits, however, that it still involves "some degree of real venture" to write on the subject of religion in connection with so enigmatic and shocking a personality as Bernard Shaw. "With the great mass of the orthodox and the nominally orthodox, the terms Shaw and religion have all the sharp emphasis of contradiction," he writes. "Leaving out those who unhesitatingly declare him positively irreligious and a menace to the morals and established proprieties of Christian orthodoxy, he is viewed in turn as a Schopenhauer pessimist, a Nietzschean disciple, a spiritual iconoclast, a man who, for the sheer fun of the thing, revels in shattering Christian ideals into tiny fragments."

Nevertheless, Mr. Duffy asserts, let the conscience of modern religion scream as it may, Bernard Shaw "sits only the tighter on its shoulders after the manner of the Old Man of the Sea in 'Sinbad the Sailor.'" For Shaw is in deadly earnest, and never more so than when wielding the prophet's axe against some contradiction between Christian theory and practice. The writer grants that he is often extravagant and excessive in his attacks, but

these faults, he points out, are characteristic of prophets, almost a necessity of the prophetic calling. To quote further:

"Of course Mr. Shaw errs; all prophets have erred. Angered by religious deceptions and moral humbug, he at times, with what seems to be a keen cynical pleasure, flouts truths which are fundamental to the Christian revelation. One does not seek to defend him here. One sees where indignation loses all restraint; where, irritated beyond further endurance, reservation is flung to the winds, when, beholding the religious moralist professing the truth and practising the corruption, he replies by attacking the corruption under the imagery of its truth. This is to be deplored. Yet far greater prophets have lost their tempers and sadly erred; but because the prophet errs, it does not follow the prophet is false."

Bernard Shaw's incessant warfare, Mr. Duffy maintains, is not with the fundamentals of the Christian religion, but with the modern interpretation of Christianity by religious people. He takes, for example, the "fearless candor" of Shaw's attitude toward the question of poverty. Mr. Duffy writes:

"The governing influence in organized religion has been, and is, teaching contentment and resignation to the victims of present poverty and inadequate wages, while depending for its support upon the rich offerings of the financially powerful. It proclaims the blessedness of being poor, and then moves heaven and earth to obtain money from the wealthy in order that it may continue to assure the sweated slaves that, subject to their resignation, they will enjoy a glorious and inexpensive reward hereafter."

Shaw sees this glaring inconsistency of profession and practice, and he proclaims with trumpet voice that "money is the first need and poverty the vilest sin of man and society." He adds moreover that "to teach children it is sinful to desire money is to strain toward the extreme possible limits of

impudence in lying and corruption in hypocrisy."

Whether we agree with Shaw or not, Mr. Duffy continues, "there is no escape from the point that, if poverty is the blessing—that is, happiness—it is taught to be, it is amazing that not only are so many willing and anxious to embrace unhappiness, but the clergy themselves as a body accept the blessing only when there is no loophole of escape from it. It is true to say, despite religious pretension, that fear of present poverty is far more potent than that of a future hell." Shaw, in this instance, not only destroys a shallow pretence, according to his clerical interpreter, but out of his iconoclasm the promise of construction arises. To quote further:

"The very consistency of the Shavian point of view is the striking background against which religious inconsistency stands out sharply. The realization of this must lead to revision of opinion. . . .

"That the Shavian course should invite condemnation from conservatively religious society is not to be wondered at. Organized religion has ever been intolerant of rebuke, because so conspicuously blinded to its own shortcomings. And it is so involved to-day, with its operations dependent upon a financial basis, that it is not strange that it blames him when he writes so candidly of poverty in relation to religious profession and practice. Nevertheless clearly from his point of view, the louder the voice of condemnation is raised, the greater the measure of the success of his mission. If, as has been contended, his purpose is to shock self-complacency and self-gratulation into wakeful thought and reform, there is abundant evidence that he has by no means failed."

It is noted by several critics as a significant sign of the times that a Roman Catholic priest should pay so handsome a tribute as this article implies to the man who is generally regarded as the most rebellious figure in contemporary English literature.



# LITERATURE · AND · ART



What is the Matter with the Magazines?

**T**OO many magazines" was the burden of the cry of the magazine editors and makers who met a few weeks ago in Philadelphia to discuss the problems of their craft. Robert Underwood Johnson, late editor of the *Century*, spoke as a defender of the older magazines of national scope, those which he called the "quiet" magazines, as contrasted with the magazines of the newer school. He said:

"The new type of magazine has no region of repose for the eye to rest upon. It reflects the neurasthenia of the day, the impatient pulling up of everything growing in our national life, to see if it is alive. Its writers attempt to take the Kingdom of Heaven by rush-line violence. This restlessness of the magazines is not less regrettable, since it is the coefficient of the age.

"Years ago, Woodrow Wilson, in commenting on Carlyle's style, said trenchantly, 'All life is not running to a fire.' I believe that we ought to return to the calmer philosophy of Emerson. It would show us that truth does not consist wholly in the exposure of facts, but that we may best contribute to the progress of our times through a fine idealism."

Mr. E. S. Martin, of the editorial staff of *Life*, speaking at the same conference, expressed his conviction that this is "a lunch-counter generation." In reading "we take what we can get, where we can find it and hurry on." He added:

"The trouble with the magazines perhaps is their readers. The editors have to labor frightfully with the authors they have, to bring their work up to grade. And the cost of producing an educated taste in millions of readers is frightful. The great job of our day seems to be to feed the multitude with loaves and fishes—and automobiles. Our writers can't 'muck-rake' any more. That great industry is dead, and dear old Reticence slips back on the stage, to get every hand in the house."

The Editor's Hunt for the New Writer.

**I**N connection with these and similar reflections on the present plight of the magazine, the question arises whether editors nowadays have the same enthusiasm in discovering new material that they used to have, and whether authors are offering as good material as in the past. Mr. S. S. McClure, after recounting in his "Autobiography" (now running in *McClure's*) some of his triumphs as a magazine maker and some of the

authors that he has discovered, goes on to say that people often ask him whether he thinks there are unknown Kiplings and Stevensons working in obscurity now. He confesses that he cannot answer the question. "But," he remarks, "of one thing I am sure, and that is, if they are here, they do not at all resemble Kipling or Stevenson." Emerson said: "When a great man dies, the world looks for his successor. He has no successor." No more, comments Mr. McClure, has a great writer. The argument proceeds:

"A group of great writers, like those of whom I have spoken, seem to exhaust the air for a time. It is usually



THE SOMBER FACE OF CONRAD

A new portrait of the Anglo-Polish novelist who is ranked with Meredith and Hardy, and whose latest story delineates a woman's suffering.

fifteen or twenty years before a new man comes along who has really anything to say; and there must be a new race of critics and editors, too, who will permit him to say something new. The men of small talent unconsciously imitate the last great successes, and editors are looking for something like Stevenson or like Kipling, that will meet with the same success.

"Kipling once said to me: 'It takes the young man to find the young man.' And that is true. The new talent is usually discovered by the editor who faces the future without predilections and without a gallery of past successes. No man's judgment retains that openness for very

many years. His successes become his limitations. He is influenced by the development of his own tastes, by the memory of past pleasures, by the great personalities who have made the most interesting chapters of his life. His eyes are fixed on things behind him and soon become blind to the new man."

When Mr. McClure Discovered Kipling.

**I**T WAS in the summer of 1894 that Mr. McClure read Kipling's "Jungle Stories" and came to the conclusion that their author was to be one of the great figures in English literature. Kipling had several years before returned from India by way of the United States, writing, on his way, a series of letters for the *Allahabad Pioneer*, the paper with which he had been connected. The great body of Kipling's wonderful early work—including "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three" and "The Phantom Rickshaw"—had already been done. "These were the products," Mr. McClure observes, "of that prodigal period of early youth when the only thing that holds a genius back is that there are not hours enough in the day for him to write down the stories that are boiling in him." And yet Kipling was almost unknown. Harper & Brothers refused to become his publishers. Mr. McClure tells us:

"He was still writing with the free pen of the unknown man; he had achieved, as yet, only a *succès d'estime*. Indeed, so far as the market was concerned, Kipling went slowly. For a long while his prices remained very moderate. He returned to England, and began to be talked about there in 1889; but, as late as 1893, I was offered one of the 'Jungle Book' stories for \$125. Five years later I paid \$25,000 for the serial rights of 'Kim.' We also serialized 'Captains Courageous' in *McClure's Magazine*.

"There was even a feeling of resentment on the part of some of the older writers, who wrote about the usual kind of thing that these young men hailing from foreign ports and out-of-the-way places of the world should be attracting so much attention. Their vogue was merely because their material was exotic, some critics said. There was a rhyme going about among self-satisfied people:

When the Rudyards cease from Kipling,  
And the Haggards Ride no more."

George Meredith's Definition of Genius.

**M**R. MCCLURE reveals in his autobiography, among other things, his intense admiration of George Meredith. Before reading





THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRECIPICE"

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie acknowledges, in the title of her new novel, that feminism has its dangers as well as its inspirations.

Meredith, he says, he had always heard of the English novelist as "very difficult"; his books were spoken of as quite unattainable to the man of average intelligence. "I had imagined," Mr. McClure tells us, "that to read one of his novels would be something like reading a very obscure work on philosophy and psychology in one." Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the first to attempt to disabuse Mr. McClure of this idea. Once, when he was on the road, Mr. McClure bought a cheap copy of "The Egoist." He found it, he says, absolutely absorbing. Then he read "Richard Feverel," after which he bought all Meredith's novels and "went through them in about six weeks." He had never read any novels with more interest or delight. He resolved to meet Meredith the next time he was in England, and in course of time he was able to carry out his resolve. The novelist was as brilliant as even Mr. McClure could have desired. "One had the feeling, when he talked, that there were swords flashing in the air." During this talk Mr. McClure asked him how, in the light of his own experience, he would define genius. Meredith's answer, as nearly as Mr. McClure can remember it, was this: "It is an extraordinary activity of mind in which all conscious and subconscious knowledge mass themselves without any effort of the

will and become effective. It manifests itself in three ways—in producing, in organizing, and in rapidity of thought."

## Conrad's "Chance."

JOSEPH CONRAD has given us a different conception of genius when, in his "Personal Record," he has spoken of the creative travail in which, like a prophet of old, he has "wrestled with the Lord," and in which "mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day." After reading Meredith and after reading Conrad, most people will be disposed to grant to each author the value of his own theory and his own experience. Mr. Conrad's latest novel, "Chance" (Doubleday, Page), is uniformly conceded to be not only a work of art but a work of genius. The design or intellectual pattern which runs through the story—namely, the infinite permutations out of which chance relations weave people's destinies—is one specially in keeping with the author's gift of philosophic irony. "As always with Mr. Conrad's art," remarks the *London Nation*, "it is much less the particular figures of his drama that count than the light that plays on them, and the secret of his power lies in his scheme of human valuations, calling into play the infinite variety of shades and tones that we find, say, in a great stretch of landscape. One may be disappointed occasionally in the speech and gestures of his characters, even in the spontaneity of their thought, but never in the marvelously rich chiaroscuro and poetic magic of the whole picture of life."

## The Destruction of a Woman's Belief in Herself.

TESS of the D'Urbervilles' and 'Richard Feverel,'" declares Helen Bullis in the *New York Times Review of Books*, "were novels of character; 'Chance' is a novel of the effect of circumstances upon character—a very different thing." The heroine of Mr. Conrad's new story is the daughter of a financier who has gone wrong. She is thrown, by his disgrace, into the power of a mercenary governess who abuses her and, at a memorable moment, casts her into a very abyss of mortification and despair. She is rescued from her misery by a captain whom she feels is moved by pity, but whom she hopes, at the end, to love. The real tragedy of the story, as Helen Bullis sees it, flows from "the destruction of a woman's belief in herself." She writes:

"At the age of fifteen Flora de Barral received an incredible spiritual shock—one so incredible that we are sure it must actually have happened to somebody,

somewhere—with the result that she became obsessed with the idea that there was something about her repugnant to love—that no one could be permanently attracted to her. Few people, of course, suffer from an experience as concrete as Flora's, but in her Mr. Conrad has illustrated one of the commonest, most obscure and most tragical of emotions. It is impossible to say how many people feel, consciously or subconsciously, a profound distrust of their own power to inspire affection, or how deeply this distrust may influence their lives, for the reason that it is one of those feelings cherished in its thousand shades and degrees almost universally, but which each possessor believes to be his own secret and peculiar property. It is not confined to either sex; men as well as women know how poignant it is to be grateful for love, how bitter the sense of meeting only what is expected and already familiar, when love is withheld or withdrawn. Yet so far as we can recall, Mr. Conrad is the first to make it the subject of a novel."

## Knut Hamsun Introduced to American Readers.

A LITERARY event of real importance is the translation into English, by Carl Christian Hyllested, of Knut Hamsun's "Shallow Soil" (Scribner's). This gives us our first opportunity to read in our own tongue the writings of a Norwegian who has visited America twice, has worked here as a farmhand and as a street-car conductor, and has written thirty books. The story chosen for introducing Hamsun to America is an ironic and realistic account of the



HE WRITES OF "SHALLOW SOIL"

In a novel that has just been translated into English, Knut Hamsun, the distinguished Norwegian writer, dissects the weaknesses of the artistic temperament. The above portrait is reproduced from a painting by Henrik Lund.

younger generation in Christiania, toward the end of the last century. On the one side we see a group of flabby Bohemians who spend their time producing tiny works of art with immense labor and in praising one another, and against them are set the business men whom they call "the hucksters" and on whom they live. Two women, one strong and one weak, complete the picture. "Very beautifully," says a writer in the *New York Times Book Review*, "are these women drawn, with that peculiar, pellucid effect that appears to be inherent in Norwegian genius." The same writer continues:

"There is a good deal about the political aspect of affairs, interesting to American readers chiefly because of the attitude adopted by the different characters toward the needs of their country. But as a study of human nature and as a story of poignant reality it belongs anywhere. It is full of passages of rare beauty and must possess a true lyric note in the original which is necessarily somewhat dimmed in translation, good as that is. There is not an uncertain moment, the interest moves steadily forward, the development of the different characters, each on his own particular little track, is wonderfully accomplished.

"The arraignment of Norway in this book must have been like a blow."

A Pioneer in the American Literary Drama.

**C**ONSPICUOUS among the young Americans who, following the example of famous foreign dramatists, are beginning to publish their plays even before production, and thus establish a literary value for our native drama, is George Middleton, the author of "Nowadays" (Henry Holt), a "contemporaneous" comedy in three acts. Mr. Middleton has hitherto been known in the published drama (he is also a skilful producer for the theater) as "a pioneer in the general cause of the one-act play," to quote Clayton Hamilton, the dramatic critic; and a dozen of his "diminutive dramas" have appeared in two notable volumes, "Embers" and "Tradition." He is also a pioneer in using his dramatic gift for the presentation of problems and crucial situations, both serious and comic, which arise from the present efforts of women to readjust their social position. Mr. Hamilton writes (in *The Bookman*):

"These plays, tho totally different in subject-matter, reveal an underlying unity. Each of them deals essentially with women—and with modern woman in relation to our modern social system. Woman is, at present, a transitional creature, evolving from the thing that man considered her to be in the far-away period of wax flowers and horse-hair furniture to the being that man considers her about to be in the unachieved,



THE ANALYST OF WOMAN'S "TRANSITIONAL" STAGE

George Middleton's printed plays deal with the problems and crises, both serious and comic, which arise from the present efforts of women to readjust their social position.

potential future; and Mr. Middleton has caught her in this period of transition and has depicted her, under many different lights, colored with her virtues and discolored with her faults."

A Plea for the Printed Play.

**M**R. MIDDLETON'S contribution to the growing body of American dramatic literature is distinguished by its earnest realism, its sanity and high good humor. "There is nothing Futurist or Cubist or Queerist about Mr. Middleton's work," says a writer in the *New York Globe*. "To understand and enjoy his plays it is not necessary to turn a handspring or squint an eye or go through other mental or physical distortion." They would act even better than they read, according to Clayton Hamilton; and yet, he adds, "they disclose a meditative and unhurried analysis of life that is hardly to be expected in the usual and hasty dramas of Broadway." Mr. Middleton strongly favors the printed play. He believes that a time is coming when people will know their dramatists as they know their novelists, and when they will be able to compare the plays produced with those neglected by theatrical managers. He stated recently in *Harper's Weekly*:

"The printed word sets the dramatist right before his public. The fact that a play is also to be read is in itself an incentive for a better tone in phrase, which

is possible without losing verisimilitude. Stage directions, too, under this spur, become vital and human. Subjectively then it is both a stimulus and a defence. Further, publication renders the author a small but durable public and he becomes accessible and known to many who, in the quiet of the study, may find hidden qualities which are often lost or blurred in the presentation. People are apt to forget that the theater is capricious and does not always offer its financial success to plays of greatest moment. The prophet or social interpreter may be ostracized by the public if he violates too radically the thought and convention of the moment. The published play affords him some audience and keeps his play alive, for it can be read creatively by sympathetic understanding."

Women with Wings.

**F**EMINIST novels continue to appear in ever increasing number and variety. One of the most original is Inez Haynes Gillmore's "Angel Island" (Henry Holt). The story has been running as a serial in the *American Magazine*. It voices, with new imagery, the feelings of women who chafe against the existing order, and who are looking around for an escape. At the opening of the tale we see five shipwrecked sailors thrown on a remote island in mid-ocean, an island haunted by women of a superior race—women with wings. Each of the men represents a different type, and shows his disposition in his attitude toward woman. One feels that women should be treated like "household pets"; another "like dolls"; a third insists that "there is only one law to govern a man's relation with a woman—the law of chivalry"; the fourth believes them ideal, made of stars, sunlight, moonshine, and to be treated "like beings of a higher world"; and the last takes the common-sense ground that they are human beings, the other half of the race, neither "better nor worse than we." The super-women, "Peachy," "Julia," "Angela," and the rest, are just as definitely individualized, on their side, and take just as different views of their relation to men. Impelled by curiosity, half attracted, half repelled, they are finally captured by the men. Their wings are clipped. They come into subjection. It is all charmingly conceived and it all has symbolic value. "The metaphor of a winged human creature," Nicholas Vachel Lindsay observes in the *Chicago Post*, "becomes vivid and useful when it is seized to illustrate the queer condition of the American female. Let us talk of winged women," he continues, "at the tango teas and the suffrage rallies. Let us exhort the ladies to embroider Peachy and Julia and Angela, with their blue and white wings and Olympian bodies, on the woman's suffrage banners. And when

the great woman voters' parade rolls by, let us see in fancy, fluttering above their heads, their spirit wings of green and gold and blue and orange and scarlet and silver and white."

"The Precipice."

ANOTHER clever and distinctive feminist story is "The Precipice," by Elia W. Peattie, the well-known Chicago journalist. "Her title is Mrs. Peattie's acknowledgment that feminism has its dangers," notes a re-

viewer in the New York *Globe*. But Kate Barrington, the heroine, is unafraid. She "springs to action" from a background of transitional types of womanhood, some reactionary, others emergent, all more or less playing in love and marriage what Kate describes as the "old medieval game." Mrs. Peattie's style is calmly realistic. "It is a pity," the Boston *Transcript* says in criticism, "that there is not something forceful and menacing in her story," as the title implies. Because

the novel lacks sensationalism, the writer thinks it lacks life. But Mrs. Peattie's own foreword best expresses the spirit of her entire book, and it is well worth quoting:

"A fanfare of trumpets is blowing, to which women the world over are listening. They listen even against their wills, and not all of them answer, tho all are disturbed. . . . They move in their sleep, or spring to action, and they present to the world a new problem, a new force—or a new menace."

## BERNARD SHAW AS A PURITAN ANSWER TO THE PAGANISM OF OSCAR WILDE

IN his valuable estimate of the artistic and literary forces at work in England between 1890 and 1900,\* Holbrook Jackson, that sturdy critic, protests that "fin de siècle" was not a time of sickly decadence with pulse "clammy, feverish and uncertain," as a writer in the London *Bookman* maintains, but of lively renaissance. Even in the distinctly decadent movement itself, Mr. Jackson professes to find a certain ascendant quality. "All its cynicisms and petulances and flippancies," he writes, "the febrile self-assertion, the voluptuousness, the perversity were, consciously or unconsciously, efforts towards the rehabilitation of spiritual power." The brilliant arts of epigram and paradox served equally well the intellectual frivolities of Oscar Wilde and the Puritan morality of Bernard Shaw. The attitude which Shaw adopted, Mr. Jackson says further, "was in the nature of a Puritan reply to the paganism of Wilde, and he used similar weapons with equal skill, drama and fiction, conversation and oratory, flashing with sharp rapier wit flung out with intense subjectivity."

Wilde created the fashion in epigram and paradox. He was their commanding genius. All the other decadents who followed in his steps tended to appear like imitators. Then along came Shaw whose gift of wit was more than comparable with Wilde's, and he had the courage, Mr. Jackson continues, "to use his brilliance to throw light on a definite moral purpose. . . . There was something more than cleverness in Shaw's saying, something more than art." To quote at length:

"The newly awakened social conscience found in him a willing and effective instrument, and despite his unabashed and often self-announced cleverness, the intellectual vice of the time, mere 'brilliance,' critical or otherwise, was rarely for him an end in itself, as was the wit of Oscar Wilde. His cleverness subverted

a creative end, an end which looked forward towards a new and resplendent civilization. It was the sharp edge of the sword of purpose."

Yet Shaw's success in England, Mr. Jackson asserts, has not been in any way national. The mass of people still know him only as a name appearing frequently in the papers, usually in connection with some statement or idea which seems to them either freakish or incomprehensible. The reason for this, he explains, is not far to seek. Bernard Shaw is an apostle to the puritanical middle class. To quote further:

"He displays all its characteristics in his personality and his art, what are called his eccentricities of thought and expression being often little more than advertisements of his own respectability. Puritanical, economical, methodical, deeply conscious of responsibility and a sound man of affairs, he sums up in his own personality all the virtues of the class satirized by Ibsen in 'The Pillars of Society.' An examination of his most 'ad-

vanced' ideas urges the point; for even his dialectic is bourgeois from its nicest subtleties to its most outrageous explosions. When he shocks the middle classes, which he does very often, he shocks them with the sort of squibs they would let off to shock themselves for fun; and when he argues with them he uses precisely the kind of argument they use in defence of the things they already know and like. As a Socialist, he invariably appeals to the bourgeois instinct of self-interest; and much of his philosophy is a modern variation of the bourgeois ideals of self-help and self-reliance—namely, self-assertion."

All of which, Mr. Jackson concedes, does not alter in the least the freshness of Shaw's gospel, nor the value of his unique contribution to modern thought. If he has given to the puritanical middle classes what was meant for mankind, there is nothing in his teachings which is fundamentally opposed to broad human needs. Shaw is our great realistic artist philosopher. To Oscar Wilde, in his perversity, realism was abhorrent. To Shaw it is the very life of art and morality. Mr. Jackson thus concludes:

"Rightly understood, Shaw's gospel is universal, and none the less so because it is eclectic and has been assimilated and selected by one of the most able and distinguished minds our nation has produced from the thought of the most powerful and original of modern intelligences. Schopenhauer, Richard Wagner, Friedrich Nietzsche, Henrik Ibsen and Samuel Butler have all contributed material to augment that gospel of reality which Shaw has preached with so much original eloquence and wit. The Eighteen Nineties were largely indifferent to the high and bewildering purpose of this teaching, although it is not easy to imagine an atmosphere better suited for its development either on the part of its creator or of his possible followers. It was reserved for the new century to recognize Shaw's great gifts by wide discussion and much protest, and it is certain that protest will die down when the ripe sanity and easy common sense of his purpose is seen through the satiric *diablerie* of the mask he chooses to wear."



HE INTERPRETS SHAW AS A GREAT REALIST

Holbrook Jackson, in his latest book, contrasts the realism of Bernard Shaw with the romanticism of Oscar Wilde, to the disadvantage of the latter.

\* THE EIGHTEEN NINETIES. Mitchell Kennerley.



## A FRENCH POETESS WHO IS HAILED AS A MODERN SAPPHO

THE foremost poet of our times is a woman," declared a distinguished Belgian critic more than two years ago, in an essay in the *Revue Générale*, on the work of the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles. The tribute is the more remarkable because this Belgian review is Roman Catholic in its sympathies, while the Comtesse de Noailles is confessedly pagan by birth as well as by temperament. But whatever the religious preference or sympathy of her critics, none can deny the brilliance of

was so gifted a musician that she was known among her friends as "the Muse of the Piano." Her marriage to the Prince Bessaraba de Brancovan, of a powerful Roumanian family, made her the mother of several gifted children, of whom the Comtesse de Noailles is the most famous. Thus Roumania, the land of those sweet singers, Carmen Sylva and Hélène Vacaresco, shares with France and Turkey the honor of having produced this notable lyricist, whose first book, "Le Cœur Innombrable" (The Innumerable Heart), published in 1901, was crowned by the Academy.

This work, remarkable, indeed, for a girl but little more than twenty, was received with great acclaim by the public, and was followed with even greater success by two other collections of lyrics, "L'Ombre des Jours" (The Shadow of the Days) and "Les Eblouissements," a title imperfectly rendered by "Glamors."

All of these are surcharged with a rapturous delight in the beauties of nature, and an almost intoxicated ardor in the joy of living, with, above all, an exaltation of youth and love as the supreme gifts of life. And correspondingly there is a fear of death and a horror of age, bereft of love and beauty, characteristic of the pagan spirit which knows no god except the great god Pan and his kindred deities.

The most diverse comments have been evoked by Madame de Noailles' verse in the French papers. Maurice

Barrès has hailed her rhapsodically as a reincarnation of the Greek spirit; and Robert Harvard declares: "She has revived the romanticism of Hugo, while infusing it with all the warmth and languor of the Levant." One of the fullest and most appreciative criticisms of her work appears in a recent issue of *Larousse Mensuelle*. This article opens with the words:

"It is impossible to deny that the appearance of the Comtesse de Noailles has been marked by a sort of revival of the lyric

in France. . . . She has rediscovered the tradition of the romanticists, and if she lacks the loftiness and the verbal richness of the greatest among them, she has at least their abundance, their vitality, their ability to recreate the world in their own image.

"In her first volumes Love held a minor place. Her soul was ardently open to the slightest beauties of Nature: plants, flowers, and fruits were things to be caressed and loved like animated beings. Like the inspired Saint of Assisi she might have said: 'My brother the fire! My sister the water! My sister the lark!' A sort of frenzied worship of Pan was all her religion; famishing for life she projected her soul violently into the world, that it might dilate therein and multiply itself. Her newest volume is very different, with a title which suggests religion and almost mysticism. It is rather an elevation of her nature than a mere enlargement. Anxious to bring as much order as possible into this magnificent chaos, she has divided it into four parts: Passions, Climates, Elevations, and Tombs. But a beautiful unity soars above these divisions, which are intermingled and interpenetrated like the water and the earth in a landscape. From the very opening page of the 'Passions' we perceive that the joyous sensuous emotion of the past has melted into ardent and plaintive spiritual emotion. The Beloved One has appeared; he lives; all the universe is comprized within him. . . .

"But, having drunk avidly of the cup of life held to her lips by Love, she has learned, like Byron, that it foams sweetly only at the edge, and on draining it to the bottom, she has found the savor and



"I HAVE PIPED UNTO YOU"

A group in which Gutzon Borglum seems to symbolize the grief of the artist in the failure of his highest performance to attain appreciation.

her genius and her preeminence over all other living French writers in her own field of lyric poetry.

Her latest book, "Les Vivants et les Morts" (The Living and the Dead), has added new lustre to the immortal laurels upon the brow of this modern Sappho. It was published only a few months ago and the leading French reviews are devoting much space to long and critical analyses of its content and style.

Tho born and reared in France, and married a few years ago to the bearer of one of the most ancient and honorable names in France, this remarkable young woman — she is still in her early thirties — is not French by blood. Her grandfather, Musurus Pasha, was Turkish ambassador to London, and her mother, the ambassador's daughter,



"PURSUED"

A representation of one of those moments of crisis in which Gutzon Borglum delights. The riders are Indians flying from an avenging enemy.

the bitterness of death. But she appears resigned; she accepts the common fate, seems to despise all that is not eternal, and regrets having spent her soul upon the transient. Then, swiftly, she begins to tremble at each of those minutes which slowly and surely destroy love; her tenderness is the incessant fear of the miser guarding his treasure."

Other critics, while conceding Madame de Noailles' artistic inspiration, frankly regret the uses to which she has chosen to put her gifts. Speaking, in particular of novels that she has written, Adolphe Brisson says: "I do not believe that more unwholesome works exist in any literature." A woman writer, Madame E. St. Marie Perrin, not only blames her with setting the bad example to other women of position and cultivation in the matter of a lack of reticence, but makes (in *Le Correspondant*) the following pungent observations:

"Her novels and her poems in general are the echo of that frenzied cult of Self which excludes the elementary nobility of respect for others and which dries the very springs of charity. This evil tendency of woman Madame de Noailles exhibits exaggerated almost to the point of dementia. By this her work detracts from us, and as I believe, unjustly. All the men who have written of her have remarked that 'she has illuminated the psychology of the modern woman,' that she has made 'precious avowals' of her true nature.

"I have a horror of this sort of masculine smile at these pretended revelations; this malicious pleasure of men in some-



HERCULES AND THE MAN-EATING MARES

Gutzon Borglum's famous portrayal of a mad stampede of horses directed and guided by the will of a single man.

thing that lowers women! How many women have felt themselves revolted on reading the preface of M. Marcel Prévost to that book by a Swedish novelist called 'The Dangerous Age'; yet it was not M. Prévost with whom they were indignant, but rather the woman who had provoked these commentaries.

"Women novelists need not place woman on a pedestal in their books, but if they boast that they paint woman complete they owe it to their partners in the conflict to go beyond accidental depravities and permanent evil instincts to that admirable impulse of the feminine heart which is to serve the loved one."

Madame Perrin protests that she

says this not from fear of the truth, but from love of the whole truth, and she adds, in concluding, a sincere tribute to Madame de Noailles' power:

"No human being who has not sold his soul need fear to let its depths be seen. And what one sees therein is the inalterable flower of humanity wherein is traced that image of God which is never completely effaced by vice. The Comtesse de Noailles has but now perceived the reflection of this image in herself. It is this discovery which gives to her latest book that coherence of feeling which is not found in the others, and which makes us esteem it more beautiful tho it may be less brilliant."

## THE "MOMENT OF INTENSITY" IN GUTZON BORGLUM'S SCULPTURE

FOLLOWING close on the exhibition of Constantin Meunier's sculpture in the Avery Library of Columbia University came a display, in the same place, of the work of the American sculptor, Gutzon Borglum. The two artists were bound to be contrasted. Meunier was the sculptor of labor. In his figures we read the never-ending story of the struggle of man to subdue the earth. Gutzon Borglum, on the other hand, seeks to realize what Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, of the *New York Mail*, calls "the moment of intensity." Mr. Chamberlin explains:

"He seems to be looking in all things for the apex, the keynote, the *summum bonum*, the kiss of consummation that typifies and expresses all that is in them. One sees a continual striving for that supreme moment in everything he does.

"The passion at its maximum, its highest degree of intensity; that is it. It is a strain which, either in spirit or flesh, could not be endured for another moment; in marble or bronze it is made eternal."

Because he strives for the summit, Mr. Chamberlin continues, Gutzon Borglum could never be a mere realist. He deals with emotions rather than with matter. The point is illustrated by a reference to the large marble statue, "Conception." This is a pure and beautiful representation of the moment of a woman's awakening to motherhood. A shadow of sorrow darkens the tense face. No subject, in Mr. Chamberlin's judgment, could be more solemnly treated. Its seriousness, he says, is as transcendent as its beauty. The supreme moment of life, the summit of creation, with the joy of life crossed with its pain, is depicted in this figure. It symbolizes life, joy, mystery, trust.

As a kind of sequel to this study Mr. Borglum offers the "Wonderment of Motherhood." It shows a figure brooding in ecstacy over its own offspring. Mr. Borglum is fond of dramatizing the power of woman. He represents Atlas, the bearer of the burden of the world, as a woman. "She embraces the

world," Mr. Chamberlin notes, "at the same time that its weight almost crushes her head. She is on her knees. She triumphs, yet she staggers—and she loves her burden!" Another marble, "The Martyr," is just a beautiful woman, thrown to the devouring teeth of the world.

The standing figure of the group, "I have piped unto you and ye have not danced," is a woman. At her feet is a man. The meaning of this conception is, for Mr. Chamberlin, "the grief of the artist in the failure of his highest performances to attain appreciation." He writes: "The artist is typified by a beautiful woman with rapt and exalted face showing the marks of sorrow; while the man to whom she has piped, stupidly unimpressed, groveling, is at her scornful feet. The effect of the group is marred by the fact that the man appears to be physically spurned, or thrown down, whereas it would seem that he should be at his ease, swine-like."

"The Mares of Diomedes" represents

another of those moments of crisis which Mr. Chamberlin finds so characteristic of Gutzon Borglum's work. We see a mad stampede directed and guided by the will of a single man—the hero, Hercules, who in bringing from Thrace the man-eating mares of the King of the Bestones performed the eighth, supposedly impossible, task imposed by Eurystheus. It is a bril-

liant work. There is wild confusion and yet perfect order. The horses pile on one another in their frenzied haste. They are aquiver with life.

In the "Wooing of the Centaurs," Mr. Borglum again shows how well he can depict the bodies of horses; but "he has apparently interwoven with his subject the philosophical idea of the promotion of the animal nature to the

spiritual plane by the advent of love—a fine conceit, most beautifully expressed." The critic concludes: "If Gutzon Borglum's sculpture speaks for America as Constantin Meunier's does for Belgium, we may no doubt be glad that it tells us of an aspiring and beautiful America—of loving womanhood, of motherhood, rather than of a despairing toiler."

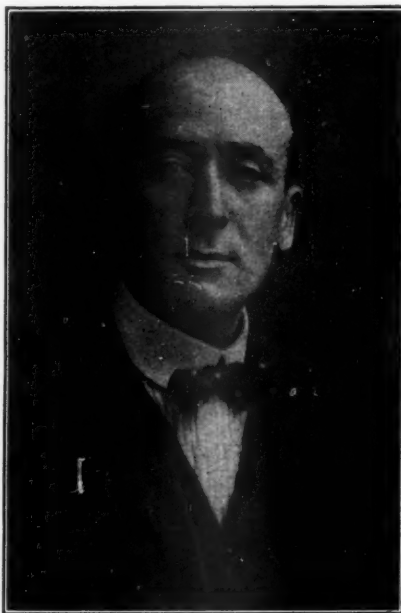
## ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF GHOSTLAND

**A**LMOST stealthily, out of the unknown, there has stepped into the foreground a new English writer who challenges comparison with Edgar Allan Poe and E. T. A. Hoffmann. Altho the author of eight or nine strange books, all written with a subtle but insistent suggestion of the uncanny, the name of Algernon Blackwood has been mentioned in the literary journals only in the last three or four years. The book that made his reputation, "John Silence, Physician Extraordinary," has just been published in this country by Vaughan & Gomme, who intend to bring out his other books as well. Four or five of his books have already been published by Macmillan.

Modern science reaffirms many of the miracles of the Middle Ages. Obsession is a real thing to the modern psychologist. Spiritualism finds its exponents among the scientific leaders of the world. The transmutation of metals seems no longer an idle dream. Algernon Blackwood is the first writer who effectively avails himself of this renaissance of wonder in the light of modern science. He writes of the occult in terms of the psychology of the twentieth century. His hero, John Silence, is a Sherlock Holmes of the soul, hunting down the ghosts of prenatal obsession. And John Silence, by the testimony of the author's other books, is Algernon Blackwood himself. The secret lore of the Rosicrucians is at his fingers' ends.

Familiar spirits, fire elementals, malignant forces of nature, the posthumous subsistence of desire, are the commonplaces of Blackwood's fiction. In one of his stories, "A Psychic Invasion," he has hit upon the ingenious device of bringing the souls of lower animals, a dog and a cat, into contact with the spirit world of evil. Neither Poe nor Hoffmann, both laureates of the occult, excel the masterful interpretation of animal psychology in Blackwood's tale. He introduces here a note into fiction which is absolutely original. This overworked term, as a writer in the *Evening Post* remarks,

is undoubtedly deserved by one who writes ghost stories like a poet. John Silence, the writer goes on to say, is a psychical doctor, and his cases are those involving the rescue of patients' souls from the perils that beset them,



LAUREATE OF THE OCCULT

Algernon Blackwood, the author of "John Silence," is a master of the secret lore of the Rosicrucians, and writes of the mysterious in terms of twentieth-century psychology.

not in the sense in which the alienist and the moralist would speak of psychic perils, but the dangers that lie beyond the normal threshold of our senses, a world of discarnate malignant spirits. We are concerned with haunted houses, devil-worship, sorceries, a form of material which, in unskilled hands, makes the worst of shilling shockers, but which, given artistic handling, becomes, as in the present volume, literature that tempts comparison with the best of the literature of fantasy and horror.

Blackwood, remarks a writer in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, is a master of the horrible—perhaps the terrible is a better word. "He writes beautiful English, he creates an

atmosphere of suspense and terror that thrills the most jaded reader, his plots are strikingly novel, and he varies the exciting action with delightfully humorous dialog and descriptive passages of lyrical charm." If he uses the occult terror as a charm, adds another British literary authority, *The Athenaeum*, in a review of Blackwood's most recent book, "Ten-Minute Stories," his reader is constantly reminded that "magic" is a child's word for unknown law. He provides, in short, "a nursery for the teachable materialist." Mr. Blackwood, *Public Opinion* (London) remarks, has the great gift of seeing the invisible and the intangible. The same paper goes on to say: "He is a man who lives on the hilltops, and loves the wind, and believes that the whole world is apant with life—closer than hands and feet—if we could but see it."

Mr. Blackwood's own career, according to *The Bookman* (New York), has been wildly adventurous. He was educated in a Moravian Brotherhood School in the Black Forest, which furnishes the background for one of his stories. He worked on a farm in Canada, edited a Methodist magazine, and superintended a dairy. His wanderings led him penniless to New York. He made a living by posing for Gibson, Cox and Zogbaum, went through the newspaper mill, working both on the *Sun* and the *Times*, and at one time was private secretary to Mr. James Speyer, the banker. Since 1905—he must be nearly forty now—Blackwood has taken up writing and traveling. He claims no abiding-place and no possessions, not even a room in London. All he owns, we are told, three trunks can hold, and snail-like he takes his home about with him—in the winter to Switzerland and Egypt; and in summer wandering somewhere—to the Caucasus (where he wrote the "Centaur"), to the Jura Mountains ("Pan's Garden" and "The Humane Chord"), to the Dorsetshire pine woods of England ("Education and Uncle Paul"), and to the Alps ("A Prisoner in Fairyland").



## PORT OF MANY SHIPS—A SEA-YARN BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Everyone who knows anything about John Masefield knows that he is a sort of amphibious writer, equally at home on land or sea. The volume of short stories published for him a few months ago (by Macmillan) almost smells of tar and oakum. It is entitled "The Mainsail Haul" and contains some weird sailorman's yarns, of which the following is a sample.

**D**OWN in the sea, very far down, under five miles of water, somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico, there is a sea cave, all roofed with coral. There is a brightness in the cave, altho it is so far below the sea. And in the light there the great sea-snake is coiled in immense blue coils, with a crown of gold upon his horned head.

He sits there very patiently from year to year, making the water tremulous with the threshing of his gills. And about him at all times swim the goggle-eyed dumb creatures of the sea. He is the king of all the fishes, and he waits there until the judgment-day, when the waters shall pass away for ever and the dim kingdom disappear. At times the coils of his body wreath themselves, and then the waters above him rage. One folding of his coil will cover a sea with shipwreck; and so it must be until the sea and the ships come to an end together in that serpent's death-throe.

Now when that happens, when the snake is dying, there will come a lull and a hush, like when the boatswain pipes. And in that time of quiet you will hear a great beating of ships' bells, for in every ship sunken in the sea the life will go leaping to the white bones of the drowned. And every drowned sailor, with the weeds upon him, will spring alive again; and he will start singing and beating on the bells, just the same as he did in life when starting out upon a cruise. And so great and sweet will be the music that they make with this singing and beating on the bells that you will think little of harps from that time on, my son.

**N**OW the coils of the snake will stiffen out, like a rope stretched taut for hauling. His long knobbed horns will droop. His golden crown will roll from his old, tired head. And he will lie there as dead as herring, while the sea will fall calm, like it was before the land appeared, with never a breaker in her.

Then the great white whale, old Moby Dick, the king of all the whales, will rise up from his quiet in the sea, and go bellowing to his mates. And all the whales in the world—the sperm-whales, the razor-back, the black-fish, the porpoise, the right, the forty-barrel Jonah, the narwhal, the hump-back, the grampus and the thrasher—will come to him, 'fin-out,' blowing their spray to the heavens.

Then Moby Dick will call the roll of them, and from all the parts of the sea, from the north, from the south, from Callao to Rio, not one whale will be missing. Then Moby Dick will trumpet, like a man blowing a horn, and all that company of whales will "sound" (that is, dive), for it is they that have the job of raising the wrecks from down below.

Then when they come up the sun will just be setting in the sea, far away to the west, like a ball of red fire. And just as the curve of it goes below the sea, it will stop sinking and lie there like a door.

**A**ND the stars and the earth and the wind will stop. And there will be nothing but the sea, and this red arch of the sun, and the whales with the wrecks, and a stream of light upon the water. Each whale will have raised a

wreck from among the coral, and the sea will be thick with them—row-ships and sail-ships, and great big seventy-fours, and big White Star boats, and battleships, all of them green with the ooze, but all of them manned by singing sailors. And ahead of them will go Moby Dick, towing the ship our Lord was in, with all the sweet apostles aboard of her. And Moby Dick will give a great bellow, like a fog-horn blowing, and stretch "fin-out" for the sun away in the west. And all the whales will bellow out an answer. And all the drowned sailors will sing their chancies, and beat the bells into a music. And the whole fleet of them will start towing at full speed towards the sun, at the edge of the sky and water. I tell you they will make white water, those ships and fishes.

When they have got to where the sun is, the red ball will swing open like a door, and Moby Dick, and all the whales, and all the ships will rush through it into an anchorage in Kingdom Come. It will be a great calm piece of water, with land close aboard, where all the ships of the world will lie at anchor, tier upon tier, with the hands gathered forward, singing. They'll have no watches to stand, no ropes to coil, no mates to knock their heads in. Nothing will be to do except singing and beating on the bell. And all the poor sailors who went in patched rags, my son, they'll be all fine in white and gold. And ashore, among the palm-trees, there'll be fine inns for the seamen, where you and I, maybe, will meet again, and I spin yarns, maybe, with no cause to stop until the bell goes."

## BY THE LIBRARY STEPS—A STORY

This story of childhood and its joys of imagination will appeal to all grown-ups who can remember back as far as the days in which fairies were real and all princesses were beautiful. The story was published anonymously in the Saturday magazine section of the New York *Evening Post* about six months ago. The name of the writer, we have since ascertained, is Miss Laura Campbell. We abbreviate the story slightly.

**I**T WAS some time ago as a matter of routine and quite without adventure or even the expectation of it that the Free Lance had jogged it joyously from the Battery to Forty-second street. Here she paused to reflect—the reflection likewise a mere matter of midsummer routine—that there is no street in all the world more interestingly desolate than Fifth Avenue in July and August; and in the very moment of reflection, perhaps the better to view the scene of interesting desolation, she broke a link in the chain of her daily schedule, and, closing her parasol, turned to the left, and made for one of the broadly inviting stone benches

that at the margin of the Public Library hold out alluring invitation to all who are vagabond in spirit, who are free lances in life and living, who are princes and princesses of the sun-dial. . . .

In reminiscent mood, the Free Lance shut her ears to the noises of eager life about her. She was face to face with one of those Barrie-ized, Peter Panetic moments (in reality very terrifying to a normal adult), when she realized that she was hopelessly weary of being grown up, weary of long skirts (oh, why long skirts?), of gloves, parasols, hatpins (oh, why hatpins?—in the little-girl days one wore a snug and snappy elastic beneath

one's chin); and she longed with all her heart to race once more across the crowded thoroughfare, to dodge with keen delight among the intricacies of the magic pathway that led between the soberly trousered legs and sedately flowing skirts of the passing throng.

The Free Lance struggled to glimpse that enchanting pathway again, but, tho she shut her eyes tight in dogged make-believe, it wavered and dimmed before her; and when she looked up again she saw only the prosaic strip of the Fifth Avenue pavement, the endless procession of trousered and skirted individuals.

(Continued on page 401.)

## VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

ACCORDING to Mr. George P. Brett, we are now witnessing the beginning of a new golden age of poetry. Mr. Brett is at the head of one of the largest publishing houses in America, and he speaks from close business observation. The novel, he thinks, is on the decline; but for the first time since Tennyson "the poets have broken into the 'first sellers' class." The sale of one of Targore's books in America has reached 100,000 copies. Masfield, we are told, is another of the best sellers. The moving-pictures, Mr. Brett thinks, are displacing the novel as a time-killer, but you cannot get poetry into moving-pictures. The poet of to-day has a golden opportunity if he will only sing to the hearts of the people, for the largest audience in the history of the world awaits him.

But that "if" which Mr. Brett imposes is a very large and troublesome one. It implies something more than technical skill, intellect and even imagination. We have had great poets who usually failed to touch the heart, Milton, for instance, and we have had distinctly minor poets, Will Carleton, for instance, who usually succeeded. What the irreverent reporter calls "pulling the sob-stuff" may win popularity, but of itself it will never win the heights of Parnassus. All the same the poetry that has heart-throbs in it is poetry the world will not let die. It passes on from hand to hand and from lip to lip and keeps turning up in newspaper corners, scrap-books, school readers, questions-and-answers departments, and the Congressional Record. Much of it is bathos, but some of it is incredibly good.

The poem below is not "sob-stuff," but it is the sort of thing that lives on for a long time because it "connects" with the ordinary experiences of mankind. We find it published anonymously in the New York Telephone Directory. Inquiry reveals the name of the author:

## THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.

By BERTON BRALEY.

WHAT is there seeming duller than this book,  
This stolid volume of prosaic print?

And yet it is a glass through which we look

On wonderland and marvels without stint.

It is a key which will unlock the gate  
Of distance and of time and circumstance,

A wand that makes the wires articulate  
With hum of trade and whisper of romance!

Somehow there is enchantment in each page—

The whirr of wheels, the murmurs of the mart,  
The myriad mighty voices of the age,  
The throbbing of the great world's restless heart.

Such are the sounds this volume seems to store

For him who feels the magic of its thrall,

Who views the vistas it unrolls before  
His eyes that scarce can comprehend them all!

Here is the guide to all the vast extent  
The wires have bound together; this will show

The way to help when need is imminent,  
When terror threatens or when life burns low;

This brings the lover to his heart's desire

That he may speak to her o'er hill and lea,

This is the secret of the singing wire—  
To all the "world without" this is the key!

A new volume of Mrs. Shorter's poems comes to us from England ("New Poems": Maunsel & Co.). We find that we have already captured a number of them for this department from the periodicals in which they first appeared. Here, however, is a very arresting poem which we have not before seen:

## THE PRAYER.

By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

MANY worlds have I made," said  
the good God,  
"But this is best of all."  
He slipped the round earth  
from his lap;  
Space held the circling ball.

"Six days have I labored," said the good God,

"To make it very fair,  
And man and woman have I molded fine,  
Set them together there.

"Open ye night's windows," said the good God,

"For I would hear them pray."  
Up from the spinning globe there came  
Loud cries from far away.

"Into my hands deliver," cried the man,  
"The chastening of my foe,

His vineyards grant me—his slaves and oxen,  
So shall I lay him low."

"Give to me strange beauty," said the young maid,

"More fair than all to be,  
So I anoint my body and go forth  
To draw men's hearts to me."

"Behold, this is not good," said the good God,

"Nor made to my desire."  
Then cried his little Son, "I shall go forth,  
To save them from thine ire."

"O reach ye down your arms," said the good God,  
Unto the seraphim,  
"Lift up the broken body of my child,  
For they have tortured him."

"Open the windows of the night," said the good God,

"For I would hear them weep."  
Up from the spinning world's tumultuous sound  
Man's prayers imperious leap.

"Into my hands deliver," cried the man,  
"My foe to bend and break,  
Burst thou his strongholds and his ships entomb,  
So I my vengeance take."

"Give to me rare beauty," said the young maid,

"More fair than all to be,  
So I in silk attire shall go forth  
To draw men's hearts to me."

In a new periodical—*The Little Review*—appears a poem by Mr. Lindsay. It is not a great poem and it does not try to be. But it is decidedly pleasing in its subject, its melody, and its artful repetitions. He dedicates it to Lucy Bates, and terms it "a reminiscence of certain private theatricals."

## HOW A LITTLE GIRL DANCED.

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

Oh, cabaret dancer, I know a dancer  
Whose eyes have not looked on the feasts  
that are vain.

I know a dancer, I know a dancer,  
Whose soul has no bond with the beasts  
of the plain:

Judith the dancer, Judith the dancer,  
With foot like the snow and with step like  
the rain.

Oh, thrice-painted dancer, vaudeville dancer,

Sad in your spangles, with soul all astrain;  
I know a dancer, I know a dancer,  
Whose laughter and weeping are spiritual  
gain;

A pure-hearted, high-hearted maiden evangel

With strength the dark cynical earth to disdain.

Flowers of bright Broadway! You of the chorus

Who sing in the hope of forgetting your pain:

I turn to a sister of sainted Cecelia,  
A white bird escapinig the earth's tangled  
skein!—

The music of God in her innermost brooding!

The whispering angels her footsteps sustain!

Oh, proud Russian dancer, praise for your dancing!

No clean human passion my rhyme would arraign.

You dance for Apollo with noble devotion:

A high-cleansing revel to make the heart  
sane.  
But Judith the dancer prays to a spirit  
More white than Apollo and all of his  
train.

I know a dancer who finds the true God-  
head;  
Who bends o'er a brazier in heaven's  
clear plain.  
I know a dancer, I know a dancer,  
Who lifts us toward peace from this earth  
that is vain:—  
Judith the dancer, Judith the dancer,  
With foot like the snow, and with step  
like the rain.

We are glad to see something again  
from Mr. Hooker's lyrical pen. May-  
be the poets can't stand winning prizes.  
Orrick Johns won a prize and for a  
year we hardly heard from him. Zona  
Gale won a prize and almost dropped  
out of sight for a while. Mr. Hooker  
won a prize over a year ago and this  
is the first lyric of his we have seen  
since. It appears in *Smart Set*:

## SEPARATION.

BY BRIAN HOOKER.

**D**AWN light and bird song, and trees  
against the blue—  
All the lights of heaven, dear, are  
fair because of you!  
But now the fields are fallow, and all the  
skies are gray—  
Empty of the sight of you to light love's  
way.

Hearth light and home song, and voices  
by the fire,  
Merry with your mirth, dear, and warm  
with your desire—  
But now the house is hollow, and all the  
fires are chill,  
Barren of the joy of you to wake love's  
will.

Come to me, bring back to me the worth  
of day and night,  
The body of all beauty and the soul of  
all delight!—  
Sunbeam and starshine, roses after rain,  
The color and the melody, the laughter  
and the pain,  
And all my life alive in me to hold you  
close again!

If you like dialect poetry, here, from  
the *National Magazine*, is an excellent  
specimen. If you don't like it—but then  
you can't help liking this:

## A DIXIE LULLABY.

BY STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

**L**AUGHIN' wif yo' dinneh in de coh-  
neh ob yo' mouf—  
Sweetes' pickaninny in dis po'tion  
ob de Souf.  
Lookin' at yo' mammy fum de tail-eend  
ob yo' eye—  
Make has'e dar, brack baby, fo' yo meal-  
time slippin' by.  
Make dem sof' lips wiggle—yo's a triflin'  
li'l coon!

Mammy up en take yo' dinneh fum yo',  
putty soon!

Laughin' wif yo' dinneh in de cohneh ob  
yo' mouf—

Yo' ain't fear'd de craps will fail en ain't  
askeered o' drouf.

Rollin' roun' dem chiny eyes at mammy—  
li'l scamp!

Mammy she ain't lub yo' none—she fling  
yo' ter a tramp!

Huh-uh! Nee'n't pucker up yo' baby lips  
en cry;

Mammy gwine ter lub yo' twell de salty  
sea run dry.

Sleepin' wif his dinneh in de cohneh ob  
his mouf.

Wahm lips on de proudest mammy boo-  
zum in de Souf.

Belly full o' dinneh en his skeer all druv  
away—

Lawd! Huccome day cain't stay small  
fohebeh en a day?

Bofe dem chiny windehs got dey shettahs  
farstened down—

Fix dat baid, Sis' Lindy, w'ile he slum-  
berhin' so soun'!

The following exquisite miniature ap-  
pears in *Harper's*:

## NIGHT SONG AT AMALFI.

BY SARA TEASDALE.

**I** ASKED the scattered stars  
What I should give my love;  
They answered me with silence,  
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea  
Down where the fishers go;  
It answered me with silence,  
Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping  
Or I could give him song;  
But how can I give silence  
My whole life long?

Charm and mystery, glamor and  
romance, are woven into this poem  
from the "Collected Poems" of "A. E."  
(London, Macmillan):

## BABYLON.

By A. E.

**T**HE blue dusk ran between the  
streets; my love was winged  
within my mind,

It left to-day and yesterday and  
thrice a thousand years behind.

To-day was past and dead for me, for  
from to-day my feet had run

Through thrice a thousand years to walk  
the ways of ancient Babylon.

On temple top and palace roof the bur-  
nished gold flung back the rays

Of a red sunset that was dead and lost  
beyond a million days.

The tower of heaven turns darker blue,  
a starry sparkle now begins;

The mystery and magnificence, the myriad  
beauty and the sins

Come back to me. I walk beneath the  
shadowy multitude of towers;

Within the gloom the fountain jets its  
pallid mist in lily flowers.

The waters lull me and the scent of many  
gardens, and I hear

Familiar voices, and the voice I love is  
whispering in my ear.

Oh real as in a dream all this; and then  
a hand in mine is laid:

The wave of phantom time withdraws;  
and that young Babylonian maid,

One drop of beauty left behind from all  
the flowing of that tide,

Is looking with the self-same eyes, and  
here in Ireland by my side.

Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon  
has taken wings,

While we are in the calm and proud  
possession of eternal things.

We printed a poem in the April num-  
ber from Mr. Towne's new book ("Be-  
yond the Stars and Other Poems"), but  
the poem below will not let us rest easy  
until we reprint it also:

## NEVERTHELESS

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I

**H**E heard the fifes at the end of the  
street,

He heard the marching of thou-  
sands of feet;

The rush and the murmur, the beat of the  
drum,

The sudden strange delirium;  
He saw the gold banners and flying flags,

The rapturous faces of lads and hags;  
The light romance, and the gleam of it all,

The wonder, the magic, the dream of  
it all.

But he did not see the lonely campfires  
burning

On distant fields; and he forgot the  
yearning

Of aching hearts when nights were filled  
with dread;

He did not see the piteous, helpless dead.  
He did not think of sorrow and alarms,

The empty years that mocked his empty  
arms;

He did not think of many a blood-stained  
hill. . . .

Yet had he thought, he would have fol-  
lowed still!

II

She heard the story—old as the years;  
She waited through nights of girlhood  
fears

For the dream to come, as come it must,  
And make a glory of the dust.

She said, "No love shall be like ours—  
Life's roadway bright with eternal  
flowers."

She saw the beauty, the light of it all,  
And the terrible, splendid might of it all.

But she did not know of days and nights  
of weeping,

Heart-breaking absence and slow shadows  
creeping

Around her couch to hide Love's blazing  
light.

She did not know Love has its day—  
and night.

And she forgot the thorns amid the roses,  
Forgot that sometimes Love's book softly  
closes;

She did not know Love's sorrows blind  
and kill. . . .

Yet had she known, she would have  
followed still!



# FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

## THE PUZZLING ACTION OF HENRY FORD

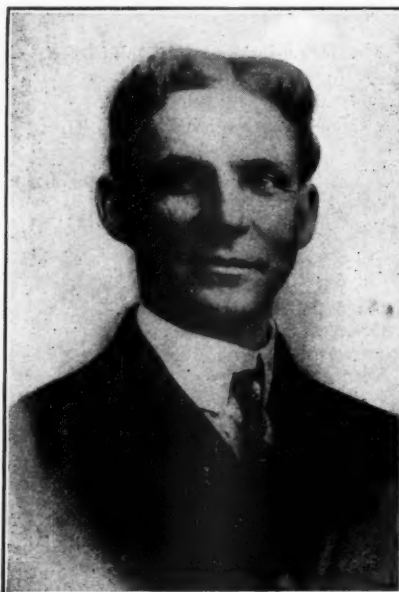
THE action of Henry Ford in distributing one-half of his profits, that is to say, about ten million dollars, among his employees, was like the splash of a mountain in the ocean of economic thought. The newspapers and magazines still reverberate with the shock. Conflicting estimates of Mr. Ford appear in the public prints on both sides of the Atlantic. According to some, he is the prophet of a new industrial era. According to others, he has merely committed a grave economic sin. Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Inspired Millionaires," gives no less than five favorable interpretations of Mr. Ford's action. My first impression, he remarks in *Harper's Weekly*, was that Mr. Ford, after a long hard pull at "business is business," a furious stretch of sleepless efficiency, and of sizing everybody accurately up and paying everybody precisely down, had come to the end, and, bored to death at last by the long, slow monotone of his own competence, decided suddenly that something would have to give in somewhere. So one night—about New Year's Eve—when no one was looking, he stood up over his scrupulously measured-off, tiresomely infallible economical factory, pulled out the bung of ten million dollars on it and went home to rest. Those things human nature will do in spite of itself! It was a kind of "tear, or orgy of benevolence." Mr. Lee's second impression was that Mr. Ford's action was a "ten-million-dollar bit of confidentiality" (almost for the first time) between a millionaire and a world, a cry for help, an advertisement for friends, for human fellow beings. This, Mr. Lee goes on to say, may be the specific idea that Henry L. Ford is trying to express:

"Socialism and Syndicalism are at best mere temporary jobs that have been made for people by millionaires who could not think. The very first moment millionaires begin to think they will have to ask the Socialists and Syndicalists to help them. We are all in one way or another busy to-day thinking out a new world, and thinking with money is so much more practical and useful a job (even for a Socialist) than thinking without money, that nearly all the Socialists and Syndicalists who can really think (as fast as millionaires open up) are going to accept from them thinking-with-money positions. When money thinks, Socialism and Syndicalism will disappear of their own accord and on their own suggestion.

Even the millionaires themselves can be seen on every hand already joining in and trying to help one another to think."

Greatest Advertising Appropriation Ever Made.

THE third impression of Mr. Ford's action that Mr. Lee chronicles is based on the supposition that perhaps Mr. Ford was advertizing his own business. Mr. Ford has thought out the best advertisement and made the deepest, most sensational appeal to



THE MOST WIDELY DISCUSSED BUSINESS MAN IN THE WORLD

There are some who regard Mr. Ford's generosity to his workmen as economically indefensible, there are others who look upon him as the prophet of a new industrial era; but there is no one who can ignore the "ten-million-dollar bomb," as one writer calls it, which he has hurled into the arena of economic discussion.

human nature he could have made. There isn't a man living, the writer goes on to say, who isn't touched by it, for there isn't a man living who at bottom wouldn't rather perform a miracle than merely get rich. Mr. Ford, apparently, is doing both at the same time.

"There are those who may say that what Mr. Ford has really attempted is a huge international ten-million-dollar advertisement from the Ford Company that it wants the best labor on earth. It is a notice to all the best labor to flock away from everybody else to the Ford factory in Detroit, Michigan.

"This may be true, but it is certainly better for all of us that if a man deserves

the best help in the world and is going to make the best use of it, he should have it.

"It pleases us to have our cars cheaper. It pleases us, too, that Mr. Ford, instead of paying out ten million dollars advertizing money to the newspapers, has taken his ten million dollars and put it into the hands of the men who are going to be working for Ford and working for us. . . .

"Possibly the reason more big business men do not get advertized in this country free is that there isn't really anything about them or about their business or the way they run it that anybody especially wants to know, or that anybody would be especially interested in if they did know.

"Mr. Ford is not getting for nothing out of the papers what other people would have to pay for. What Mr. Ford is getting other people could not get by paying for it.

"In this aspect Ford's advertizing is one of the most interesting and instructive spectacles the country has had."

"Here Are a Few Million Dollars I Wish You Would Earn."

PERHAPS this advertizing idea was in Mr. Ford's mind when he made his gift to his employees. For, as Mr. Lee remarks in recounting his fourth impression of Ford, there is something monstrous in Mr. Ford's treating everybody alike. Surely some of his men were not deserving of his bounty; nevertheless the golden rain is showered alike on righteous and unrighteous. Mr. Lee attempts to reconstruct the mental processes of this most inspired of millionaires as he addresses his workmen:

"Some of you," he says practically to his men, "have helped me earn this money all you could, and others of you, I dare say, have helped me earn it as little as you could, but I and my foremen cannot be sure that we have never made any mistakes about what you do or don't do or try to do, and while we cannot run this factory as a regular thing without making distinctions between you it is not at all unlikely that out of twenty-four thousand men we are getting a thousand or so of you wrong—and well, anyway, here is the money—same to all of you, and all I can say is that I want to express the idea—and express it indiscriminately rather than not at all, that a lot of this money, which under our present transitional, twisted, industrial system is supposed to belong to me, belongs to you. It does not seem to be practicable, just yet at least, for a man at the top of the factory to have a regular habit of acting like a god—a habit of being precisely the same with the just and the unjust—but if there are, out of twenty-four thousand men, a thousand or so of you

who have not helped me earn this money as hard as you might—all I can say is, 'Here are a few million dollars I wish you would earn! And I am just paying you in advance.' So far as some of you are concerned I have been paying you afterward when each week was over for work I didn't get. Paying you in advance for work I hope to get, could not possibly cost me very much more—and could not be any more foolish than that. And I should imagine you would really feel more like working."

Making Twenty-four Thousand Men Over.

FORD has solved over and over again the problem of how to make a machine more efficient. To make a machine more efficient he makes the machine over. What he has gone to work on now, this is Mr. Lee's fifth and last impression: "How can I make twenty-four thousand men over?"

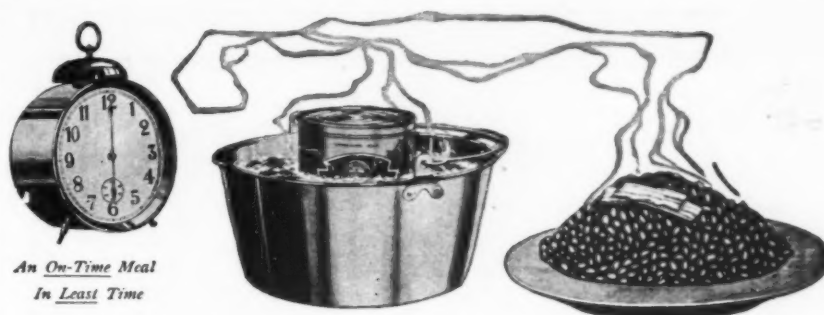
"As he goes up and down the rows of his men he finds naturally that some of the men need to be made over in some parts of themselves and others need to be made over in others. He then looks around to see if there is any particular part in his men that could possibly be attended to in all alike—that could be attended to by machinery as it were—or with one swoop. Mr. Ford has always done things in this way—in swoops. It has been his ability to think in swoops where other people couldn't that has made his business what it is.

"It was not long before Mr. Ford found as he went up and down his men that there was one part that stood out or seemed to stand out in all of them or in nearly all, that could be attended to by machinery—that is by putting all the men through the same process.

"It was as if he had said or wanted to say to each man in the twenty-four thousand: 'The part of you that needs making over the most just now apparently is the way you feel about your work. You hate it. Or that's what it amounts to. There must be something the matter with the factory I'm furnishing you if you hate it, or with the machines or the system, or with you or with me. I've tried everything I can think of to make my factory the best machine for making motor cars on earth. What I am trying to do now is to make my factory the best machine for manufacturing and bringing out the most efficient laboring man on earth. I have been trying in my way for years to be the most efficient employer. It's the only way I know of getting the men I want. But of course it is of no use for me to try to be the most efficient employer all alone. I want twenty-four thousand men around me all day every day that I feel help.'"

The Reverse Side of Mr. Ford's Generosity.

THERE is, however, another side to Mr. Ford's generosity. Mr. Ford, declares the London *Spec-tator*, is an enthusiast whose good intentions no one is likely to question.



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Tomatoes, Lemons, some fruit are solvents; Green Vegetables are laxatives; etc.

But like many other enthusiasts he apparently allows himself to be guided by his head rather than his heart. He desires to improve not only the pecuniary position but also the moral character of his employees. With this end in view he has established a sociological department in the works, whose duty it is to keep an eye on the men and to "eliminate as beneficiaries under the plan any who are using the extra amount in such a way as is considered improper for right living." The treasurer of the company, Mr. George Cozens, admits that the private life of suspected employees will be rigidly scrutinized, and that they will be dealt with in a "constructive manner." It remains to be seen, the conservative English weekly goes on to say, "whether, under the banner of the Great American Republic, people will acquiesce in this inquisition into their private lives for the sake of a fifty per cent. increase in their salaries. For the credit of England, we hope that very few would be found here, and that on this ground alone the Ford Company will not trouble to extend their scheme to employees in this country." Privilege, the writer goes on to say, has always been paid for in one way or another, and will have to be as long as the world lasts. If employees accept a gratuitous favor as a gift from their employer, he obtains a power of control over them which he did not possess before. This is a law from which there are no exceptions.

"The particular way in which that control is exercised is, of course, important, but in some way or another it will be exercised, for otherwise it would be impossible for him to preserve for his employees the privilege which he now gives them. The position is analogous to the evil of letting cottages at an uneconomic rent, which has figured so much lately in political oratory. If a workman accepts a cottage at a rent well below the market value, he simultaneously accepts a position of dependence on the person who lets the cottage to him. The same consideration applies to all the many favors that have been forced upon the poorer classes by our later-day Socialistic legislation. The poor man's house has ceased to be his castle because he is no longer self-independent. His children receive education free of charge to him; they receive medical attendance for which he does not pay; and sometimes also they receive free meals. As a result of the acceptance of these favors the poorer classes find their homes overrun by inspectors of every kind, inquiring into their economic position, into the sanitation of their houses, and virtually asserting the right to know how they spend their money. It is impossible in the long run for people to secure personal liberty except on the basis of economic exchange, that is to say, an exchange which is recognized by both sides as a fair market bargain."



The Economic Sins of  
Henry Ford.

ACCORDING to Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Ford's act foretells the coming of the day when the distribution of wealth will be far more equal than it has ever been. According to the London *Spectator* the Ford scheme merely gives to a quite limited number of employees a peculiarly favored position. It does not create greater equality but greater inequality. Mr. Ford's floor-sweepers will receive a minimum wage of \$5.00 a day. That, we are told, is an absurdly high wage for such unskilled work and the inequality thus created between Mr. Ford's sweepers and other people's sweepers will be bitterly resented. In the opinion of this English critic, Mr. Ford should have reduced the price of his car by fifty dollars instead of disbursing his profits among his men. If he does not wish to handle the big profit which his business yields, his right course is to get rid of the profit by lowering the price of his product:

"It so happens that in this special case such a course would only mean the cheapening of what may fairly be described as a luxury. But that does not affect the principle involved—namely, that in order to secure the general progress of mankind we must proceed by cheapening articles for the benefit of the general consumer rather than by maintaining prices for the benefit of the particular producer. The one course leads to a more equitable distribution of wealth throughout the world; the other course creates little knots of privileged persons enjoying a position which their neighbors cannot attain.

"In saying this we do not in the least depreciate the value of profit-sharing as a form of industrial organization. In many cases, and probably in the case of the Ford Company, true profit-sharing is a most salutary improvement on the mere wage nexus; but profit-sharing, if it is to succeed, must be justified on its own economic merits. It is essentially a device for inducing workpeople to turn out better work and to consider more fully the interests of their employers than they would do if they were receiving wages merely. Mr. Ford's sensational scheme has nothing except the name to connect it with true profit-sharing. It is not a stimulus to better work. It is a charitable gift by Mr. Ford himself to the persons who happen to be in his employment, and as such it possesses all the disadvantages of schemes of benevolence which have not been carefully thought out."

The Exceptional Position  
of Mr. Ford's Factory.

THE problem is attacked from still another angle by George M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mill Company, of Middletown, Ohio. Mr. Ford's scheme, he maintains in the *Outlook*, is likely to be misunderstood by a large majority of our people, and, misunderstood, it can do great harm, and may retard rather than



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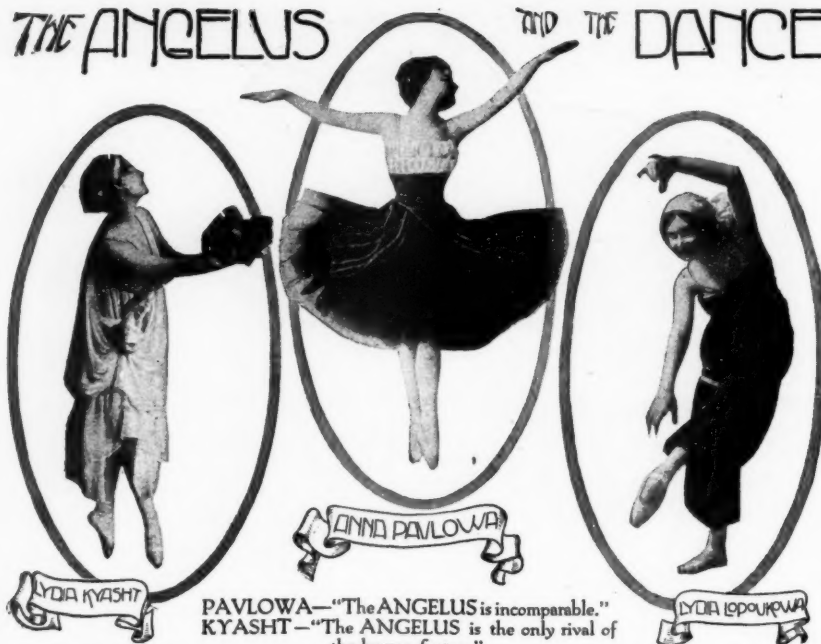
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**CURRENT OPINION, New York**

promote or accelerate the more general application of profit-sharing. The Ford Company is in a class by itself, a veritable Aladdin's Wonder Lamp proposition. That being true, the writer asks, how can ordinary enterprise hope to compete with it in profit-sharing any more than they can in its mechanical and commercial accomplishment? On the one hand, public sentiment commends such a liberal application of a philanthropic principle; on the other hand it creates conditions which make it difficult for a legitimate enterprise to earn fair dividends for its stockholders. Here is a company with only seven stockholders and with two million of capital stock, doing a business of one hundred millions or more per year, and frankly admitting net earnings of twenty millions per year. Where is there a parallel? Could there be one or more parallels? This question is answered by Allan L. Benson, a radical writer in *Pearson's*. Every great industry, he boldly asserts, can afford to pay as much as Ford is paying. Ford's business seems an exception to ordinary business only because his dividends are so large; but they are so large merely because Mr. Ford has refused to water his stock. Upon the basis of his profits he could have capitalized his concern at \$625,000,000 or thereabouts. Upon this capitalization he could have afforded to pay an annual dividend of four per cent. As the owner of more than half the stock, he could have put more than \$300,000,000 into his own pockets and become another Carnegie.

"He could have reduced wages, starved his employees into strikes, shot them down if necessary, and virtuously resisted all demands for more wages by declaring that he was already paying so much wages that he could pay only 4 per cent. dividend upon his stock.

"But Henry Ford did none of these things. The Ford Automobile Company, instead of being capitalized at \$625,000,000, is capitalized at \$2,000,000. The stock of the company, instead of being scattered broadcast through the country, is owned by seven men, Mr. Ford himself owning more than half. Mr. Ford, in other words, has been and is engaged in the making and selling of automobiles rather than in the making and selling of stock.

"Therein Ford differs from the conventional big business man."

Like most Socialists, Mr. Benson does not believe that Mr. Ford has solved the great problem which he has tackled. But, unlike most Socialists, Mr. Benson is strong for Mr. Ford the man, even if he disagrees with Mr. Ford the theorist. Ford's action is essentially that of an individualist. Those who think in terms of class as well as those who think in terms of society as such must necessarily seek another solution.



## THE SIGNIFICANT FIGURES OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE

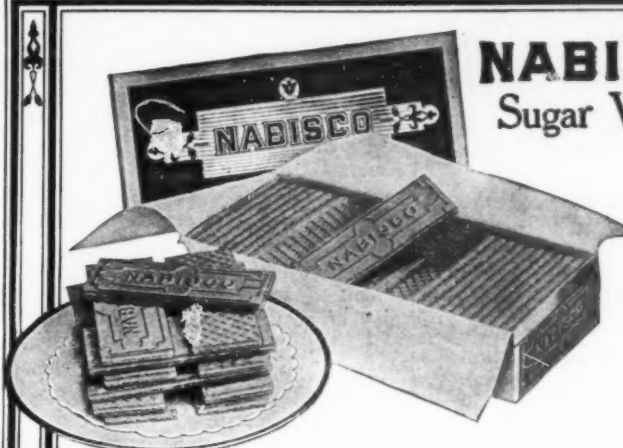
THE foreign trade of the world is a factor of ever-growing importance in economic and national life. In the last twenty-five years it has more than doubled, amounting in 1912 to no less than \$35,000,000,000. The figures for 1913 are not yet available. The pressure for markets, as James Davenport Whelpley points out in "The Trade of the World" (The Century Company), is behind most of the international statesmanships of modern times. Diplomacy has come to mean the strategy of trade in its highest and most comprehensive meaning. Spheres of influences to-day mean spheres of trade and finance. The strategy of trade in the larger sense covers the action of congresses and parliaments, the policies of foreign offices, the skill of diplomats, the fortunes of war, and a knowledge of geography, politics and humanity which virtually makes up the sum of human knowledge, while in a narrower sense, Mr. Whelpley goes on to say, it means the skill and adroitness of the individual trader, his courage, his common sense, his ultimate honesty and his adaptability. The author has a high sense of the social as well as financial importance of the world's commerce. He not only gives very recent figures of trade, but gathers much interesting information as to national peculiarities and customs, climatic conditions, geographic location and the physical conformation of countries as influencing the production and exchange of commodities.

### America's Share in World Commerce.

IN DEALING with the foreign trade of the United States, Mr. Whelpley notes that the export of American foodstuffs has decreased rather than increased in proportion to business in other commodities. The export of crude manufactured material has greatly decreased, and, in fact, with the exception of cotton, has become a negligible quantity. The export of manufactured goods ready for consumption has increased enormously. Mr. Whelpley suggests that if a trade-map of the world were constructed with shadings of various depths to indicate the extent of American trade in the different countries, it would reveal that vast areas susceptible of exploitation lie in eastern Europe and on the mainland of Asia. He advocates a commercial *entente cordiale* between the United States and Russia and China. He is of the opinion that China, as a market for foreign merchandise, will develop slowly, but that its possibilities are stupendous. He urges that no time be lost in promoting

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commercial intercourse with the Czar's domain, and declares that no part of the world presents greater promise for the immediate increase of our export trade. The author lays stress upon the importance of highly trained diplomatic and consular representatives for the country's foreign service, and of a more immediate cooperation between business and statecraft. These, a writer in *Bradstreet's* adds, are conditions to which the temper of the time impels, and which, it is to be hoped, may be realized more fully in the future than they have been up to the present. In connection with this a map showing the present conditions of trade in the entire world, as compiled by *American Industries*, from data collected by the National Association of Manufacturers, is of special significance. Economic conditions in the United States having been far from satisfactory in the past few years, American enterprise naturally turns to the unlimited opportunities of foreign markets.

### Commercial Growth of the German Giant.

A DIPLOMAT who is wide awake to the commercial aspect of his position, as Mr. Whelpley interprets the mission of modern diplomacy, is Germany's amiable ambassador in Washington, Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff. That ambassador contributes an article to *American Industries* in which he focuses within a few pages the inspiring economic achievements of his own countrymen since the establishment of the German Empire. The Ambassador marshals an astonishing record of the growth of the German Giant. The American public, inclined as it is to assume that the United States is unsurpassed and unsurpassable in business, would do well, remarks the *Chicago Tribune*, to read and ponder this compact presentment of mighty progress. From 1872 to 1911 the total foreign trade (exports and imports) increased in the United States 236 per cent. and in Germany 199 per cent. But in the last half of that period, from 1891 to 1911, Germany's trade increased 143.1 per cent. to our 105.1 per cent. England's in the same period increased 65.9 per cent., and that of France 69.8 per cent. Discussing the heavy demands for capital necessitated by the transformation of Germany from a state primarily agricultural to one primarily industrial and commercial, the Ambassador, while admitting that, "in spite of the formation of immense wealth, the accumulation of capital could not keep pace with this growing demand," says that "nevertheless Germans have, during the last years, invested considerable sums

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abroad. Ambassador von Bernstorff says there is a tendency to acquire, gradually, independence of foreign capital:

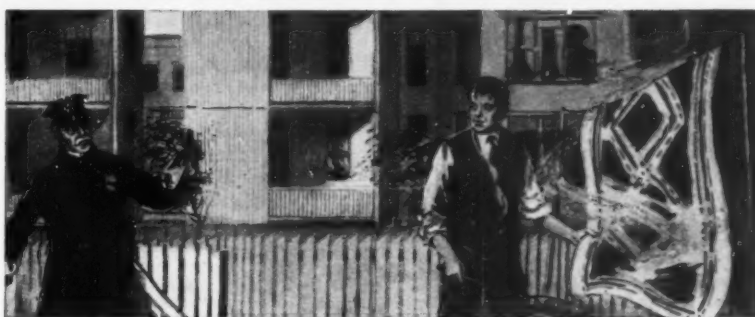
"No doubt can be left that in spite of the fluctuations of the money rates, due to a great demand for money for various purposes, income and wealth have vastly increased in Germany. Financial and banking circles confirm that the growth of wealth has been immense in Germany. Even abroad this is frequently acknowledged. The *Temps* of March 10, 1913, published an article in which it was stated that as to wealth France is far behind Germany. German capital, the article continued, is mainly invested in commercial and industrial concerns. Since the income from such investments is much larger than the interest which France draws, for instance, from government bonds, wealth increases much more rapidly in Germany than in France. It is, the *Temps* concluded, therefore not surprising that in Germany deposits in savings-banks amount to 20,000,000,000 francs, while they are only about 5,600,000,000 in France."

It is significant in this connection to note that, according to the reports of the controller of the currency, the average of savings deposits per head is in Germany \$58.17 to only \$44.82 in the United States.

### THE BUSINESS SIDE OF GOVERNMENT

WE ARE accustomed to look upon all Governments as being, in a business way, more or less inefficient. It is only in the past five years that a new idea in the business of governing has been gradually accepted. We begin to see, so Martin H. Glynn, Governor of the State of New York, remarks in the *Outlook*, that the rentpayers and taxpayers of a community are shareholders in a great public enterprise. They are entitled to as nearly as possible a dollar's worth of government service for every government dollar spent. The day is at hand, declares the Governor, when no public servant can "get by" on the strength of honesty and good intentions. It is not enough that he must be good; he must be good on his job.

"The primary task of the people's agents at the present time appears to me to be that of making government square with this new view and these new demands. It is not expected that we shall any longer overlook any loss or leakage that private business would not tolerate. The people have laid it upon us, as perhaps our first duty, to remove the stigma currently put upon the public service, that 'private enterprise can always do anything better and cheaper than the Government.' We are expected to submit to methods of cost-keeping, accounting, organizing, supervision, purchasing, routing, standardization, etc., such as are approved in the most advanced business system. We are expected



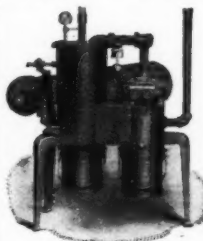
"Stop that! It's now against the law to scatter foul dust!"

## Law stops carpet beating!

Cincinnati is the first city to make it a misdemeanor to shake draperies and bedding out of windows or to beat rugs and carpets outdoors, thereby permitting the foul dirt to fall on passersby or to enter neighboring homes. Such practices are now justly regarded as crude and dangerous—an evil that need no longer be tolerated with the advent of the

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### An unfailing Vacuum Cleaner

The ARCO WAND is proving a great success in homes, apartments, churches, schools, stores, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, libraries, clubs, theaters, garages, etc., for the past two years under most severe tests. The law of good neighborliness and family health-protection, rather than a compulsory ordinance, should induce every citizen to at once adopt the ARCO WAND. Let us give you list of users in your locality. Seeing is believing. Accept no substitute! Write for free catalog. Public showrooms in all large cities.

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two days. We want good agents in every county in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

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to abolish unnecessary jobs, overlapping departments, bureaus, and committees. Many of these exist at present—through no one's fault in particular—in all branches of our government, Federal, State, and municipal. There is no estimating how much might be saved the rent-payers and taxpayers of the United States by this one item of business efficiency. No industrial concern would tolerate such a state of things twenty-four hours before turning in for a drastic reorganization."

#### Economic Failings of Representative Government.

**W**HEN we say that ours is a representative government we are not always aware of all we mean. Our government, in fact all government, Mr. Glynn goes on to say, represents or reflects the failings and peculiar vices of its people as well as its instinctive virtues. Our national habit of extravagance is responsible for our extravagant government.

"In most places, too—most States and municipalities—there is the same lack of business efficiency in the management of institutions. Again, the blame can be laid nowhere but to our national habit. One group of institutions grows up, managed (and no doubt well managed) by a commission which supervizes, purchases, makes contracts, or what not. Then another group grows up, and another, each in charge of a commission that performs all these functions separately. Wherever the reader lives, let him look over the management of, say, the hospitals and charity organizations of his own city, and see if they are not broken up into separate and independent groups with reference to a number of executive functions that are common to all. This is bad economy. Purchasing, for instance, amounts to about the same thing for most of these groups of institutions. There is no such specialization in purchasing, as far as I can see, that it might not all be done by a single purchasing agency, and the public gain a tremendous economic advantage, precisely the advantage that any trust or syndicate has over the small buyer.

"Every department in the public service should have a complete cost system. Keeping costs is the bed-rock of modern business management. A cost system is not the same thing as an accounting system. An accounting system analyzes records; a cost system investigates and analyzes the actual work of a department and reduces every item of it in terms of a standard unit. Thus in public works, for example, in road-building, a cost system would show at a glance the cost of building a square yard of road and also every item of cost that went into it—management so much, labor so much, each kind of material so much, etc. It is only by such a system that the responsible head of a department can tell to a scientific certainty where to guard against losses, and, even more important, where to experiment with cost reduction."

A cost system, the Governor maintains, is the only basis for comparison between direct employment and the contract system.

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**T**HE toilet of the mouth is incomplete without rinsing with a mouth-wash. Listerine is the most agreeable and efficient antiseptic mouth-wash that can be prepared. Use it every day.

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The Road to Business  
Efficiency in Govern-  
ment.

THERE should be, Governor Glynn insists, a scientific system of routing inter-department or inter-bureau business, so that the resources of all departments can be available for each without any waste in time and energy. It frequently happens that one department does not know what another has, and is compelled to go outside for information that it might have found almost at its own door. Inefficiency in routing and in inventory is mostly responsible for red tape. Governor Glynn asks business to come to the help of the Government. He asks for a voluntary advisory committee to make a study of economy and efficiency. Public servants, the Governor confesses, often find themselves confronted with much work for which they have no specific training, and against which they can bring only their general good sense and the net result of their general experience. He says of himself:

"I was trained as a lawyer and a newspaper man. I think I know something, perhaps, about efficiency in the business side of a law office or a newspaper office. But as Governor of New York I find many phases of my official life for which my training has not prepared me. I do the best I can with these, with the best advice I can get; but it would be absurd to claim that I am making them a model of efficiency. Now, if such a commission as I have described, composed of men who have made such matters a life study—men so expert and representing so many different angles of vision that their collective judgment might be called complete—if such a commission should come and camp in the Governor's office, and go over all the lines and courses of my official life, giving me the benefit of free and full consultation, no doubt the people whom I serve would get twice as efficient service as I could give them by any other aid. And what I know to be true of the Governor's office I can think of as conceivably true in all departments of the government.

### WHAT INVESTMENT WILL I MAKE THIS YEAR?

THE man who asks himself this question will have plenty of forms of investment to choose from. Railroad bonds and notes that mature during the year foot up to \$390,000,000. Bonds and notes of public-utility companies—street railroads, gas and electric light corporations—maturing during the year come to \$119,000,000. The bonds and notes of large manufacturing, mining and other like concerns, that fall due in 1914 amount to \$50,000,000. Practically all these obligations, remarks Will Payne, to whom we are indebted for this compilation, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, will have to be refunded by new bond or note

## America's Telephones Lead the World Service Best—Cost Lowest

from *London Daily Mail*

Why is it that Government ownership and management of the telephones is practically always a failure?

Why is it that throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and the Continent hardly a single efficient long-distance service is to be found? Why is it that in New York one

from *Electrical Industries*  
(London)

THERE is a certain amount of satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill got so angry over the freaks of the telephone the other day that he flung his receiver on the floor. As a member of the Government which purchased the telephone system, he deserves all the torture that Post Office working can inflict. But his rage, and the doubtless

From *"Le Petit Phare de Nantes," Paris*

"But today I found I had to talk with Saint-Malo, and, wishing to be put through quickly, I had my name inscribed on the waiting list first thing in the morning; the operator told me—though very amiably, I must confess—that I would have to wait thirteen hours and ten minutes (you are reading it right) in order to be put through."

Herr Wendel, in the *German Diet*.

"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 o'clock p. m. Five minutes after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone connection."

Herr Haberland, Deputy, in the *Reichstag*

"The average time required to get a connection with Berlin is now 1½ hours. Our business life and trade suffer considerably on account of this lack of telephone facilities, which exists not only between Düsseldorf and Berlin and between Berlin and the West, but also between other towns, such as Strassburg, Antwerp, etc."

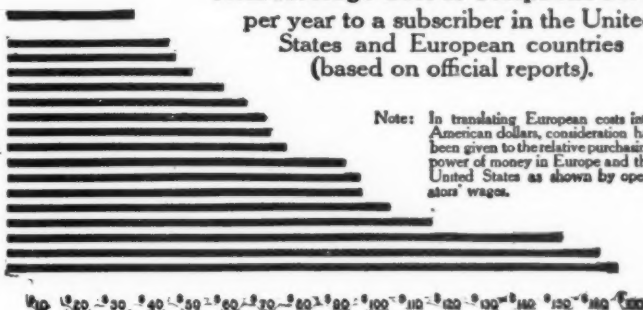
Dr. R. Luther, in the *Dresdner Anzeiger*

"In the year 1913, 36 years after the discovery of the electric-magnetic telephone, in the age of the beginning of wireless telegraphy, one of the largest cities of Germany, Dresden, with half a million inhabitants, is without adequate telephone facilities."

### Real Average Cost of Telephone Service per year to a subscriber in the United States and European countries (based on official reports).

UNITED STATES

SWITZERLAND  
NETHERLANDS  
NORWAY  
SWEDEN  
RUSSIA  
DENMARK  
GREAT BRITAIN  
GERMAN EMPIRE  
FRANCE  
ITALY  
HUNGARY  
AUSTRIA  
BULGARIA  
BELGIUM  
SPAIN  
PORTUGAL



Note: In translating European costs into American dollars, consideration has been given to the relative purchasing power of money in Europe and the United States as shown by operators' wages.

These are the reasons why there are twelve times as many telephones for each hundred persons in the United States as in Europe.



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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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One System

Universal Service

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Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.  
Pittsburgh, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.  
Columbia, S. C.  
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issues. Probably a good many small concerns have been overlooked in the estimate and maturing municipal obligations are not included. Therefore, to say nothing of capital required for new extensions and improvements, railroads and other companies will be in the market to borrow six hundred million dollars between now and next Christmas. Probably, Mr. Payne goes on to say, they will borrow a part of this sum on short-term notes—obligations running from one to three years.

"In fact, out of \$390,000,000 of railroad obligations maturing in 1914, over \$330,000,000 consist of one, two and three-year notes. Out of \$119,000,000 of public-utility obligations that fall due this year, \$97,000,000 are in the form of short-term notes; and considerably more than half of the industrial obligations maturing in the year are in that form.

"Adding those three items you have, in round numbers, \$460,000,000 of short-term notes maturing this year, which is practically four-fifths of all the maturities included in the tabulation. Not long ago the *Journal of Commerce* printed a list of all the more important railroad, traction and industrial funded debts that will mature between January 1, 1914, and December 31, 1916. It amounted to \$950,000,000, of which \$640,000,000—or more than two-thirds of the total—consisted of short-term notes."

The Secret of Short-Term Financing.

THE motive for issuing short-term notes, the writer goes on to say, is simply to beat the investment market. Virtually all of the \$640,000,000 that has been borrowed on short-term notes maturing in the next three years cost the borrowers from five to seven per cent. But, Mr. Payne explains, they would rather pay six per cent. for two years than pay five per cent. for forty years. They are hoping for a fall in interest rates that will enable them to refund the notes in long-term bonds at four and a half or better.

"The New York Central, for example, has \$70,000,000 of notes maturing this year and next that were issued for various purposes in the past two years. It could have borrowed the money on twenty-year debentures and so had the matter out of the way for a long time to come; but it would have had to pay about five per cent. interest for the whole period.

"Last April it had to raise \$10,000,000 to pay floating debts; so it issued that amount of one-year five per cent. notes and sold them to Morgan & Company, the First National Bank and the National City Bank at a price that enabled the bankers to sell them to the public at ninety-nine and a half, netting the investor a trifle better than five and a half per cent.

"The money obviously cost the railroad company well toward six per cent.; but it would rather pay that rate for a year—

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78 DAYS FROM NEW YORK

JANUARY 23<sup>RD</sup> 1915.

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SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAM. 2-1

\$400 AND UP.

### IMPORTANT!

When notifying *Current Opinion* of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.

with the chance that somewhat later on it may borrow on long time for considerably less than five per cent.—than pay five for twenty years."

Another instance of the same sort of financing is afforded by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad. In 1910 this company executed a consolidated mortgage to secure an issue of five per cent. thirty-year bonds.

"Last summer \$54,000,000 of bonds were authorized to be issued under this mortgage; but in the conditions then obtaining on the bond market it was doubtful whether any considerable amount of bonds could be sold at par while \$17,000,000 of short-term notes were about to mature.

"The railroad, therefore, issued \$24,500,000 of the consolidated bonds and deposited them with the Central Trust Company as trustee; and against the bonds so deposited it issued \$19,000,000 of two-year five per cent. gold notes, which were sold at ninety-eight, netting the investor six and an eighth per cent. interest.

"No doubt the expectation is that when the notes mature the consolidated bonds can be marketed on more favorable terms than could have been obtained last summer; so, tho the railroad paid at least six and a quarter per cent. on the money, it expects to gain in the long run."

Short-Term Notes for  
the Small Investor.

**B**ESIDES a higher rate of interest, investors in short-term notes, in many cases, get a larger margin or security than if they bought bonds. As a rule, the large investor gobbles up the short-term notes. Small investors, we are told, should by no means overlook this opportunity. Some short-term notes have dropped to a

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Season 1914, June 15 to Oct. 1

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For your convenience and pleasure the Great Northern Railway has arranged the following special tours this season:

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**Three Day Scenic Tour**—Daily July 1 to Sept. 1, \$21.00—From Glacier Park Hotel through 100 miles of stupendous, ever-changing scenic grandeur.

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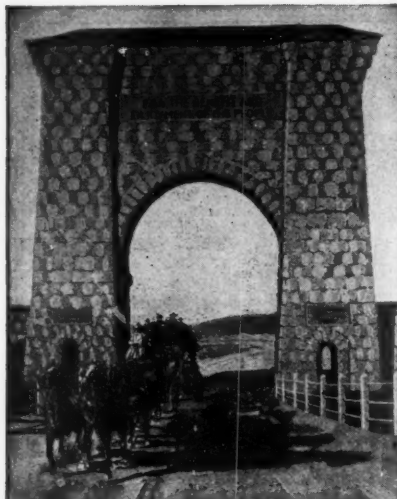
"In this category the *Wall Street Journal* recently mentioned Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad notes, yielding twenty per cent.; Missouri Pacific, yielding fifteen per cent.; Chicago Elevated Railroad, yielding twelve per cent.; Boston & Maine, yielding from twelve to thirteen per cent.

"Contrasted with those figures, you have New York Central notes, holding pretty steady on a five-and-a-half per cent. basis. The difference, of course, represents cur-

rent opinion as to the relative soundness and desirability of the issues; but current opinion is most always right.

The desirability of a short-term note hinges upon both the financial strength of the company that issues it and the value of the specific security behind it—for in nearly all cases short-term notes are backed by the pledge of specific securities as collateral. An unsecured Pennsylvania Railroad note might be much better than the note of some wobbly irrigation company with a car-load of depreciated and dubious bonds behind it."





June 15 to Sept. 15

## Yellowstone Park

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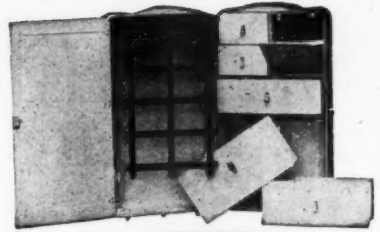
## WALL STREET AND THE NEW ERA IN BANKING

WALL STREET was not at all pleased with the result of the work of the Organization Committee which has apportioned the Federal Reserve Districts under the new banking act and selected the cities where the regional banks are to be located. Metropolitan bankers do not favor the idea of twelve banking districts. They think that eight—the minimum provided in the bill—would have been sufficient. They object to that part of the organization plan which excludes Jersey City, Hoboken, Newark, Paterson, and other cities of Western New Jersey from the New York district and turns them over to Philadelphia, Stamford and Greenwich, Connecticut, are allotted to Boston. Both sections, New York bankers claim, naturally belong to the New York financial district, and it is hinted broadly in the New York *Tribune* that politics played too great a part in the work of the Committee of Organization. A. J. Hemphill, President of the Guaranty Trust Company, expresses surprise that New Orleans is left out of the allotment of reserve banks, and that Richmond should have been selected instead of Baltimore or Washington. The state of Missouri, on the other hand, has been honored with two regional banks. According to the bill, as interpreted by the bankers, the Federal Reserve Board, when organized, may change the plan of organization as drawn up by the Committee. It would have been manifestly impossible, so the New York *World*, a staunch defender of the administration, remarks, for a mere human agency to make a new financial map of the United States with satisfaction to all concerned:

"If the new system as now outlined has put on the map of the United States which must be hung up in Wall Street great business and financial centers of the country heretofore little known there, this is its merit as well as its purpose.

"It is idle to extend the criticism to the creation of so many districts or to the efforts of the committee to secure for each some measure of equality in banking power. That matter was fought out when the bill was under discussion. The law aims to decentralize bank reserves, and not otherwise. It seeks to break up and not to fasten down tighter that Wall Street domination of reserves and credit which had become an evil everywhere recognized outside of Wall Street.

"There is still to be a coordination of these reserves for the benefit of all. There is still to be freedom for Jersey or Connecticut banks to do business with banks in New York City. There is still to be no interference with the natural courses of trade anywhere."



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### The Old and the New Bank Credit.

IN SPITE of the birth pangs of the new system, it is expected that it will work out even to the satisfaction of bankers. In fact, as John Parr observes in *Everybody's*, the national banks have fully accepted the Federal Reserve Act, even if they evinced at one time strong disapproval. Mr. Parr explains the difference between credit under the old and under the new system of banking. At the end of last year the national banks of the United States had cash on hand, speaking in round figures, of only \$890,000,000. Their aggregate deposits, also in round figures, were \$8,300,000,000. That is to say depositors were entitled to demand from the banks nine times more money than the banks had to pay out. In commercial banks "loans" are counted as "deposits."

"When a business man borrows \$10,000 at his bank he gives security for it, and the bank credits his account with a deposit of \$10,000. He is not expected to draw currency out. Instead he goes back to his office and writes checks against the credit that has been loaned him in the form of a bank deposit. Those who receive his checks could draw out the currency, but as a rule they don't; they merely deposit the checks in another bank.

"Thus are payments effected by checks drawn against bank credits, in lieu of money. That is what makes banking possible. Over 90 per cent. of the country's business is transacted on credit.

"Under the old National Banking Act, a country bank was required to keep a cash reserve against deposits of only 15 per cent., of which cash reserve it could deposit three-fifths with a city bank; the city bank was required to keep a reserve of 25 per cent., of which it could deposit one-half in Chicago, St. Louis, or New York (the Central Reserve Cities), where the reserve requirement also was 25 per cent., and where the money stopped.

"Now, starting with \$1,000 cash, a country banker could lend \$6,666, provided people only checked against their credit and drew no money out. His \$1,000 was 15 per cent. cash reserve against loans of \$6,666 written down as deposits to the credit of borrowers. But of this \$1,000 cash he could send three-fifths, or \$600, to a city bank; the city bank could make loans of \$2,400 against that \$600 of cash, and when it had done so it could send half the cash, or \$300, to a Central Reserve City bank; and that bank, on receiving it, could make loans of \$1,200 against it."

There, the writer goes on to say, you have loans, written on the books as deposits to the credit of borrowers, aggregating \$10,266, and all the cash money there is behind them is the \$1,000 with which we started. That would be lending a dollar more than ten times. It is an extreme example. In practice it was seldom more than nine times.

# Stop Forgetting

Now, What Was That Fellow's Name?  
I Can't Remember Those New Terms.  
I Know—But Can't Find Exact Word.  
What on Earth Did He Say About It?



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The mind of the average person is filled with thousands of single unrelated ideas which waver and fluctuate with every emotion, like the billows of the sea.

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### The Prevention of Financial Panics.

WHEN the limit of the system of lending out a dollar over and over again has been reached, people begin to clamor for real money. The banks cannot pay out real money until they have first called in a lot of loans, and the result is a money panic, such as that of 1907. Under the new Federal Reserve Act, Mr. Parr thinks, that is not likely to happen again, at least not for a very long time. The pyramiding of cash reserves from country bank to city bank and from the city bank to Chicago, St. Louis or New York, will stop. In each of the twelve regions established by law, there will be a Federal Reserve Bank owned by the national banks in that region and managed jointly by them and the Government. The Government will act through the Federal Reserve Board in Washington. The cash reserve requirements are changed.

"Where a country bank was required to keep 15 per cent. before, it will keep only 12½; where a city bank was required to keep 25, it will keep only 15; and where the banks in St. Louis, Chicago, and New York were required to keep 25 per cent., they will keep 18.

"By reducing the amount of cash required to be held against deposits, the lending power of a dollar is increased; but hereafter any national bank, instead of sending a portion of its cash reserves through the funnel to the three Central Reserve Cities, will be required to deposit them with the Federal Reserve Bank in its regions.

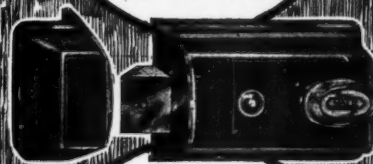
"Now suppose that the banks again are all 'loaned up,' as they were in 1907—that a city national bank, keeping 15 per cent. reserve, has loaned \$6,666 against each \$1,000 of cash in its possession, and four or five business men apply urgently for money that they must have in order to carry through their legitimate commercial undertakings. It may be that they have pay-rolls to meet. The amount they need, say, is \$25,000. The bank, instead of having to say, as before, that it can give them neither credit nor money, selects from among its assets \$25,000 worth of drafts, bills of exchange, and merchants' notes, all maturing in ninety days, and takes them to the nearest Federal Reserve Bank, together with \$10,000 of cash out of its cash reserve, as it is allowed to do.

"The Federal Reserve Bank accepts the 'commercial paper,' deposits the \$10,000 cash to the credit of the National Bank, and issues \$25,000 of Federal Reserve Notes, which the national bank hands over to the business men who need it.

"Only the Federal Reserve Bank can issue Federal Reserve Notes. They are the new money provided for. They must be secured 100 per cent. by commercial paper and 40 per cent. by gold money. That is why the national bank, in addition to the \$25,000 of commercial paper, had to take \$10,000 of money out of its

# YALE

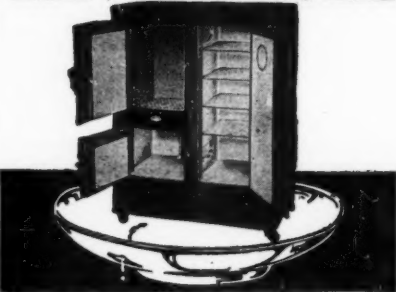
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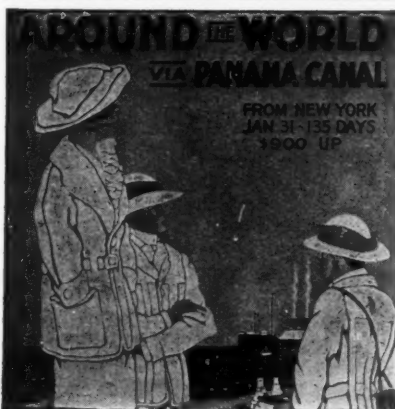
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cash reserve. It could not itself lend any more credit against that cash, but the Federal Reserve Bank may. That is what it is for. The Federal Reserve Notes are obligations of the United States, redeemable in gold on demand."

### THE MYOPIA OF THE RAILROAD MEN

IN WALL Street, as in many other places, the notion prevails that prosperity is waiting on the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission whether or not to allow the railroads to raise their rates. If the return of prosperity really depends on a favorable decision in the rate case, then, remarks the editor of the *Times Annalist*, an optimistic view of the future would have no economic basis at all. While it is true that one cannot imagine any very great general prosperity in which the railroads fail to participate, and altho an increase in rates would have important results, psychologically even more than financially, neither the future of the country nor the solvency of the transportation business is so desperately at stake as we are led to believe. The railroads for once are playing for luck. The decline in their gross earnings, altho it has nothing to do with the case, if our financial contemporary is right, comes at a most opportune time. It will influence public opinion. Even Mr. Brandeis will admit that the railroads are in a tight place. The present slump, indicated by the laying off of 25,000 men by the New York Central, to mention only one instance, is only temporary. Railroad people, the writer



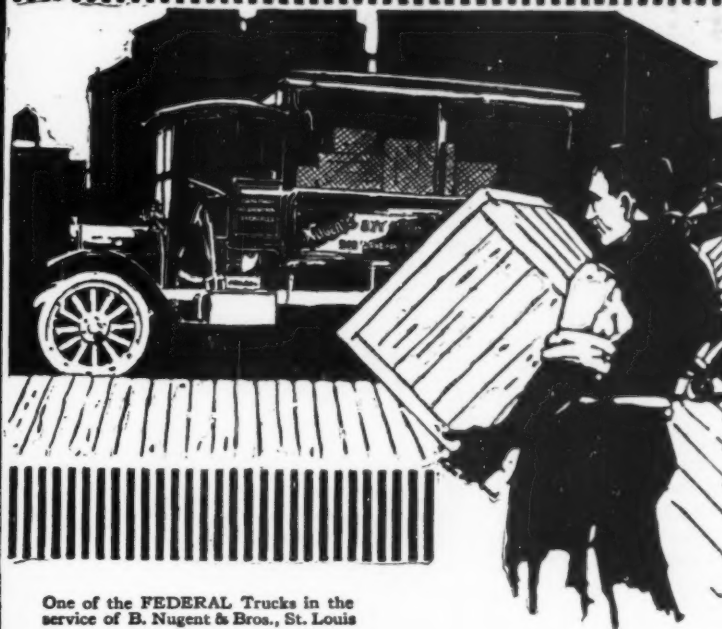
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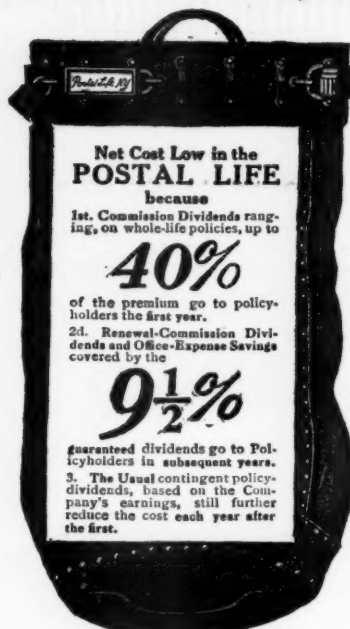
The Gigantic Task of  
Securing a Valuation  
of the Railroads.

THE impression is general that an increase in rates as demanded by the railroads will shortly be granted. The decision may have been made by the time this issue of the magazine is in the hands of our readers. But a permanent basis for railroad

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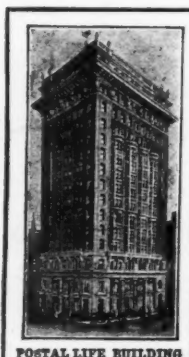
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## ON THE LIBRARY STEPS— A STORY

(Continued from page 381)

**P**HENIE, ah, come on! What you 'fraid of, Phenie?"

The Free Lance started, aware for the first time that she was not alone on the bench. But with the wary cunning of the writing person who instinctively sets his trap for copy she did not turn immediately.

"A liberry ain't nothin' to be 'fraid of, Phenie. An' don't you want to see her—the princess? A real one, Phenie. Cross my heart an' hope I may die if she ain't. I'll show you her picture in the book. Her hair is goldener than gold, an' it hangs in long, long braids out of the tower winder like a ladder to the ground. An' in the story, if you read it hard enough, you kin hear the pitter-patterin' of the fairies' feet? Ah, come on, what you 'fraid of, Phenie?"

"Oh, Phelim—I'm—I'm 'fraid!"

The child-voice was unspeakably sweet, and in the breathless undertone of wondering expectation the Free Lance caught the tiny note—so fleeting and indefinable—which proclaims the speaker as a dweller in the Very Real Land, who has often caught the gleam of fairy gold, and who finds entrances to magic pathways with as suave an ease as an ordinary mortal finds entrance to a subway kiosk.

**T**HE Free Lance turned. She knew now that the small scraps at the other end of the bench were utterly oblivious of her presence, as they were oblivious of everything in the world but that majestic edifice of learning before which they stood, hesitating, the boy-child earnest, expostulating, struttingly masculine in his assumption of superior knowledge and strength, the girl-child shrinking, half-delighting in her own timidity, drinking in with gusto all the promised delights that should be hers if she would only "dass to dare." The Free Lance looked into the eyes of both. In them she saw the glow that shines only in the blue orbs of the pure Celt. In that moment it was transfiguring their freckled faces, their small snub noses, their general air of commonplace shabbiness.

"What you 'fraid of, Phenie?"

"I—I think it is the big lions on the steps. They make it look so grand!"

"Grand nothin'! It's *grander* inside! Phenie, you come 'long!"

He had her by the hand, gently pulling, coaxing, reassuring. Even the loud creak of his patently new boots could not detract from the dignified fearlessness of his aspect. Phenie followed softly, the toe of one little shoe turning naively in as they turned the corner to the steps.

**I**N A few moments the Free Lance rose and followed, remembering that she had long wished to consult a volume by—maybe Agassiz! She saw them



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just ahead, looking almost atomic in the hugeness of the great entrance. She saw a gray-coated custodian stoop to them with that vilely authoritative air that custodians sometimes adopt toward little persons whose toes turn naively in as they walk. She saw him wave his arm in a large explanatory circle that swept from the avenue around the corner to the Forty-second Street entrance, and knew that he was probably telling them that that was really the only proper and correct road to the room where the boys and girls must read. She saw Phelim clutch his cap more tightly in his right hand while he held firmly to wee Phenie with his left. And, creak, creak! creak, creak! he turned down the big steps once more. Impulsively the Free Lance stepped toward him, but before the set of his little square chin she paused, smiling, then made her way quickly into the corridor.

Maybe—Agassiz! She glanced not once toward that doorway labelled *Science!* Agassiz could wait! Agassiz was used to waiting. Had he not once waited an incredible number of hours merely for a turtle to lay its eggs in the sand? The Free Lance made her way downstairs, around a corner, across a red-tiled floor, until she stood at last before a tier of shelves which held fairy tales of all the nations. She opened a huge, gay volume. Was she too old, indeed, to hear the pitter-patterin' of fairy feet across the pages?

**C**REAK, creak! creak, creak! Confidently she turned. It was Phelim, flushed and triumphant, treading with a lordly air. And by his side, softly a-tip-toe, walked Phenie, her little shoes still turning naively in as she crossed the floor.

Phelim led straight to the folk tales. Familiarly he ran his hand across the title backs. With assurance he chose his volume, and, at a beautiful picture, laid it open on the table before his chum. With Phenie there was a quick little indrawing of the breath, a vivid flash in the swiftly raised blue eyes. "Oh, Phelim!"

"Didn't I tell you? An' now just read the story, Phenie!" His voice suddenly lowered mysteriously.

"An' you'll hear it—the pitter-patterin', the pitter-patterin'! Read it, Phenie!"

There was silence. Shoulder to shoulder and soul to soul, Phelim and Phenie were perusing the book together. In their eyes was the light that seldom shines on land or sea. For one exquisite second the Free Lance trod once more the little magic pathway of her childhood. But it was in vain that she strained her ears for the pitter-patterin'.

Turning, she made her way into the corridor, and in another corner of the building contentedly opened a queerish fattish volume—maybe Agassiz!

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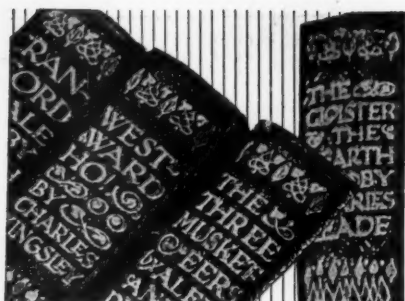
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### Feminism.

*Age of Mother Power*, by Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan (Stokes), gives an account of one of the most significant periods of man's evolution—the age of “mother descent” and “mother rights.” Mrs. Gallichan's scientific methods and her ability to write brilliantly have made for her an enviable place among the prominent thinkers of the day.

*Renaissance of Motherhood*, by Ellen Key (Putnam's, \$1.25), considers with interesting suggestions certain problems connected with woman's most important mission.

*Socialism and Motherhood*, by John Spargo (Huebsch, 60 cents), defends Socialism against the attacks of those who regard it as a destroyer of the home and the marriage relation.

*My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard*, by Elizabeth Cooper (Stokes, \$1.50), is the story of the “new woman” in China. The description of present conditions is both vivid and penetrating; and the illustrations are exquisite.

### Hypnotism and Suggestion.

The sixth edition of *Treatment by Hypnotism and Suggestion* (Putnam's), by C. Lloyd Tuckey, first President of the Psycho-Medical Society, has much additional matter drawn from personal experience of thirty years' practice of hypnotism.

*The Ministry of the Unseen*, by I. V. H. Witley (Revell Co.), is written by a level-headed, practical business man, no romancer or dreamer, and is a story of personal experience. He believes that those on the “other side of the veil” can and do constantly communicate with us. John Ruskin once said that there existed no sort of earthly reason why some people should not see angels where others saw only empty spaces.

*What Men Live By*, by Dr. R. C. Cabot (Houghton Mifflin). It takes a more than usually psychic type to recognize the individual need, for the world wears its Sunday face to all except the doctor. Dr. Cabot's great insight into the basal needs of mankind would prevent, as well as cure. He knows that more often than not the special case needs neither medicine nor surgery, and therefore attempts to reduce us to some sort of common denominator. His cure is to tempt the world to learn how “work, play, love and worship” can and do possess great healing power.

*Adventurings in the Psychical*, by H. Addington Bruce (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.35), also deals with automatic speaking and writing, and with “subconscious” realms.

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**Pen Love.**

*The Things He Wrote To Her* (Century, 60 cents) is a little book by Richard Wightman, full of smiles and tears and the appeal always made by a story of true love. The author leaves you to guess "her" answers. "The basis of friendship is understanding," he says, "its tenure sincerity, its fruit progress, its crown peace." Exultantly he adds: "Life is good and the heights beckon."

*To My Beloved* (Doran \$1.20) are the heart letters of a woman. The writer of this charming book chooses to remain a mystery. As if woman isn't always a mystery, sometimes most when she reveals herself!

—XXX—

**Two New Studies of American Morals and Manners.**

*In Ancient Rome and Modern America* (Putnam's, \$2.50), by Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian, who claims that he finds in ancient civilization many phenomena that to-day are specialties of American society phenomena. With brilliance and trustworthiness he works out dead parallel in connection with such problems as "bossism," the growth of big fortunes and the feminist movement.

*America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat* (Stokes, \$1.60) is an effort, on the part of Wu Ting Fang, to explain this country to the Chinese. He gives credit and criticism where he thinks it is due, and his views on the woman question are enlightening. He says that "the intellect of the American woman is equal, if not superior, to that of the man."

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**"The Spirit of the Age."**

*Modernities*, by Horace B. Samuel (Dutton), deals with individualities as different as Stendhal, Heine, Disraeli, Nietzsche, Strindberg, Marie Corelli, Wedekind, Arthur Schnitzler, Emil Verhaeren and the Futurists! The common denominator of the book seems to be the "spirit of the age."

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**Radical Essays.**

*Youth and Life*, by Randolph Bourne (Houghton, Mifflin), is called the "most innocent-looking, sweetest little stick of dynamite anybody ever chewed."

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**Brand Whitlock's Autobiography.**

*Forty Years of It*, by Brand Whitlock (Appleton, \$1.50), is the story of the active life of a most unusual man. It is more than an autobiography, being almost a history of western political progress, full of optimism and human interest.